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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Arthur McKeogh,
T. B. Costain, Associate Editors

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BUCKET SHOPS AND HOW TO AVOID THEM

By Richard D. Wyckoff

CARTOON BY HERBERT JOHNSON

HOW the bucket shops first came to be known by that name financial history does not clearly show. The legend runs that the bucket shop dealt in small lots of grain; presumably traders who could not handle 5000 or 10,000 bushels of wheat or corn made a practice of dealing with what would now be known as odd-lot brokers, and for the want of a better term these brokers, who probably executed orders for 1000 bushels and up, or "by the bucket," were known as bucket shops.

The origin of the term is of small moment, but the bucket-shop situation has, for the time being, risen to great importance in the financial and economic life of the nation. When I first came into Wall Street, thirty-three years ago, the bucket shops were of an entirely different sort. Having taken the precaution to begin operations in short pants I had not so much to lose as some other people. My twenty-dollar-a-month salary would not permit me to engage in anything so reckless as a ten-share trade in a bucket shop. Lots of my fellow clerks, telephone boys, bookkeepers and others, were usually long or short of something in the way of stocks and took a keen interest in the flock of establishments centering in New Street, with a few of the more prominent on Broadway.

Bucket shops of '88 vintage, if you looked at them in one way, were schools of speculation where many of the leading traders of to-day cut their wisdom teeth, for there you could buy or sell, at the price last appearing on the quotation board, any stock on the list. The man behind the counter would take your twenty-dollar bill, make an entry on a big sheet, and you could close the trade out whenever you liked, at a profit or loss, without ceremony or explanation, and without urging on the part of the house. But if your two-dollar-per-share margin was wiped out by a decline of $1.75 in the price of the stock you had purchased—the other twenty-five cents per share covering commission—then a mere pencil line across the transaction on the sheet would end the matter.

This system had its advantages. You were not inveigled into dealing in large lots. You could choose your own stock, your own price and time for buying and selling; you could venture twenty dollars in the pursuit of an elusive fifty or hundred dollars, and if you could keep at it long enough you would begin to acquire some of the principles of successful speculation. Thus did a number of the biggest traders on the New York Stock Exchange get their start and establish themselves in a field where to-day the operations of a few of them combined frequently will run in excess of 100,000 shares in a single Stock Exchange session. The bucket shop of the old days was a product of the times. Trading in such places was on a plain gambling basis, for there were few means by which the trader might learn how trading and investing might be done intelligently and scientifically.

With such operations in most cases, 10,000 times fairer to the trader than the 1922-model bucket shop, things ran along that way for many years, punctuated by occasional failures. The chief tendency toward crookedness was displayed in the voluntary closing up of such houses whenever the money began to be paid out too rapidly. This is one early habit which bucket shops never have overcome; but as most of the people who dealt with them in former years ventured only small sums nobody in particular was injured.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET SHOP

About a dozen or fifteen years ago, however, the authorities began to get after the bucket shops, and for the time being most of them were put out of business. Then there began to appear what were known as partial-payment houses, most of which were not members of any exchange. They would buy for your account small amounts of stocks or bonds upon payment of a first installment and an agreement to pay a dozen or twenty more at regular monthly intervals. You remember that series in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST a few years ago, in which a former confidence man confessed that many of the crooks were moving into the partial-payment business? This, in the majority of cases, meant that they were opening bucket shops under the prevailing style; but this does not mean that all partial-payment houses are bucket shops. Bucketeers are very keen psychologists. Their success is based on a knowledge of weaknesses in human nature, and they always keep their ear to the ground.

Be it known that any bucket shop, whether traveling in plain clothes or under a disguise, is simply a place where you ostensibly buy or sell, or where you place orders to buy or sell stocks. The shop, which is supposed to execute your orders on some exchange, takes the position that if you lose money they make it, and vice versa.

This is the theory on which the bucket shop operates: That the public, which in most cases is simply guessing or gambling, will in the long run lose more than is made; hence the bucket shop will continue to do business so long as more money comes in than it is obliged to pay out. But if, as frequently happens, the public gets on the right side of the market and begins to pull down its profits, the bucket shop simply closes its doors and the newspapers say "Another brokerage house has failed."

Those who conduct bucket shops look upon your check when it comes in as their profit. Not being members of any exchange they are obliged to pay exchange members the regular commission on both the buying and the selling sides, so that there is no profit in the operation. They must, therefore, depend upon what their customers lose or what they swindle them out of in order to make any money at all; and as bucketeers are notoriously free spenders, both in the running of their businesses and in their own personal expenses, the money must come in pretty fast in order to keep them from failing. Many of them draw the money out and conceal it as it comes in, leaving only enough to pay expenses and make a showing. In some instances the orders may actually be executed, and then the shares you purchase are resold for the account of the house, which is practically the same as if they had not made the purchase at all. In other cases, as in former years, they make entries on a sheet or in a book. Then there are those who write the trades on their cuffs. Some of them don't wear cuffs.

Raids on Liberty Bond Owners

THE bucket shop is just as anxious to keep up to the prevailing style as any well-dressed woman. Fashions in the bucket-shop field are regulated by the laws on the Federal and state statute books, energy of the officials supposed to enforce them, also the regulations of the Stock Exchange and the activities of its police committee. But there is another more dominating factor—the psychology of the public. A year or two ago swarms of investors were attracted to the oil fields; hence every bucket shop and fly-by-night concern had its own oil promotions. During the war there were war babies of various sorts, midwifed to fit the public taste for that kind of "securities."

The partial-payment phase of the bucket shop reached its greatest popularity from about 1912 to 1919, which latter year marked the top of the boom. Growing out of it was a new form of bucket shop originating in the old-fashioned carpetbag game which the bunco steerer used to work when the farmer came to town. It seemed that the partial-payment field became overcrowded with crooks, many of whom were driven out of other states and into New York by the blue-sky laws intended for the protection of investors, for though there were certain of these laws on the New York statute books, they had never been anything but dead letters.

Two big factors contributed toward making the war period and the after situations up to 1919 the easiest picking the bucket shops ever had, for it was then that they completely abandoned the taking of the public's money with sugar tongs and went after it with steam shovels.

In order to accomplish this the most luxuriously furnished main offices and branches were opened, and advertising was conducted on a large scale. People who did not know the difference between a bucket shop and a legitimate house were misled by appearances; and as the New York Stock Exchange restricts the scope of the advertising done by its members, the bucket shops, being free to use any size and style of advertisements they liked, secured a very great advantage.

The public had all these billions of dollars which they had saved and put into Liberty Bonds. Coupons only came along about every so often, and represented a very small return, as the bucketeers pointed out to holders, saying, "Put this into Invisible Oil Company shares and you will make 20, 30 and 40 per cent on your money instead of the miserable few per cent you get on your government bonds." It was easy for the smooth-talking salesmen to induce people to convert their few Liberties into hundreds and thousands of shares of brightly engraved certificates representing oil and other "investments." Never before had the public possessed so much money all at once, and had it in such readily negotiable shape. Naturally when, for the first time, 15,000,000 new investors are added to the 5,000,000 somewhat experienced in the ownership and the handling of stocks and bonds, there are bound to be many among them who do not appreciate the relative values of this and that security. To all intents and purposes engraved certificates look very much alike, and behind the stock or bond is merely the mental picture painted by the one who is selling it.

In marketing Liberty Bonds, Uncle Sam adopted the partial-payment plan; also the method of going after security buyers in organized squads. The bucket-shop keepers and crooked stock promoters were quick to see the point. They also organized squads of security salesmen operating in nearly every state in the Union, highly trained, working on a liberal commission basis, keyed up by ginger talks and enthused by frequent conferences and conventions after the manner of any efficient and legitimate sales organization.

Bucket-Shop Plants and Methods

AS A SMOKE screen bucketeers began to offer in their advertisements and circulars high-class bonds and other securities on the partial-payment plan, thus giving the impression that they were investment-security dealers and thereby gaining the confidence of their victims. As soon as the latter paid for their securities the bonds or stocks were forwarded, and not long thereafter they were invited to put up these securities as collateral for the purchase of certain mining, oil or other stocks which were either being promoted by the bucket shop or the market for which was under their control. Sooner or later such stocks would be manipulated to a low price, the equity wiped out, and in many cases the stock disappeared from the list and had no market value.

About that time there began to develop another factor which has had much to do with the success of the 1922-model bucketeer—the use of the telephone not only for local but for very and many long-distance calls. Their salesmen frequently found difficulty in getting into the private office of a prospect. So the telephone, which is a demand draft upon everybody's attention, was called into use. Rows of telephones began to appear in the inner offices of the bucket shops. A group of young men were carefully trained in the telephone canvass. They would each take a telephone book, open it at random, start calling the first number they came to, and right on down the column, skipping no one. In an office in the building where a bucket shop formerly held forth there were, during the receiver's sale, about twenty of these telephone connections, obviously put there for no other purpose, each with space enough for one man to operate.

The bucket shop of the '80's and '90's generally was confined to one large room with a blackboard, a few rows of chairs, a partition, and a couple of windows behind which the order clerk and bookkeeper worked, and nothing much else; but the modern bucket shop has evolved into an establishment occupying the entire space in a whole building which it owns, employing hundreds of clerks, leasing thousands of miles of private telegraph wires, having branch offices in a dozen cities, mailing departments that issue 100,000 to 500,000 market letters per week, a corps of service men, statisticians, stenographers and typists, a battery of automatic typewriting machines, scores of telephones, a squad of traveling salesmen, a newspaper-publicity department, and other equipment, making them in some cases larger than the biggest legitimate brokerage houses that are represented on the New York Stock Exchange.

In principle it is a vast swindling organization, for it is designed to attract the public, then to extract its money.

Such concerns are the outgrowth of the investing and trading tendencies of the American people, stimulated to a high degree by playing on their cupidity.

The bucket-shop evil is sapping the purse of the American people to the extent of hundreds of millions of dollars every year. The liabilities in recent failures, amounting to $20,000,000, are but a flea bite to the amount which the thirty-odd concerns which have recently failed in New York had in their possession during the height of the recent boom, or at the low point of the decline of 1921.

These various forms of crooked dealings reached such a stage that if they had been permitted to grow and develop as they have during recent years they were likely seriously to injure the economic life of the nation. In November of last year I therefore decided to print the facts about the bucket-shop evil in my publication, and this exposure was immediately taken up by newspapers and other periodicals all over the country. Then began the run on the bucket shops which resulted in withdrawals of securities and cash at such a heavy rate that the bucketeers were in many cases forced to close their doors. As this is written failures are running from three to six a day. The small amount of assets in proportion to liabilities in many of these failures had a cumulative effect upon the public mind, and suspicion was aroused against many additional concerns; and rightly so, because the later failures have, if anything, been just as spectacular in proportion to their size, and more and more rotten conditions are being disclosed.

It is about time something was done about this situation. Something is being done, and something more is going to be done.

For the benefit of the uninitiated it might be well for me to point out the different kinds of houses that are doing business in securities, not only in New York but in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and other large and small cities throughout the country.

New York Stock Exchange houses are those which through one or more of their partners hold membership on the New York Stock Exchange. These memberships cost close to $90,000, are limited to 1100 in number, and require large financial resources in addition. In order that a firm may engage in the brokerage business on the New York Stock Exchange a capital of from $100,000 to many millions is required, according to the volume of the business. Ownership of a seat—it is only standing room—represents the right to do brokerage business on the primary security market of the United States, for most of the leading railroad, industrial, public-utility, mining, petroleum and other miscellaneous securities are dealt in there, and its markets are looked upon as the standard for this country.

The Consolidated Stock Exchange of New York is what is known as a secondary market. Dealings on that floor are in the same securities as those bought and sold on the New York Stock Exchange, and prices on the Consolidated floor are governed by those on the big Exchange. Originally this was a petroleum exchange. In the last century, during the early excitement of the trading in oil, certificates for that commodity were dealt in just like shares of stock, and any increase or decrease in the oil supply or demand was reflected in the market price of the certificates. When that kind of trading died out, or was deliberately killed, the Consolidated Exchange began to cater more to those who wished to deal in small lots of stocks, because in former years the New York Stock Exchange members rarely would take orders for less than 100 shares, except for outright purchase, and so a market in ten, twenty, thirty and fifty share lots began to grow up in the Consolidated Exchange. It was a very thin market, but the small trader was attracted on the ground that he could trade actively in fractional lots.

Odd-Lot Transactions

MEMBERSHIP on the Consolidated Exchange could, about twenty years ago, have been bought for a few hundred dollars, but in recent years the price has risen to several thousand dollars. Some of the reasons why may be inferred from the recent failures of many houses holding memberships on the Consolidated, many of whose assets in the final showdown proved to be a low percentage of the liabilities. In other words, they were bucket shops, and their Exchange memberships were used to disguise their real character.

The New York Curb Market is that which formerly constituted an interesting group of brokers who assembled from curb to curb in Broad Street, just below Exchange Place. Recently it became properly organized, and is now housed under its own roof just back of Trinity Church. When its trading was conducted in the street many bucket shops operated there; but with the reorganization of this exchange a considerable part, but not all, of this element has been eliminated.

Though partial-payment houses which are advertised as such are comparatively few among members of the New York Stock Exchange, nearly all members of that board execute orders in lots of less than 100 shares. It is estimated that the odd-lot transactions which do not appear on the tape and are therefore not included in the total trading reported in the newspapers would add 40 to 50 per cent to this total if they were recorded; that is, if 1,000,000 shares of round lots are dealt in in a single session it would indicate that the total transactions were between 1,400,000 and 1,500,000 shares.

One of the leading houses, which formerly made a specialty of the partial-payment plan, writes that their reason for abandoning advertising for such accounts was that there appeared to be no difference between a partial-payment account and one which was being carried on margin, both being subject to margin calls in the case of a decline in the market. To use their own expression, "We feel that the term Partial Payment has in many instances done more harm than good, encouraging promiscuous advertising by irresponsible brokers, whose only intention

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TROUPING WITH ELLEN

"What's That?" He Snarled. "Who Asked You to Butt In? I'm Handling This. Did I Say She Was Fired?"

By Earl Derr Biggers

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

THE curtain descended, blotting out from Andy Owen's tired gaze the terrace of Mrs. Mortimer Van Reypan's villa at Nice, and the row of set mechanical smiles back of which lurked the chorus and principals of One Night in June. For a moment he waited while the finale echoed and died away in the far corners of the theater. Then he lifted his baton, his men took a deep breath, and in another instant they were off together on their ultimate effort to implant the song hit of the piece forever in the memory of Albany.

Andy swung round and faced the auditorium, where the clatter of seats furnished active competition. The customers were moving slowly up the aisles, well pleased with their evening's diversion, forgetful for the moment of the February storm outside. Many of them, Andy noted, were humming the song hit. Pretty soft for the composer, thought Andy, computing royalties in his mind. His direction became absent-minded, casual. Then he saw a short, heavy figure in a fur coat, with a soft hat pulled low over his eyes, moving down the side aisle to the stage, and it was as though an electrical current had invaded him.

"On your toes, boys," he hissed. "The old man's in the house!" And even the composer would have been satisfied with their rendition of his song hit then.

On the other side of the curtain the stage crew were hastily wrecking Mrs. Van Reypan's happy home and depositing it on a truck that stood in the snow at the alley door. From the principals' dressing rooms came the splash of running water, and on the iron stairs that led aloft sounded the click of silver slippers as the Cinderellas of the chorus ascended, unhooking in the back as they ran.

Suddenly came the booming call of Mickleson, the director: "Everybody on stage! Chorus and principals, please!"

Like an arctic blast the summons swept the region of the wings, freezing them all where they stood. And as they hesitated, poised, tense, the same vision flashed through every mind! The old man! He had been in front! Only three nights ago, in Poughkeepsie, he had said good-by to them at length, had assured them that he would not see them again until the following Monday, in Boston. But this was one of his ancient tricks, a part of his joyous game, creeping into the theater when no one suspected, making notes on the performance as he crouched in the shadows at the rear, then swooping down on them with the light of battle in his eye.

They straggled to the stage, the girls clutching their gowns at the back and shivering, the men in shirt sleeves, collarless. And there against the curtain stood the figure they dreaded to see, inscrutable in the shadow of his hat, warm in the embrace of his fine fur coat, and with a sheaf of notes clutched in his hand. Thirty years in the business, in love with it still; life offered him nothing now so glorious as moments like this, when he stood there and saw them tremble before him, stood secure in his power, looked into their eyes and saw fear and the reluctant respect of the weak for the strong.

"Everybody here, Mickleson?" he wanted to know.

"I th-think so, sir. Yes, Mr. Wellman, we're all here, sir. We didn't expect to see you, sir. Quite a surprise, ha, ha, ha." A ghastly attempt at mirth.

"First of all, Mickleson, I think the performance has sagged. Damnably. And we open in Boston—a metropolitan audience—Monday night. I humbly suggest that we meet at the theater in Boston to-morrow evening at eight—Sunday evening, that is. Agreeable?"

"Perfectly," said Mickleson. "I'm sorry you think we've let down. It seemed to me ——"

"I made a few notes," cut in the old man. "I've lost the order—but never mind." He selected one of his slips of paper—the black spot for somebody. "Miss Davis!"

"Yes, sir."

"Your first entrance—you speak too soon. I believe I mentioned that before."

"Oh—I'm sorry, sir. I counted ten."

"Huh! You're a fast counter. Count a million, if necessary, but in heaven's name give Jimmy time to get round that table. By the way, Jimmy, that suit of yours in Act Two. You're playing a young millionaire. Is the smart set going in for polished elbows on their dress coats? I don't get about much—I'm asking for information."

"Why, sir—you passed that suit at the dress rehearsal. It's brand new."

"Same suit you wore when you worked for me five years ago. I spotted it by that wrinkle under the left shoulder. No shabby millionaires in my company, if you please. Order a new outfit Monday morning!"

"Ye-yes, sir," said Jimmy. His face suddenly contorted over an unpleasant problem in mental arithmetic.

"Mr. Jamieson!"

The old man was warming to his work. Mr. Jamieson stepped forward, a wilted collar and a soiled white tie clutched in his nervous hand. He was the old man's pet aversion in the company.

"Well, I got it, and I got it good," he remarked afterwards philosophically.

Following Jamieson the others were called forward one by one, heard a few of their many blemishes listed, sank back humiliated and angry.

"Young ladies of the ensemble," said the old man at last. Sixteen faces of varying loveliness looked anxiously up into his. "Young ladies, I don't get the words of the opening chorus. Mickleson—how many times must I speak of this? I pay a clever young man real money to write words for this music—at least, I thought he was clever until he began to work for me." He cast a fishy eye about the stage; an author would have been a tasty titbit to finish off on, but none was in sight. "I pay for words, I say, and I don't hear them. We'll take that up again to-morrow night. What I want to say now is—there was one young woman ——"

His eye searched quickly among the sixteen faces and came to rest on the loveliest of them all, an oval face with-

big wistful eyes under a careless mass of fluffy light-brown hair. He pointed one fat finger.

"You!" he said in a voice of doom.

She faced him bravely, but flushed a bit under her make-up.

"Miss Llewelyn," said the always helpful Mickleson.

"Miss Llewelyn," repeated the old man. "Oh, yes—I remember you now. Found you reading a novel by Conrad one day at rehearsal. Maybe your stage work is cutting in on your studies. Maybe that's why it annoys you so. Or perhaps the lines of the piece bore you."

"No, sir," said the girl, while Andy Owen, awaiting his turn in the rear row, stirred resentfully.

"Well, you looked bored to-night. And I pay you to smile—understand that. Damn it, when you're on my stage you smile."

"I'll remember, sir," she said, and made a courageous effort to carry out his order then and there.

"You'll remember it or get out! What's the matter with you girls nowadays? Thirty years I've been in this game ——"

His business manager appeared at that moment with news of great portent—a statement of the night's receipts. He and the old man retired a bit from the crowd and engaged in an animated conversation. Time passed, the blast from the open door into the alley came sharper than ever, the girls shivered in their light evening gowns, the old man drew his fur coat closer about his chubby person.

"Say—is he going to keep us here all night?" The Llewelyn girl turned anxiously to the tall, willowy blonde who stood near her. "I got a train to catch at twelve. I telegraphed ma I was coming."

"A lot he cares about that," said the blonde.

"Mr. Mickleson," the girl whispered, "I got a train at twelve. Couldn't I go now?"

"No, no, no!" cried Mickleson, horrified. "He hasn't dismissed us. Don't move."

It was an argument now between the old man and his aid—the gestures indicated that. It was always an argument after the introductory remarks. The minutes dragged by. "Say, Andy," whispered the Llewelyn girl, "what time you got?" He showed her his watch; half past eleven. "Gee!" she said; "and I telegraphed ma I was coming."

"You watch your step, Ellen," said Andy. "He's sore at you anyhow."

She looked toward the old man, stood staring at his broad back, warmly protected from the breeze, and a sudden intense bitterness against him came into her heart. Was she his chattel, his slave, she asked herself, repeating a line from a picture she had recently seen. No one was watching her, her step strayed into the wings, softly she climbed the iron stairs, gaining speed as she went. In another moment she was in the deserted dressing room, hastily removing the make-up, donning a little dress of blue serge, lacing up her high patent leathers, struggling into her near-seal coat.

"I Was Born in a Street Like This," Ellen Said Suddenly. "My Folks Still Live There"

The old man finally subdued his opponent and turned again to his notes. "Just one thing more—Mr. Jamieson. How do you pronounce the word 'exchequer'?"

"Why—er—it's exchequer, isn't it? On the first syllable. Or am I wrong?"

"On the second when I went to school," replied the old man. "But things change—of course." He had an uneasy feeling about that Llewelyn girl; somehow he hadn't humiliated her enough. She annoyed him with her youth and her vitality, her superior manner as she looked him in the eye. "Perhaps our young student can tell us," he sneered. "Our highbrow chorus girl. Miss Llewelyn." He sought for her, amazed. "Where's Miss Llewelyn?"

"She had a train to catch," said the terrified Mickleson. "She must have beat it."

"Did you tell her she could go?"

"Oh, no, sir—I wouldn't dream of doing that. Not without your permission."

"You mean to tell me she deliberately walked away? Mickleson, where is the discipline in this company?" With no effort at all he was working himself into a fury. One of the least of his creatures had flouted his authority, one of his little pawns had rolled off the board. "Get this girl! Bring her here! Get her, I tell you!"

She walked on the stage at that moment, a straw suitcase in her hand, a saucy little hat of crimson on her head, an air about her that was fuel to the old man's flame.

"Calling me?" she asked. "I'm sorry I had to run away, but I'd promised to spend a few hours at home. My mother's expecting me. What was it you wanted?"

The old man stood staring down into her calm eyes, and they further infuriated him. His lips moved, but no words came; he was too enraged to speak. At that moment Mickleson came forward; his nerves on edge, his judgment lost, he thought it was up to him to assert his authority then and there. It was an unfortunate inspiration so far as he was concerned, but it saved Ellen Llewelyn her job.

"You're fired!" cried Mickleson. "You're out. Walking off like that without our permission."

The old man found his voice then, and on the instant he transferred his anger to poor Mickleson. He was like that; no one ever knew which way he would spring.

"What's that?" he snarled. "Who asked you to butt in? I'm handling this. Did I say she was fired? You—you lazy hound—I'm sick of you. No authority over them."

"But I thought ——" cried Mickleson, appalled.

"Never! That's a lie! You never thought." He turned to the company. "You're dismissed, ladies and gentlemen. You can go. You, too, my dear young lady. I excuse you. You've had no one here to teach you—no one to make you understand that when I call a company onto the stage nobody leaves until I say so. It's not your fault, Miss Llewelyn. Go home to your mother, but remember this—the call to-morrow night is for eight o'clock, and one minute late means your job. Now, Mickleson, I'll talk to you. Where the hell did you learn your business?"

He was at Mickleson's throat, but the company did not stop to hear; they scattered gratefully to the wings. Ellen Llewelyn, triumphant, hurried toward the stage door.

"Oh, Lil," she called to one of the girls, "get a room for two at the Occidental. If the piece gets over we'll hunt an apartment. So long. See you later."

"Get wise to Ellen's new coat," said a languid show girl. "Meow! Meow!"

"We all know you're a cat, dearie," Lil reminded her. "Why advertise it?"

"Thanks, Lil," Ellen said, overhearing, and fled into the alley. Close at her heels came Andy Owen, pulling his overcoat over the evening clothes that were compulsory for the conductor of the orchestra, even on the road.

"Give me the bag," he said. "You've got sixteen minutes. It's some race."

"Don't you bother, Andy," she told him.

"It's no bother. Think I want to hang round back there till the old man's red eye lights on me and he jumps? Say—why you want to room with Lily again?"

"Why not?"

"Well, you know what happened last time. She's the laziest thing ever. Lying in bed and you getting the breakfast and waiting on her hand and foot. Want that all over again?"

"Sure I do," said Ellen. "Lil's all right, Andy. Besides—she's had a good education. She can talk like a lady when she wants to. I learned a lot from her."

"Oh, I see. Well, you're too deep for me, kid. Reading highbrow books, and all that stuff. I thought at first you was bluffing; just trying to grab somebody with it."

"You thought wrong, Andy."

"Yes, I guess I did. You really mean it, don't you? But what are you aiming for, anyhow?"

Her voice seemed far away in the storm. "I don't know," she said. "I—I guess I'm just ambitious, Andy. I want to get somewhere. To be somebody—anybody—anybody worth while. That ain't—isn't any crime."

"Of course not," Andy answered. "I got stirrings, too, sometimes. I'd like to write a real good song—catchy, you know—make a lot of money. But this highbrow stuff—books—what the hell does talk matter? Grammar and all that?"

They were at the foot of Albany's famous hill now, and the wind was no longer so bitter cold. Before them loomed the big station. They went in—five minutes to spare.

"Got your ticket?" Andy asked.

"Sure," she nodded. "I came down and bought it before the matinée. I guess the train's ready."

They stood together beside the track, in a little group of snow-flecked travelers. Ellen's heart sank.

"Oh, Andy—I'm ashamed of myself," she wailed. "But I don't want to go."

"Why not?"

"It always gives me the willies. I forget how dreary it is, and then I go back—and remember. When I was little—all those years."

"Nonsense!" said Andy. "It's home, ain't it? See you in Boston to-morrow night. Whatever you do, don't be late."

The train roared up. "So long," Ellen said. "It was awful good of you—coming down through this storm. I hope your feet didn't get wet. So long, Andy."

He helped her aboard. She turned on the platform and caught a glimpse of his round earnest face smiling up at her through the storm.

The train jolted out of Albany, stopped again in Troy, and then began its journey into the even more wintry Berkshires. The day coach was cold and smelly, noisy with the snores of those who slept. Her short skirt and silk stockings seemed to invite the blast, so she doubled her feet up under her on the green plush seat.

A good-looking young brakeman, caught by the charm of the face beneath the very red hat—the sole dashing item of her costume—paused in the aisle by her side. He glanced at her ticket.

"North Readfield," he ventured. "Live there?"

"Oh, no," she said. "Fifth Avenue, if you're ever in New York."

"I'm in North Readfield a good deal," he told her. "I'd be pleased to meet you."

"So would I—if anybody ever introduced us."

"Wow! Well, it's a bad night."

"It sure is—for you."

He went on down the aisle and left her to her thoughts. North Readfield again—that tawdry town amid the beauty of the hills. River Street. Ma would be waiting up. Poor ma. She really ought to come home oftener, for ma's sake.

She dozed off. The next thing she knew, the fresh brakeman was shaking her. "Come out of it," he said. "We're pulling into Fifth Avenue. North Readfield, I mean."

She sat up, glanced at the cheap little watch on her wrist. A quarter of two. "Oh, thanks," she said.

He picked up the straw suitcase and led the way to the door. "I didn't mean no harm, what I said," he told her. "A guy gets lonesome—you know."

"Sure," she smiled. "Anybody would get lonesome way up here. That's all right."

"Maybe I could come and see you, then?"

"No—can't be done. I'm moving on at noon to-morrow—I mean to-day. I got to get to Boston. I'm in a musical show."

"Gee!" he cried. "An actress!"

"Thanks," laughed Ellen. "Not many'd say so."

She stepped off into the snow. A faint light flickered in the window of the little brick station. At the far end of the platform she saw what looked like a taxi. She went down to inquire.

"Sorry—I was waiting for somebody," explained the driver.

He alighted from his car, a great muffled figure. "I ain't a taxi. Say—nobody else got off, did they?"

"I didn't see anybody."

"That's fine. Get a man out in the middle of the night—but never mind. I'll give you a lift. Where you going?"

"It ain't far," she said. "Number 13 River Street."

"Hop in," he directed.

He went up front and began to crank. She heard the response of the engine and her heart thrilled gratefully.

They began to climb a hill between two rows of shabby little business blocks—Main Street, North Readfield. Ellen peered eagerly through the snow, saw the lights of an all-night lunch room, located the music store where she had started on her grand career. Main Street's business activities stopped abruptly, and they crossed an iron bridge over a frozen river. Then on past the mills, black and dreary, the mills where North Readfield toiled from dark to dark.

Ellen's companion said nothing; evidently at two in the morning his vitality ran low. He turned sharply into River Street and slowed down, for the car found the going rough.

On either side were mean little houses, their porches sagging, their paint a memory; houses that seemed dissolute and proud of it.

"Say—every place is the same," he announced. "I guess you'll have to point out 13."

Her spirits lower than ever, Ellen stared hopelessly about. "I—I don't know as I can," she said. "I ain't been here for two years myself." Then she saw a light in a window on ahead. "That might be ma," she added.

He slowed down as they came abreast of the light. The door of the house opened and a dumpy little woman stood there, staring at them.

"It's ma," said Ellen Llewelyn. "She waited up." She searched in her purse, found a soiled dollar bill. "Here—I wish you'd take this."

"Nothing doing," he laughed. "I ain't in the business. Good night."

He was gone before she could thank him. She turned and ran toward the woman on the porch. In another second she had cast the straw suitcase down on the snowy steps, and she and ma were in each other's arms.

"Ellen! Ellen! Two years you been away. I ain't seen you fer two years."

"There, there, ma," sobbed the girl. "What you crying about anyhow?"

"Come in, Ellen. It's terrible cold, ain't it?" They went into the house—into the parlor, so called. "What a pretty coat," the older woman said. "You better keep it on. It ain't any too warm here."

"Well, ma, you got my telegram, didn't you?"

"It come this afternoon. I wanted the rest should wait up fer you, but—well, you know how they are."

"That's all right, ma. You're the one I want to see."

"And I want to see you, Ellen. You been away too long. Don't do it again."

"No, ma. I won't."

"It's cold in here, ain't it, Ellen? I didn't dare put no more coal on the fire. They's only about a bushel basket in the cellar, to last over Sunday."

"Why don't you get some more?"

"Oh, well—what you been doing, Ellen? Tell me about yourself."

"I suppose the coal man's shut down on us?"

"Yes; and the butcher, he's hounding us. Oh, Ellen—I didn't mean to start in on my troubles before you was hardly through the door."

She drew her woolen wrapper closer about her plump figure, and the round little face under the wisps of gray hair looked suddenly tragic.

"Things get harder all the time," she said.

"I send you all I can, ma," Ellen told her. "It takes nearly all I make, traveling round."

"I know—you're a good girl, Ellen. But your pa—seems like he gets worse. I thought maybe this here prohibition would make things easier, but he gets it somewhere, and he pays ten times what he used to. Awful stuff too—it'll kill him yet."

"What if it does?" said the girl bitterly.

"Ellen—you mustn't talk that way."

"How about Dave? Can't he help?"

"He's—he's wild, Ellen. Loafing half the time. I'm worried about him. And Mabel—out to all hours at the movies—thinking about nothin' but fellows and clothes. I wish you'd talk to her, Ellen. I'm worried about her too." She put her arms about the slim figure of her daughter. "You're all I got, Ellen," she said. "You're what I lean on—in my mind. Thinkin' about you—it keeps me goin'."

"Now, now, ma—you're cryin' again."

"'Scuse me, Ellen. It ain't no way to welcome you home, is it? But I been settin' here since pa went to bed at eight, an' things got preyin' on my mind. There—I'm all right now. I wanted your pa should sleep down here, so you could sleep with me—but he wouldn't. So I fixed you up a sort of bed in this old chair."

"That'll be fine, ma. It's nearly morning anyhow."

"To-morrow night I'll make one of 'em give up fer you," the woman said, and Ellen turned away her face. How could she tell her mother she must go on at noon? Oh, well, that could wait till the morning, the brighter morning. She began to unlace her shoes.

"Silk stockings?" her mother said. "In winter! You'll catch your death."

"I haven't yet," the girl laughed. "I'm all right, ma. Don't you fret about me. I'll just take off my shoes and my dress, and slip on my old kimono."

Her mother came forward and helped with the fastenings of the blue serge. "Land sakes, Ellen!" she cried as it fell to the floor. "Is that all you got on underneath? You'll be in your grave first thing you know."

"Wake up, ma. You're a million years behind the times. This is what they're all wearing in the city."

"It's hard to believe. Kind of pretty, though. Silk, too, ain't they?"

"If they ain't I been stung." She took a flimsy dressing gown from her suitcase and put it on. "Now, ma, you run off to bed. And in the morning we'll have one grand visit."

"I got to tuck you in an' explain this bed I fixed. It'll be all right if you don't move round much." She waited while Ellen arranged her hair. "Seems like you're prettier than ever, Ellen," she said. "Get prettier all the time. I got you to be proud of, whatever else I got."

"You got grandfather too," said Ellen suddenly.

She pointed to a rather hideous crayon portrait that hung over a battered sofa. Old David Evans had long since passed on, but still he smiled down rather grimly on the most ambitious of his descendants. A scholar, David Evans, who had risen from the collieries to be pastor of a dissenting chapel in the old days in Wales.

(Continued on Page 58)

"Wait a Minute, Ma. Yes—There's Another Train at 3:30. It's a Close Call, But I'll Risk It. I'll Stay to Dinner, Ma"

TRAVELER'S REPOSE

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

THE thought, curious and unexpected, which had come to Jalan Heronbar lingered in his mind; it was this—that the mountains, the county, of Greenstream were very pretty. They were, more than that, filled with peace; and the name of the village on the West Virginia border he so often passed came into his memory, Traveler's Repose. The words repeated themselves," and seemed, of their sound, to fill him with a sense of rest. He was sitting, alone as usual now, at evening, in the narrow portico of his house. Before him a rocky pasture descended to a road set against deep spruce woods; but at his left, past the corner of the dwelling, there was a valley blue with distance, and mountain on mountain, range on range, beyond. It was, in addition to everything else, June; the day had been hot but the dusk was cool, fragrant, a gradual decrease of light and an increasing of the peace, the prettiness, he had discovered.

The unexpectedness of this lay in the fact that the mountains had been familiar to him since birth; they were his mountains, Greenstream was his county; and only now, at thirty-four, had he grown conscious of it all. The reason for it, he decided, was the three years during the war he had spent on the level sandiness of New Jersey. Throughout the fighting Jalan had, at home, instructed men in the driving of army trucks. A hard fate for him, for a Heronbar. The trace of a smile was perceptible on his thin lips. Well, that was over, and he was in Greenstream again—he had been back three years—impressed with the quiet and beauty of his surroundings.

It seemed to him to be a place apart from all the tumultuous rest of the world, the last, probably, where peace was an actuality. The mountain ranges completely closed it in, there were no railways, and the roads, for automobiles, no more than fair. All at once he wished that there were no roads communicating with the places outside. This was even stranger than his new sense of beauty, and he examined it with a slow thoughtfulness. What did he mean? That really was clear enough: he wanted to keep Greenstream separate from the bitterness and struggle almost everywhere tearing men from happy and good lives. It looked as though he were getting religion, and the shadowy smile returned to his lips. A Heronbar religious! They would laugh at him in the store; but in fairness to that humorous company he was obliged to admit that they would have laughed at him, but not now. The war, even such service as he had accomplished, had changed that. The Heronbars of the past were dead; he was the last of man, woman or child alive; and the old fear and hatred of his family had died, its place in the county taken by an attitude of pride toward a local and heroic legend.

A place of peace, a refuge, green and fruitful in the summer, white and immaculate in winter. It wasn't needful to go out of that section of country for a living; many men living within twenty miles of him had never been forty miles from home. The women, Jalan told himself, could still spin, and though the hunting was largely ruined the valley had many herds of cattle, grazing and grains. He went over this possibility minutely, thinking of it as a fantastic scheme for the passing of an idle hour; but the aspect of fantasy receded. A land without fighting.

That he had come to detest. The Heronbars had lived by it; yes, and by murder. The gun play of a raid on the distilling apparatus quietly occupying the Heronbar parlor alone had resulted in the death of his father rather than of any one or two or three of the revenue force. That had happened eleven years ago. Jalan had been away, over the state line; his brother had escaped from a window, to be killed the following month on a freight train; and their mother and a great-aunt, Christia, did not long survive the general disaster. Jalan, solitary in the house, except for the period of his service, variously occupied in the blue grass or higher woods, had dwelt upon the violent aspects of his early life, turning them over and over; with the result that before he had gone to his remote participation in the war he had been doubtful of it. He hadn't been wholly a part of the pleasure with which the county had seen him, a Heronbar, depart to uphold their prestige of contentiousness.

She Came Slowly On Alone, Over the Rugged Path, Through the Broken Gate

When he had come back from the monotonous smallness of his participation, from grinding officialism and discontent and bitter jealousies, his inclination had settled into a hard, a hard but silent opposition. In a way that he couldn't understand, sonorous tags of the New Testament, the peace-commanding utterances of Christ, came back into his consciousness, laden with a passionate reality and force. When you looked at it, Jalan Heronbar thought, it was wrong to go out and kill people, to smash them with stones and bullets or rot them with gases. People were blind, that was it, or insane. No one could get around that sentence in the Bible against killing. It seemed to him that from a practical standpoint the Bible might be a good book to follow. Yet the influence of its memory on him was not practical; it was more like a regimental band playing in the distance, far away but coming nearer. It stirred him; his hatred of war, of all trouble and misunderstanding, stirred him.

Jalan Heronbar wanted to show the world how hellishly wrong hatred and envy and malice were, how they destroyed life, made happiness impossible. He couldn't hope to do that, of course; but here about him, in Greenstream? The valley had slipped from view, but the western mountains, against a fading yellow radiance, were still evident, darkly green; the bell of Jalan's cow sounded and then stopped, sounded and stopped, lower down. A little breeze, audible through the spruce trees before he felt it on his face, sprang up; it was aromatic from the bark freshly stripped for the tannery on South Fork.

Here, for a hundred miles or so, quietude, reason, happiness might, with a small attention, be possible. What, in the pursuit of his fantastic idea, was necessary? Almost nothing, with the exception of a single enforcement.

The people of Greenstream seldom went out into the world and back; they either stayed in their homes or went away without returning. Some of the young attended schools out of the county; that would be discouraged—Jalan didn't see a prolonged schooling as a necessity—but what was absolutely imperative was to keep the world away. That was it! The treachery and evilly destructive passions everywhere else raging must be barred from Greenstream.

This, with its suggestion of force, of tyranny even, had a look of disagreeing with the main direction of his peacefulness; yet, he decided, it was unavoidable. Something would be lost—what was loosely called progress—but that couldn't be helped. Infinitely more would be made secure. The local interests were simple; after long years of prohibition political jealousies had mostly expired; politics itself had become less and less important. Indeed what occurred to his speculative mind was that politics might be reanimated; it might be brought back to its old sectional state, to the condition he had heard of from very old men, when it was a government of localities isolated from

one another and self-dependent, self-reliant. Washington lately had grown vague and unsatisfactory, far away; while Greenstream was near, immediate and lovely.

He had sat so long, lost in his project, that if he intended to see Emeline he'd have to go at once, without supper. He did most certainly want to see her; and he went into the empty, dark house to his room by the kitchen. Jalan had tried a bed in the kitchen and, though it was convenient, on his return from the army he had moved. One of the surprising things that had occurred to him was a developed preference for an utmost neatness. It was as if the care he had always lavished on his guns had been extended to include everything which concerned him. The array of pans, dishes and cooking utensils on a dresser was in a rigid and immaculate order; the frying pan had its exact place, and if it were disarranged Jalan was uncomfortable until it was correctly disposed. The knives and forks must be laid in an unvarying manner, the brush broom leaning at its own angle in a corner. This habit of exactitude had grown upon him. He derided it, tried to break it, but a feeling stronger than his will—if, for example, he had carelessly dropped his clothes on a chair—dragged him out of bed to put everything straight.

Jalan Heronbar scrubbed his face with soapsuds strong of lye, he wet and brushed his hair and put on a shirt with a collar, a necktie and a fresh-shined pair of shoes. Then he walked through the kitchen to the space in back of the house. It was like a ridge leading directly away, with the ground falling steeply on either side. The Heronbar house was on a ridge; everywhere about it, except for the road and spruce forest, the land dropped into bottoms with rocky streams and close trees; there was a circling horizon broken with mountains and rifts, with small isolated patches of grazing, some in the valleys and some against the peaks; but with no other signs of humanity.

The sweep of mountains was almost hidden; evening was advancing more rapidly, but Jalan was infinitely swifter. He drove a battered but entirely sound automobile with a long knowledge and ruthless skill through the rocks of his front pasture; and turning to the right on the road he went boldly up a long turning ascent and, over the divide, went down like a silently falling bowlder.

At sharp bends, the outside unguarded and overhanging hundreds of feet of tree tops and sharp rocks, he kept so close to the exposed edge that the wheels sent small showers of stones into space. Jalan met—as usual, he thought—a car on the worst turn of all, at the worst moment. It was coming up as determinedly as he was fleeing down; but, already far out, there was no need for him to swing dangerously across the road; in an instant, after the crash of minor opposed sounds, he was again alone.

In a valley broader, more cultivated than any visible from his fields he passed the store, waving vaguely to a familiar group of men and boys gathered on the worn benches of the porch, and then he turned again. He drove through a dark, perpetually damp wood and came out at the gate to Emeline Graham's father's place. There was a ford to cross, the gate to open, and he followed a rude track about a gentle rise to the fence which separated the house with its flowers and cut grass from the grazing.

The family, he knew, would be on the portico, facing the road over which he had just come; they would have seen him, heard him closing the gate and he was expected. Jalan walked, therefore, about the house without the formality of an announcement at the proper door. This in itself was notable; simply for the fact that he was a Heronbar striding securely through the property of Elias Graham. The Grahams had always been as admirable and successful, as highly placed, as the Heronbars were doubtful. Not many years past Jalan would not have been allowed to come inside Elias' fences; if he had tried, except under the most formal and recognized conditions, a death would have resulted. The Heronbars had been, in reality, outlawed from the community of Greenstream. Now, however, he was walking freely over their yard, sure of an acceptable welcome. By this time it was certain as well that they knew he was coming for Emeline.

Jalan found them as he had expected: Elias, a small man in shirt sleeves and eminently serviceable suspenders, smoking a highly varnished brier pipe; his wife resting in a capacious chair after the labor of supper; Ellery, their son, a vigorous and mature boy, silent as usual; and Emeline. She smiled her greeting from a step and a porch column, and added nothing to the impetus Jalan's coming had given to the conversation. She had on a white dress, he saw, there was some pink ribbon at her waist and on her hair; and she looked as young as—as anybody.

She wasn't really so young as that. Emeline was thirty; but it was that, he thought, which so moved his heart. In Greenstream girls and women were only ornamental when they were very young, no more than fifteen or sixteen, and then only in the hours between their duties in the house and dairy. They married at once, after a few dances, a short courtship, and retired definitely to an existence of utility. That was, nearly all of them did. Somehow Emeline seemed to escape the general fate. She had not married at the time considered appropriate; and as a result of that she served at the dinner table; she was never seated until her father and Ellery and any visitors had all they could possibly desire.

A great part of her time was spent in the kitchen in the preserving and canning and curing seasons; and she was a great deal alone with the linen and cleaning and incidental nursing.

Yet Jalan insisted almost defiantly to himself, she was as young as any. She had a kind of gentle niceness, a delicate glow in her cheeks and eyes, for which he tirelessly watched. Her subjection to her father was whole-hearted; she accepted her position without even being aware of it; and still she had a humor, a quaint understanding and private independence, at which Jalan happily marveled. He knew that she was glad to see him this evening, that she always had a welcome for him; and he was conscious of what this might, probably did, mean. They would get married. There was no hurry; he felt that she knew of his understanding; some day this summer they would speak of it, and he would go to Elias Graham.

There would now be no serious difficulty there—a Heronbar marrying a Graham—for the reason that Elias, sound beneath a contradictory temper, realized that he, Jalan, would take care of Emeline; he would be a good husband. *(Continued on Page 89)*

Men Listened to Him When They Were Not Busy, Through the Late Summer Evenings. He Was Regarded as a Kind of Preacher

THE AVERAGE WOMAN

By Dorothy DeJagers

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

BY JOVE, Beevee, did you know that in America women buy 48 per cent of all drug supplies, 48 per cent of all hardware and house furnishings, 96 per cent of all dry goods, and even eleven per cent of men's clothing?"

Allan Cabot Straun, of the Elkins Advertising Agency, dramatically offered these facts to Bert Voigt, the copy chief.

Beevee looked up.

"'Pears like they've turned merchandising into a female order house," was his comment; but the casual tone, curiously enough, suggested that the clipping would never change his destiny to any extent.

But not so with Straun. Upon him the effect was startling. He was, you see, the statistician of the Elkins agency. When it was necessary, for instance, to know the per capita consumption of mustache cups in Athens, Georgia, or the possible mileage of chariot wheels in Athens, Greece, he could plot an ogive curve on paper in less time than it takes the lady in the advertisement to pour boiling water over her dining table.

Now the statistical mind is usually grounded on an expertness in putting two and two together; and this reminder that the feminine sex controls so much of the purchasing power struck him as a staggeringly suggestive situation. For if one could get the keynote—or shall we say the Ellen Keynote?—to her psychology, chart her reactions and diagram her motivations, wouldn't one have a great secret of successful advertising? An answer, too, to some inexplicable advertising failures? It seemed so; yet Straun's difficulty was that he knew very little about women, his mother having died in his infancy, and subsequent relations with girls having been unquestionably sketchy. This was largely due to a shyness rather hard to explain, since he was an uncommonly attractive young man.

In the first place, handsome. Clear reddish-brown eyes focused behind horn-rimmed goggles in the keen gaze of one who looks concrete facts in the face; above, a broad brow suggesting a capacious storage house for a catalogued intelligence, and notched near the left temple by a cowlick that spattered reddish-brown hair like a sticky finger. Nice hands and a good chin, and a general impression of well-ordered habits, well-organized activities and well-governed instincts—a life, in short, run by schedule, not subject to change without notice.

Yet perhaps this suggests an exemplary character rather than an attractive personality; so in repudiation Mr. Voigt is paged.

"Straun?" Beevee would have said. "Now, le's-see! First of all, he stands for class—what the English lady novelists would call 'thoughtfully valeted'—and his manners all match. But he's a nice kid. And principles! Say, that lad's as square as that dern little notebook he carries, and as white as his linen."

Which proves it's still possible to be admirable and yet likable. Certainly you would have credited him with a popularity rich in opportunities for understanding the gentler sex. But the fact remains that women were not merely an unknown quantity but a master mystery, as complicated to him as the trade-mark laws. How, then, was he to identify the average woman? Even after an intensive research into his memory his accumulated conceptions resulted merely thus in his notebook:

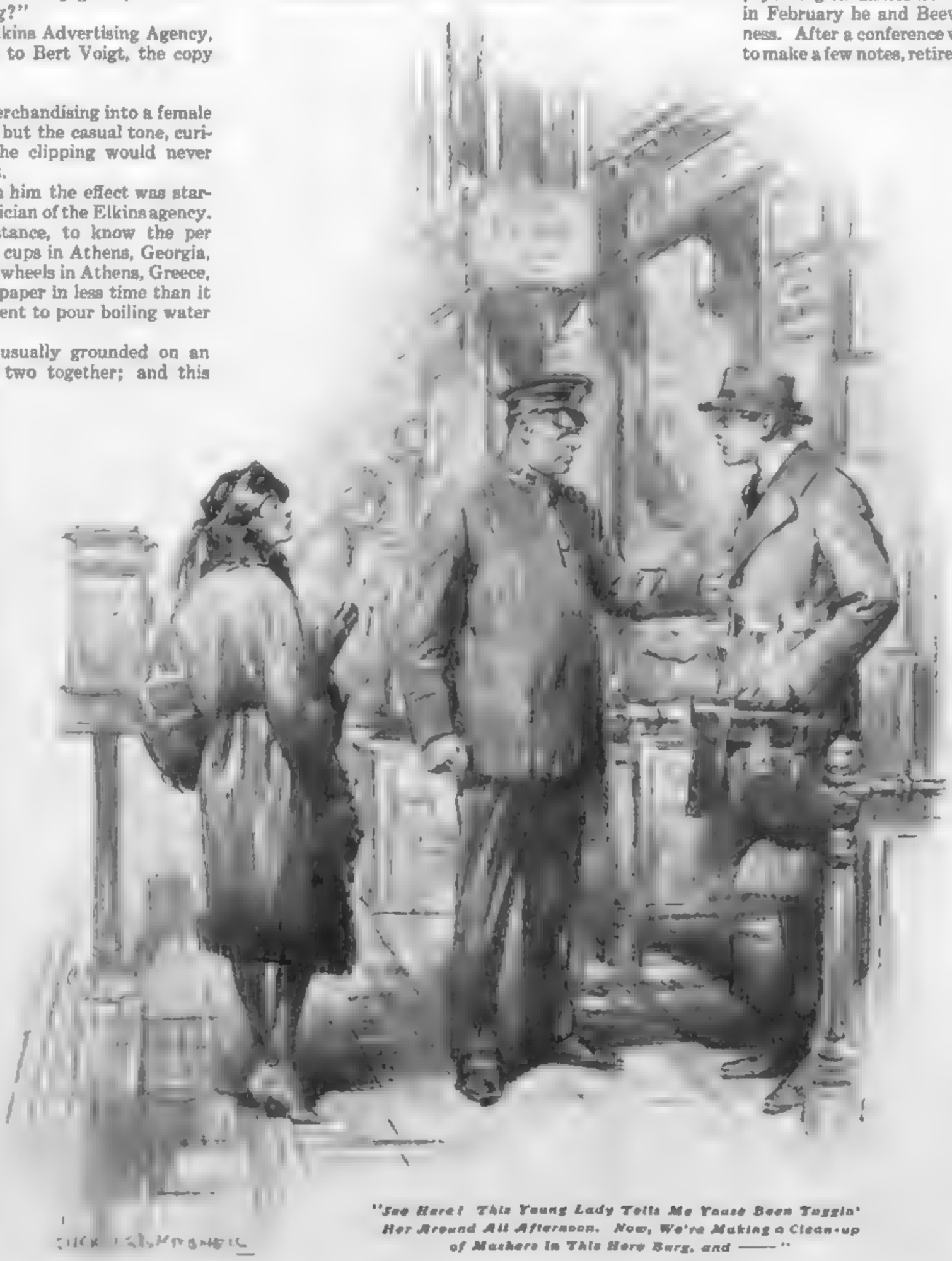
THE AVERAGE WOMAN

(a) Adds postscripts to her letters.
(b) Uses hairpin for repair work.
(c) Is afraid of mice.

And immediately, of course, he saw the inadequacy of this test. Other universals must be found, but how? Aha! The world's authorities on woman! Surely, in the multiple estimates enumerated by Apuleius through Havelock Ellis, Shaw and Weininger must be some common denominator for the colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady. Yet so diverse are the opinions of the sons of Adam about the daughters of Eve that it took a month to find the unanimity to permit this entry:

(a) The average woman is illogical.
(b) The average woman is emotional rather than cerebral.
(c) The average woman is interested in concrete rather than abstract.
(d) The average woman is intrigued by personalities rather than principles.
(e) The average woman has a good memory, accuracy in details.
(f) The average woman thinks inductively.

This, you see, looked pretty comprehensive; the next step was to find some lady manifesting these symptoms, then make a thorough study of her inferential and preferential peculiarities. But finding her—that was the real problem. The analyst's social and business contacts with the opposite sex were too casual and incoherent to permit any speedy identification. Moreover, the conventions naturally tabooed any direct methods—at least for Straun! Had it been Beevee he would have halted some promising prospect with "Tell me frankly, girlie, are you an illogical she-person with a good memory who thinks inductively about personalities in an emotional way?"



"See Here! This Young Lady Tells Me Youse Been Tuggin' Her Around All Afternoon. Now, We're Making a Clean-up of Mashers In This Here Burg, and ——"

But you can't do this when you're one of the Boston Strauns. So it began to look as if the economic world would have to roll along without any psychological disclosure of the average Eve. Then, one day in February he and Beevee went to New Jersey on business. After a conference with their client, the statist, eager to make a few notes, retired to a hotel, promising to meet the copy chief at four. The writing room looked deserted when he entered, and not until he had seated himself at one of those two-passenger desks did he become aware of another correspondent across. Without particular notice, however, he drew out the inevitable notebook and set to work. Then suddenly a point overlooked during the conference speeded him, forgetful of his papers, to the phone just outside; and it was on his return that he classified his neighbor as a young woman.

Now what he should have noted was a Pucklike prettiness of a smartly gowned flapper who could have posed for any magazine cover and doubled the circulation of the periodical and that of its most anæmic male readers.

At least he should have recognized in her the salient principles of good advertising, for she was certainly a young thing constructed to attract favorable attention, to develop interest and perhaps induce action.

Yet registering nothing of this he stared musingly across the peacock feather in her terra-cotta hat, lost in thought about dealer demand and consumer consumption.

Then, suddenly, his interest was flagged. The young woman having ostensibly finished her letter inclosed it in an envelope, then withdrew it for a hasty addendum. Aha! A postscript! Tensely Straun leaned forward. Next he saw her pick up a music roll and, after a frowning struggle with a perverse lock, extract a wire hairpin! Another frown; then a sigh of relief as the flap flew open. By this time Straun was staring with compelling expectancy; yet when she rose and sauntered to a piano in the corner the dictates of a Boston breeding deflected his gaze to his notebook. Almost immediately he turned at her squeal, "A mouse!" and found her on the piano stool, two tiny suède terra-cotta boots lifted in a two-foot clearance of terra firma.

Ordinarily, of course, he would have sprung to the defense of helpless womanhood; but this disturbing phenomenon in the law of probabilities had reduced him to helplessness for the moment. To find, you see, a subject reacting to the average-woman test within the course of five minutes could but prove that the gods of chance occasionally slipped something over on Sir Francis Galton. A blow, of course, to a statistician; yet he rallied sufficiently to hurry after the terra-cotta figure that suddenly skipped out the door.

Almost mechanically he followed the peacock feather through winding avenues to a department store. Here he hesitated. It took the urge of scientific curiosity to push him across this no man's land, but finally he entered and pursued his quarry back to where a gilt sign—Adjuster—identified an elderly warty gentleman behind a mahogany railing. There was, fortunately, a masculine counter just across, and so the purchase of a cravat enabled our analyst to cover the transaction behind the rail.

It seemed that the girl had purchased a pair of silk stockings, which proved, she bubbled, "the cowardly kind that make a hit on you and then run." She had worn

them but five minutes, too. Critically the adjuster examined them and nodded in justice to her complaint. Would she have an exchange? No. A refund, please. Very well. A fountain pen got in action but was suddenly halted by "Four sixty-five? But the stockings sell now for four eighty-five!"

This the other admitted, but reminded madam that the purchase price had been but four sixty-five.

"But if they're worth four eighty-five at the time of return, then of course four eighty-five is my refund."

At the necktie counter a young man, reminded that the average woman is illogical, smiled exultantly, but the warty one, obviously less intrigued by feminine traits, frowned as she went on: "When did the price increase?" Then, after his curt "February first!" came a triumphant trill: "Ah! It was on January thirtieth, at half past two, that the run appeared."

Whereupon the analyst, reminded that the average woman has a good memory, accuracy in details, permitted himself another smile.

Of course, in the end she had to accept the purchase price, and as she turned from the refund desk it was with such a sonorous sigh that Straun echoed it. Poor little thing! Despite the terra-cotta ensemble suggesting Paris labels, that twenty cents doubtless meant much to her. Hence, fancy his surprise to see her drop a two-dollar bill in the basket of an old news woman near the entrance. Yet the accompanying smile of compassion this time recalled that the average woman is emotional rather than cerebral, and surprise ceded to positive awe! And when, a block later on, her rejection of a Red Cross solicitation corroborated the average woman's interest in personalities rather than principles, Straun knew that he had found her—the composite feminine ultimate consumer, a study of whom would revolutionize industry.

But how to arrange for such a course of study? Another maddening problem! For three blocks he struggled with it so desperately that only vaguely did he notice his average woman suddenly dart to the usual policeman at the nearest crossing. A moment's colloquy, and a gritty voice halted him:

"See here! This young lady tells me youse been taggin' her around all afternoon. Now, we're making a clean-up of mashers in this here burg, and ——"

"Masher!" Straun's voice quivered in well-bred rage. "This is an outrage! I am Allan Straun, of New York, and ——"

"Ain't nothin' in my full life if you're Jack Straw, of Newport. This here mashin' has got to stop!"

Instinctively Straun turned to the girl, who stood aloof, but a half smile on her lips checked his appeal. Then, panic-stricken, he saw a crowd knotting around them, and a reflex impulse of flight suddenly propelled him into the nearest doorway. Instantaneously, however, a beefy hand plucked him back into the public eye.

"Thought you'd beat it, eh? Youse come with me!"

There seemed nothing else to do, so off the trio started.

Straun and the officer walked a few feet ahead of the impious peacock feather.

It seems hardly necessary to describe the humiliation of a young man whose gentility had never been questioned by the lifted eyebrows of Mrs. Grundy, let alone the arm of the law. The poor dear's indignation became something enveloping and suffocating. He would sue the city for twenty-five thousand. No! Nothing less than fifty thousand could compensate for such mental anguish. As for the New Jersey Delilah who had so Samsonized him—well, Schopenhauer was right. Women! Bah! Creatures of triviality and roguery whose vanity permitted naught save a personal interpretation of all experience. And this silly thing had thought his pursuit motivated by admiration! Well, she'd soon find out!

By this time they had reached the courthouse, and in Room 203, after the girl's disappearance into an ante room, the culprit was led before the judge, an oldish gentleman of jocular rotundities. With suppressed emotion Straun gave his real name and business, and an acknowledgment that he had followed the defendant from the hotel to the point of interference.

Why? Ah, that was simple! Because—because —— Suddenly he faltered.

After all, was the explanation plausible to any save the merchandising mind? Moreover, he saw its comedy temptations for the reportorial pen. Manhattan Masher in Search of Average Woman, Pursues New Jersey Nymph. He heard the office guffaws and the inevitable kidding which would laugh all the dignity out of future researches. No, he could not explain; so instead he demanded, with what he considered razor-edged irony, "So it's against the law to walk behind a young woman when you have made no possible overtures to her?"

"Not exactly criminal, but unlucky, when the lady in the case happens to be wearing a peacock feather." The judge and the defendant twinkled at each other before the former's query: "Have you ever been arrested before?"

"Certainly not!"—with indignation.

"Well, then, because this is your first offense and because you don't look like a typical masher" — ignoring Straun's glare—"I'll resort to an unusual experiment. This young woman"—smiling over at the disturbing influence in the terra-cotta suit, now present—"is one of our most public-spirited citizens, and I shall parole you to her. You will report to her once a week for three months, swearing on your word of honor as a gentleman, and—ahem—an advertising man, to a blameless interval."

At this fantastic procedure Straun could not repress an ironic smile; but his limited knowledge of the ways of Blackstone sobered him. No doubt the entrance of women into politics expressed itself in just such topsy-turvied judicature. And ah! Ah! Wasn't it, after all, the functionings of a Providence kindly disposed toward statisticians? Of course! He would work himself into the shallow creature's good graces; then coolly and scientifically turn her into copy!

"Very well!" His voice vibrated with the exultation of an industrial revolutionist, and his hand trembled in eagerness as he signed some idiotic paper and accepted the card of instructions from Miss Theodora Whipple.

Thus it happened that the following Friday evening Allan Straun was conducted by a liveried servant into a warmly tinted living room in a most impressive New Jersey home. Here a fire flung lozenges of light over Jacobean carvings, gleaming enamels, bronzes and tapestries. It was not in the least like that interior advertised over the comforting slogan Terms to Suit; instead, a place of rich harmonies and rare discriminations, the best possible expression of the acquisitive instinct, and obviously financed by an affluence beyond the dreams of bootleggers.

Then in a moment his probation officer entered.

"Ah, Mr. Straun! How nice of you to call," she actually had the nerve to say, and as he took the indicated chair he glowered forbiddingly.

Then in the conversational trivialia that ensued, as she restlessly flashed from divan to piano bench, he tried to formulate some comprehensive impression of her. Her eyes, he was forced to admit, were unusual; elongated, richly lashed ones that glowed vividly, startlingly blue, in a small olive-tinted face of intense expressiveness, reflective to every thought and emotion. And, by Jove, what a tiny little thing she was! Indeed, as she jumped to the arm of a chair, swinging her improbable feet, she looked like a child. A spoiled child. For behind her informal spontaneities, her self-assured naturalness, Straun divined a background of uncritical indulgence. If You Don't See What You Want, Ask For It! had patently ever been her slogan, and life had always been served with the label Satisfaction Guaranteed.

"Well, and how have your sidewalk manners been this week?" she discarded a discussion of the weather to ask.

"Oh" a flush seeped up to Straun's cowlick—"you don't really think I was trying to flirt with you?"

"And why not? Nobler lives than yours, my good man, have felt the effects of my fatal charm."

"That may be," he acceded courteously, "but — " A gesture of futility dismissed his defense; then with a sigh: "I see it's impossible to convince you I'm not a—a masher."

"Oh, I admit you don't look like a moral leper." She, too, sighed, possibly at the deplorable deceptiveness of an honest face. "To glance at you one would say you were a sensible, serious-minded young man, the sort who belongs to the civic-purity league and a building-and-loan association."

Now Straun did belong to a building-and-loan association; not very reprehensible, you will concede. Yet strangely enough, Straun was as floridly unstrung as if he'd been accused of defaulting with the B. L. A.'s funds when she went on: "In other words, you look like a person with the fear of God and the police in his heart."

Then down she slipped into the chair,

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"Nobler Lives Than Yours, My Good Man, Have Felt the Effects of My Fatal Charm"

The Nemesis of the Screen

Parents are Careless? But I Certainly Do Not Believe the More Respectable Producers are Going to Antagonize Crippsville

By Katharine Fullerton Gerould

ILLUSTRATION BY DOUGLAS RYAN

NEMESIS, who became in later days the goddess of proportion, was, from the first, preoccupied with the just distribution of luck. When she assumed the task of retribution it was for immoderate good fortune. The moving-picture kings need not have expected to have it all their own way forever, for the whole human spectacle bears witness that Nemesis is no more quiescent now than she was when the Greek mind invented her. The success of moving pictures has been phenomenal—to use a cheap word; in an incredibly small number of years they have got a strangle hold on all but the remotest human communities. Now in certain interesting and amusing ways Nemesis is beginning to show her hand.

I speak necessarily as a rank outsider. But no one who reads the newspapers can be unaware that forces are gathering which are inimical to motion-picture production and to public interest, as far as the public interest is concerned with the film. And public interest—even if not yours or mine—is so much concerned with the film that the censorship question does affect us all. You or I may not depend on the movies for amusement, but we cannot be unaware of our fellow townsmen who do. Censorship has never affected the spoken drama in America very much; which gives an edge to the voice of the motion-picture producer who complains that he is censored far beyond the requirements of Broadway. But I wonder if the motion-picture producer has perceived the real cream of the jest—namely, that he is being threatened with censorship only because he has had such a howling success. Nemesis, in other words.

Main Street and the Movies

THERE would be no sense in state censorship of the spoken drama in Nevada; no point in the good ladies of Crippsville, Alabama—I invent the name—getting together to decide whether or not they should permit a traveling troupe to present Ghosts or Mrs. Warren's Profession in the Crippsville Music Hall. Presumably the citizens of Nevada, and certainly the good ladies of Crippsville, realize that neither Ghosts nor Mrs. Warren's Profession concerns them practically.

They must find other outlets for the reforming instinct. But those who have willed—and brought it about—that Crippsville, Alabama, shall be provided with daily movies must expect the ladies of Crippsville to have an opinion. Doubtless at first they thought that Crippsville would be content to pay its modest entrance fee and do its little part to fill their coffers. They reckoned without human nature—or Nemesis.

Anyhow, the censorship question is very much with us. Hardly a day passes that some minister of the gospel or some public-spirited layman is not quoted in the newspapers to the effect that motion pictures should be strictly censored, that uncensored films are deleterious to public morals, that the children of the land are menaced, and so on. The motion-picture magnates point in vain to the plays and the books that get by without incurring formal protest. For the audiences of even the most popular play are restricted in numbers; the readers of even the most popular book also. Neither the spoken drama nor literature reaches the millions that are reached by any successful film. Therefore the film is everybody's business. It penetrates the whole fabric of American life. As its sponsors have always wished it to do.

Now the question concerning censorship is a question that for reasonable beings is always answered in just one way: There ought not to be a censorship. Laws exist already to take care of any spectacle that menaces public morals. Public opinion itself will take care of anything seriously shocking, for no manager can afford to shock seriously the community from which he makes his living. Put it—if you like to think of New York as peculiarly corrupt—that a play may get by on Broadway that would be howled down elsewhere. The New York manager may have to think only of New York, but the motion-picture producer has to think of Crippsville. The big metropolitan palaces may charge you two dollars and a half or three dollars to see a superfilm, but the producer cannot get back the price of his million-dollar production from the clientele of those palaces. He gets it back, in the last analysis, from Crippsville; in quarters and half dollars, not in bank notes. By and large, the people who spend two or three dollars to see a show do not spend it to see a motion picture. The producer must have his ear to the ground; but he must lean it to the pavings of Main Street, not to the asphalt of Fifth Avenue.

It can be contended that the output of the studios is curiously fluid, and hard to put one's finger on; that by the time enlightened public opinion has caused an objectionable film to be withdrawn in one town the same film has already corrupted the audiences of a thousand less enlightened centers; that you may perhaps count on the ladies of Crippsville, Alabama, to keep Crippsville, Alabama, safe, but that there are Crippsvilles in forty-seven other states, and that perhaps the ladies of those other towns cannot be counted on. Nothing, according to that argument, will serve but official censorship.

The answer to that argument is not an impassioned defense of the morals of all Crippsvilles; the answer is the mere statement that never in history has censorship worked properly. Censorship, as practiced in modern societies, serves neither morals nor art. Censors are never—even when they are not appointed for obscure political reasons—fit for their job. No one who is fit for the job is ever willing to be a censor. The things that get by are as absurd as the things that are held up, and vice versa. Censorship, properly managed, demands an immense store of knowledge, long experience of literature and art, extremely wise judgment, entire lack of prejudice, and a profound acquaintance with human psychology. In all these gifts professional reformers are rather notoriously lacking. This is not the place to enter into a discussion of the reforming instinct; but it might be said in passing that, more than most contemporary types, the reformers cry out to be psychoanalyzed.

Everybody's Business

MUST we then, doing without censors, allow our children to be corrupted? is the next query to be met, I suppose. The real answer to that is, of course, that movies are no more the place for children than the theater is the place for them, or than the files of the average newspaper are—if you will pardon the locution—the place for them. If the people who talk censorship would, instead, talk ordinances to the effect that no child should be allowed to enter a moving-picture theater unless accompanied by a responsible adult, or even ordinances to the effect that children should be barred from all movies not especially constructed for them, there would be more point in it. But I doubt if that would be to the taste of the producers, any more than to the taste of the censorship addicts. It would offend the former because they want the whole family at the movies; and it would offend the latter because they are not so much out to protect the children as desirous of seeing their own opinions prevail over the parents' opinion—indeed, over everyone's opinion.

Being a parent myself I incline to believe that even a stupid parent has usually a keener sense of what will corrupt his child than any board of censors likely to be constituted in any state. Parents are careless; but if they were really shocked I fancy you could count on them, were they themselves present, to take their children out. It may be, again, that I have too much faith in producers; but I certainly do not believe that the more respectable ones are going to antagonize Crippsville if they can help it. The advocates of censorship have, obviously, a low opinion of our citizenry, and think that the average man or woman cannot be trusted to turn down an immoral show.

Still, you are not going to silence easily any cry that is based, whether rightly or wrongly, on the welfare of the children. The movie magnates wanted the whole family to go to the movies; they have got the whole family there, and they are paying for their success. Someone was sure to kick up a row because, as we have said, with the whole family there the movies became everybody's business, and a matter of public interest. If the reformers have never

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THE GULF IMPOSSIBLE

By E. DAVENPORT

DECORATION BY JAMES H. CRANK

A GREAT gulf has formed between the country and the town, a gulf so wide and so deep as effectually to separate the two, and it must either be filled up or bridged over before anything like a final revival of business is possible. Unless this is done soon the farmer will be forced back into the self-sufficing system of pioneer days, city investments will be found largely unprofitable, and a considerable proportion of the town will go hungry from lack of employment.

For nearly two years now exceedingly low prices have ruled for farm products, while for a portion of the time such standard commodities as wool and hides have had no market value whatever. On the other hand, every possible influence has been exerted to maintain city prices at war levels, and with so much success that no reasonable ratio now exists between what the farmer has to sell and what, under normal conditions, he would expect to buy. In the meantime taxes have greatly increased and, taken all in all, the farmer is out of the markets except for barest necessities.

All this is bad enough for the farmer, but when operating in full force it will be infinitely worse for the city. The farmer has already suffered the most of his share of the difficulty, but the city has yet to feel the consequences of this impossible situation. We have closed our eyes to the perfectly obvious long enough, and the time has come to stop predicting that in spite of these discrepancies prosperity is just around the corner. Instead, it is the business of thoughtful men everywhere to address themselves to the task of devising means of doing business on the level.

For it is economically impossible to maintain widely different price levels, one for the country and another for the town, and still expect that the two will continue to do business with each other, knowing, as we all do, that whenever business ceases to be profitable it will die out. The farmer has been deflated by natural causes following a great war. The rest of the world must sooner or later accept the inevitable with the best grace possible, and the sooner it comes to this conclusion the better for everybody—unless, indeed, we wish to repeat the experiment of Russia in trying on a national scale to get something for nothing.

In Kind

LET the thoughtful non-farmer consider the actual facts in the case and their necessary meaning. A few days ago a cartoon appeared, depicting a set of balances with a pair of shoes in one pan and thirty-three bushels of corn in the other, with Uncle Sam and the farmer looking on, scratching their heads. The story told is literally true to-day, and the meaning of it is evident when we remember that it took an average acre of ground to grow the corn, that an acre of ground is a little over two hundred feet square, and that the average farm consists of a hundred and sixty such acres, each supposed to be worth around one hundred and fifty dollars.

There are less than two pounds of leather in these shoes, and the stock of hides from which they were made was a drug on the slaughter-house market last year at ten cents a pound. This means that this standard commodity was worth nothing on the farm. A dead animal is not worth skinning to-day on any farm in America; yet it will take the full year's produce of an acre of land to buy a pair of shoes of corresponding grade; that is to say, while shoes differ in price, so do lands in yielding power, but it will take the full produce of an acre of three-hundred-dollar land to buy a really good pair of shoes or boots.

Woolen bed blankets retail at fifteen to eighteen dollars the pair, though made up when wool had no established market price. Even had it enjoyed a normal price the discrepancy is wide when six pounds of wool is held at eighteen dollars with no processing beyond spinning and weaving—no cutting, no making up, no lining, no buttons, no buttonholes, no trimming—just plain weave going straight from the loom to the consumer. How did the acorn become the oak so quickly?

We do not weigh watches and compare their cost with sheet brass and plain pig iron, nor do we compare directly the fashionable costume with the value of raw silk in the cocoon. But we are inclined to weigh up blankets and make some such comparison, taking as a basis the fleece that has been a year in growing upon the back of a live animal needing constant care, and that was shorn and shipped at large outlay of actual cash.

The commonest kind of rugs are costing five to ten dollars a yard, or two and three times what they cost when wool was worth raising. A very ordinary bedroom rug four and a half by six and a half, bought of a reliable local dealer this year, cost two acres of corn. It is not even a good rug, and the cheaper ones are hardly worth accepting as gifts. That is what leads the farmer to live on bare floors these days, and the effect of it will be felt as a backwater all the way back to the looms, the stock investments and the pay envelopes.

It takes ten acres of wheat to buy a comfortable bed with its outfit of linen and coverings on common springs, and with no period furniture or unusual fitting, at that. Of course it can be done cheaper, and perforce is done cheaper, but the effects will be felt in good time all along the line.

Whether we like it or not, these are the comparisons which the farmer is making and is forced to make when determining a basis on which he can do business with the town; what he can afford to buy and what he must get along without; how far, in other words, he can play the game according to the present rules. And in this it must not be forgotten that the farmer constitutes a full third of our population, and a good buying third, at that, when conditions are favorable.

Wages in Terms of Produce

THE farmer must do all this because his income is limited by what he can produce upon his land and what he can get for it in the open markets of the world. He has no way, fortunately, whereby he can force the world to buy at his prices, whatever may be said to the contrary and however temporarily successful others may seem to be in this attempt to secure special advantage and thereby get something for nothing.

It now takes a full acre of oats to pay for one day's work of a mechanic, and even so he often refuses to work at all without a helper. The farmer must buy his land, fence it, drain it, plow, sow, cultivate, reap, pay taxes and run risk of season—all against the workman with bare hands, contributing neither to capital, tools nor taxes, and, even so, pay him the full product of an acre of oats, fertility thrown in, for one day's work in building the farmer's houses, barns or machinery. It requires a half acre of the best American land when put to growing either one of our two most expensive crops—corn and wheat—crops that cannot be raised for more than one year out of three without expensive fertilization, to pay for fewer hours of actual service than the farmer has bestowed upon the cultivation of the land alone and after disregarding seed, implements, fertilizer, interest and taxes.

Even this does not tell the whole story as between the country and the town. The average farm consists of almost exactly one hundred and sixty acres, with some twenty acres of nontillable land. This means that the mechanic with his bare hands can get, at current rates, the entire produce of the average farm for about a hundred and seventy-five days' work a year. The facts stand substantially as follows:

	ACRES	DAYS' LABOR
Wheat	35	70
Corn	35	70
Oats	35	35
Clover	35	
Pasture	20	
	160	175

This makes no accounting for the clover, because it will all be consumed by the

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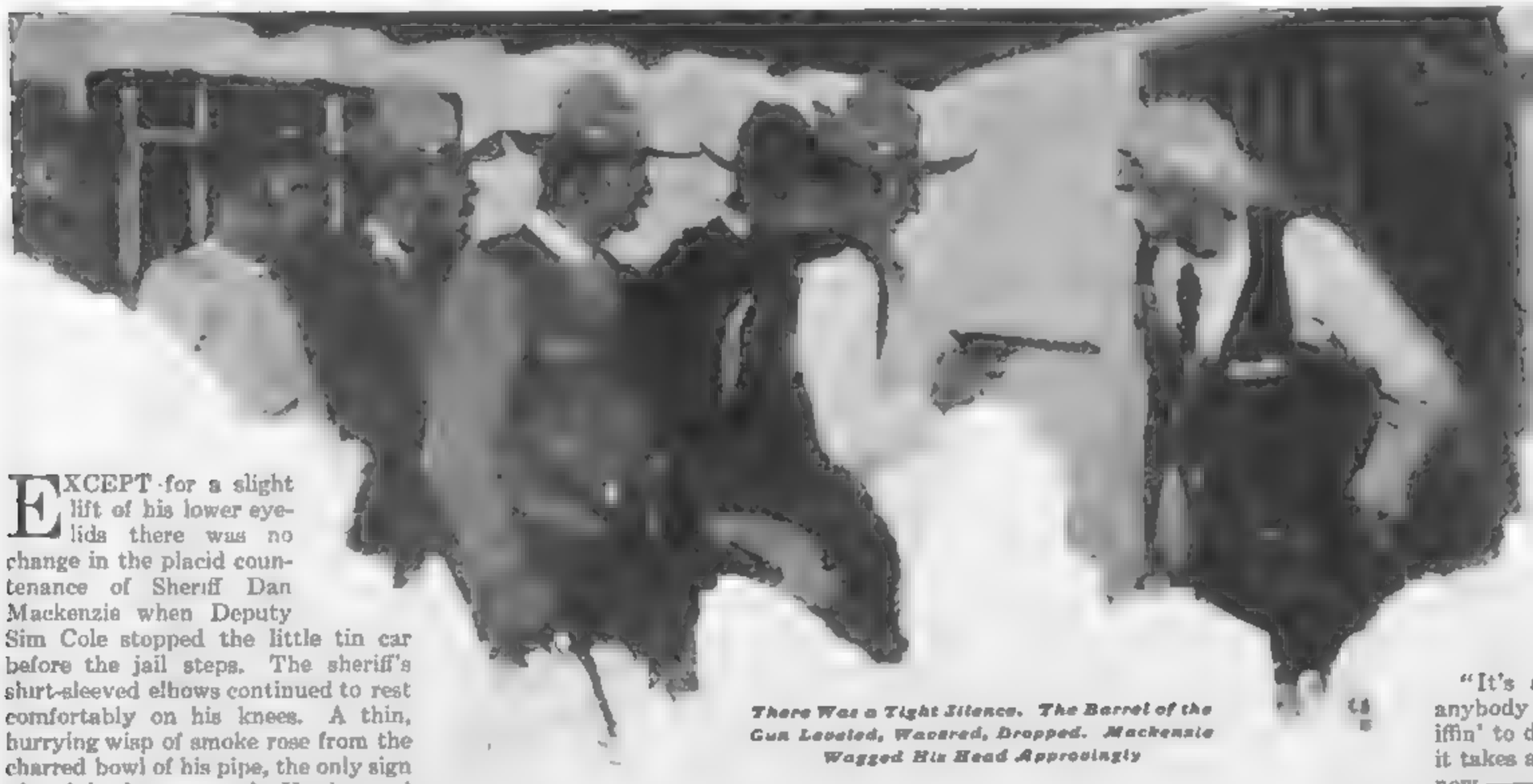
INSIDE

By HUGH MACNAIR KAHLER

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY



There Was a Tight Silence. The Barrel of the Gun Leveled, Wavered, Dropped. Mackenzie Wagged His Head Approvingly

EXCEPT for a slight lift of his lower eyelids there was no change in the placid countenance of Sheriff Dan Mackenzie when Deputy Sim Cole stopped the little tin car before the jail steps. The sheriff's shirt-sleeved elbows continued to rest comfortably on his knees. A thin, hurrying wisp of smoke rose from the charred bowl of his pipe, the only sign of activity he presented. He observed that the radiator of the car steamed fretfully after the engine ceased to throb. Somehow it reminded him of Sim himself, bustling up the path behind a reluctant, shuffling negro. Mackenzie's eye shifted to the black face.

"What you been up to, Dill? Never thought we'd see you here."

Cole answered abruptly, while the numbed wits of his captive manifestly groped for speech.

"Running a still down on Macklin's Branch," he explained. "Caught him working up a fresh lot of mash."

Mackenzie continued to regard the prisoner.

"What'd you want to go and do that for, Dill? Right after court day too. Now we got to keep the jail open till next term."

Cole urged the man up the steps past the sheriff.

"Go on, there!"

Mackenzie got deliberately to his feet and followed them in toward the door of the cell room at the end of the short, narrow corridor. He unlocked it and swung it inward. The prisoner hung back, awed by the formidable bars of the cages lining the wall about the central space which held the sheet-iron stove. Cole thrust him forward impatiently and he stumbled.

"You ain' goin' lock me in one o' them, Mist' Cole?"

Mackenzie answered.

"Reckon we can leave you have the whole jail a spell, Dill." He unlocked one of the cells as he spoke. "You can lay down on the bunk in here when you want to."

Cole made a faint sound in his throat, an impatient noise.

"Better lock him up, sheriff, or he'll dig out on us."

Mackenzie shook his head.

"Guess he'll be safe till we need him, Sim." He turned to the negro. "You'll like it in here, Dill, soon's you get used to it." He straightened and ran a proprietary eye about the room. "It's a right pretty jail, inside."

Again Cole made the impatient, wordless sound. The sheriff gestured toward the door and followed him past it. As he closed it after him with a twitch of his wrist one of the hinges whined softly. He stopped short and unlocked it, moving it gently back and forth till he located the noise. While Cole stood by he fetched an oil can and dealt faithfully with the squeak.

"Take a heap of pains on the old wreck, sheriff." Cole chuckled thinly. "Give her a good push and she'd fall down on us."

"Getting old," conceded Mackenzie gently, "but it's a right pretty jail yet, Sim." He straightened slowly, a hand at the small of his back. "Ain't had a break out of it."

Cole shrugged.

"Good reason why! Ain't had anybody inside exceptin' bootleggin' niggers." His tone changed. "Like to sign up for this job, sheriff? Got time to cash my voucher this evening if we hurry." He grinned as he produced the printed forms. "Good thing they don't quit this still running on us."

Mackenzie adjusted steel-rimmed spectacles and laboriously inscribed the documents. He watched the deputy's brisk departure toward the dingy courthouse up the road, and again the lower lids of his eyes lifted a little behind the lenses. He glanced at the little car and shook his head as he turned away. Times were changing, even in Tyre, and Sheriff Mackenzie confronted a queer inability to change with them.

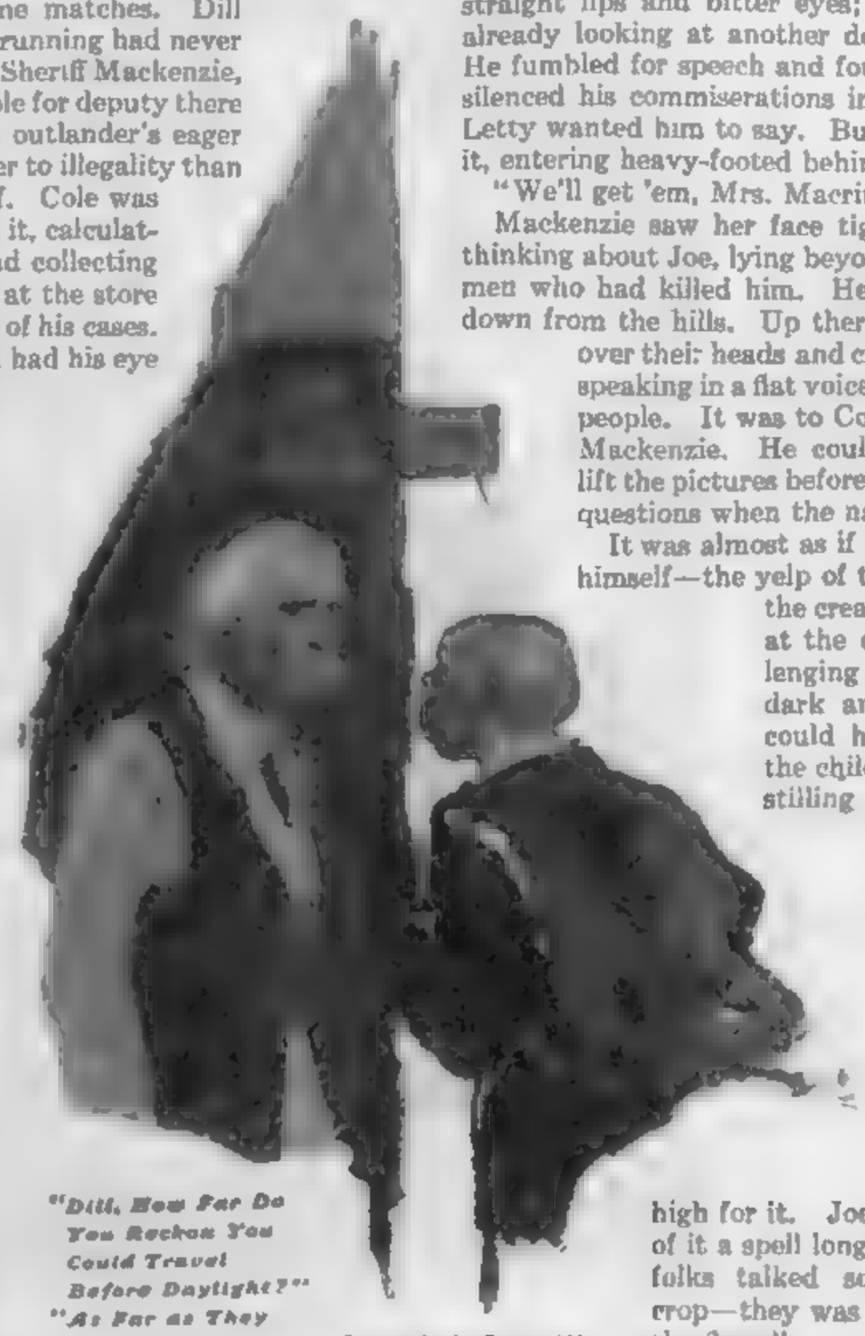
He walked around the jail, inspecting it dubiously, seeing it for the moment with Sim Cole's alien eye—the dismal sag of the roof line, where the foundation had settled; the jagged profile of the corner, where crumbled bricks left gaps like missing teeth. Playing out, he thought, playing out like Hewitt County itself, now that the timber was gone. Not much like the spick new jail up in Cray, where they were up-to-date enough for bond issues. Cole was always talking about Cray County.

"Reckon if he was to see a man get his head cut off down our way he'd claim he'd seen it done prettier up in Cray County," said Mackenzie to the jail wall. He felt himself frowning, and went back inside.

Jail always frightened a negro at first. He talked a while to Dill Coomber through the barred door, and gave him a hand of tobacco and some matches. Dill wasn't a bad negro. Still running had never seemed exactly criminal to Sheriff Mackenzie, and since he'd had Sim Cole for deputy there had been times when the outlander's eager assiduity had seemed closer to illegality than the forbidden traffic itself. Cole was briskly businesslike about it, calculating his fees in advance and collecting them promptly, bragging at the store on court days over the list of his cases. Mackenzie knew that Sim had his eye on his place—was making ready to oppose him one of these days. He saw Dill fed before he went to his own supper at the hotel, where Sim held forth contentedly concerning the chase and capture. He felt a slight in the tone, as if Sim meant to reflect on his chief in these boastings. Instead of sitting a while on the hotel porch after the meal he went back to the jail at once. Through a broken pane he could hear a cheerfully melancholy chant:

Ain' got no wuk to
do-o-o-o;
Ain' got no place to
go-o-o-o ——

It soothed him. He was glad that Dill was getting used to it so quickly. Some of these country negroes took jail pretty hard at first.



"Dill, How Far Do You Reckon You Could Travel Before Daylight?" "As Far as They is, Sheriff, Suh! All I Needs is Room!"

He sat on the jail steps, smoking and listening while the evening thickened and turned cool. He and Cole slept in the living quarters in the front of the building, saving themselves rent and sparing the county a jailer's wage and keep.

When he heard Cole coming the sheriff pocketed his pipe and went inside. He discovered that he didn't want to listen to Sim to-night. But he couldn't help hearing the deputy's final speech to Lee Breck, who'd walked up with him.

"It's all right's long's nothing breaks—anybody c'n be sheriff when there's no sheriffin' to do. But it takes a whole man when it takes anybody at all. Up in Cray County, now ——"

Mackenzie went back to put out the lamp in the corridor. One of these days—queer, how a fellow got to feeling like the jail was home.

II

THERE was almost a crowd about the pine-board house by the time Cole's steaming flivver pulled through the sandy ruts of the lane. Mackenzie knew the faces—people from the little farms in the bottoms between the sterile ridges, drawn away from their work by the excitement. They greeted him with nods as he climbed out, and he saw that their eyes moved at once to Cole, as if the deputy were in command. He went into the house, where a knot of women surrounded Letty Macrimmon. The talk stopped instantly. He felt as if the motion of their eyes urged him toward the closed door of the bedroom.

Letty stood up. He saw that she was taking it hard, the way women of her hill breed were apt to—in a silence of straight lips and bitter eyes; eyes which seemed to be already looking at another death—the death that paid. He fumbled for speech and found none. That stony look silenced his commiserations in advance. He knew what Letty wanted him to say. But it was Sim Cole who said it, entering heavy-footed behind him.

"We'll get 'em, Mrs. Macrimmon."

Mackenzie saw her face tighten queerly. She wasn't thinking about Joe, lying beyond that door, but about the men who had killed him. He nodded. Letty had come down from the hills. Up there they didn't throw aprons over their heads and cry. She told the story now, speaking in a flat voice, as if it were a tale of other people. It was to Cole that she told it, ignoring Mackenzie. He could listen, letting the words lift the pictures before him instead of asking sharp questions when the narrative strayed.

It was almost as if he had seen and heard it all himself—the yelp of the hounds under the house, the creak of wheels in the sand, Joe at the door in his nightshirt challenging the men out there in the dark and getting no answer. He could hear the sleepy whimper of the children and Letty's hard voice stilling them while Joe dressed, the persistent clamor of the hounds under the floor.

"Joe was holding out for a better price," said Letty in that even, flinty tone. "He carried a little down to the warehouse at Randall and they give him a dollar sixty average on it. We made pretty tobacco this year—the buyers bid high for it. Joe, he aimed to hold the most of it a spell longer though, and it looks like folks talked some. We made a pretty crop—they was twelve hundred pounds on the floor."

Cole cut in with a curt question, but Mackenzie seemed to see that heap of gold-colored leaf under the moistened blankets in the barn, the toil it had cost Joe and his wife and the children to get it out of the sandy soil, the nights of tending fires in the curing barn, the days of grading and tying—and the one year he could remember when growers could stand back in the warehouses and watch the buyers fight for the crop, fight for it with prices that seemed incredible.

Of course it wouldn't have been that way if most farmers hadn't failed to make a crop. It was only because there wasn't enough to go round that the buyers had had to drop their friendly scheme of standing together and scramble desperately for what they could get. He had heard envious talk of Joe Macrimmon's luck himself. Two thousand dollars, maybe, for a single year's work! Like picking up money in the road! Generally a little grower was lucky if he brought home enough from the warehouse to settle with the store and pay for his guano.

"We never figured anybody'd take and steal it."

Mackenzie nodded. They'd got used to thinking that tobacco wasn't valuable enough to steal. Only this year ——

"They was three wagons out by the barn when Joe went out—I could see the men loading up. It wasn't right dark. I wanted Joe should take his gun, but he run out. I got the gun and went after him. Somebody sung out we should git back in the house and keep quiet, but Joe he kep' a-running straight for 'em and two-three of 'em shot. I seen him drop and started to shoot, but the gun took and jammed on me and they ketched me when I went to run. Took and tied me up and finished loading. When they was gone I sung out and little Joe he come and turned me loose. Joe was dead by then."

Mackenzie wondered why he kept seeing it all, the stabs of the gun flashes, the dim figures against the log barn, the little boy creeping out in the dark to untie the bound woman. Cole was tending to business instead of dreaming.

"Know any of them, Mrs. Macrimmon?"

"I'd know the ones't tied me up if I see 'em again. They was all hill folks—I knowed by their talk—and I heard the splash when they forded the branch too. The tracks is there right now."

"They'd ought to be a long ways back in the hills by now," said Cole. "If we'd known sooner we might've caught up with 'em in the car."

"Not on that road." She shook her head. "Ain't no car could go up there through the fords. I got word down to town quick's I could."

"We'll go after 'em anyway," announced Cole. "There's enough here for a posse, and we can follow the wagon tracks, I reckon."

Without waiting for the sheriff's consent he stepped to the door and announced the plan to the men grouped at the step. The sheriff, following, read approval in the sun-bitten faces. Four or five rifles leaned against the wall—they had come expecting this, some of them. He wondered at himself for a queer reluctance. Ten or fifteen years ago he would have sworn them in and led them on such a chase with a joyous excitement and no regrets. Now suddenly he discovered that he had changed, that he held back from the prospect.

Going up into those hills across the county line meant a fight. The mountain men wouldn't wait to be ferreted out of hiding before they showed their teeth. And Mackenzie guessed fairly accurately at the identity of the thieves who had killed Macrimmon—the Rayfield boys must have been in the gang, along with Sid McKane and the rest.

It was the first time they'd chosen to come down on this side of their hills—the mining towns on the other flank offered better sport as a rule—but he knew them by evil repute. They'd expect pursuit and arrange for it—an ambush where the posse wouldn't have a chance.

It was strange that he should stop to think about that. In the old timber days he'd have been in the saddle long before now, with the thud of the hoofs behind him in his ears. And now he stood in the doorway and thought of empty saddles, thought of bringing back a few dead men to the cabins in the cool hollows. It was bad enough to have one young widow with a pair of children to support. Of course he could pick boys who hadn't families to think about, but there was something worse in the thought of bringing back those young bodies to sandy graves behind Bethesda Church than in the prospect of killing grown men and fathers.

"How many fetched guns?" Cole was asking.

"I Got the Gun and Went After Him. Somebody Sung Out We Should Git Back in the House, But Joe He Kep' A-running Straight for 'em and Two-Three of 'em Shot"

There was a stir in the group as men moved toward the weapons at the wall. Mackenzie heard his voice, like the voice of a stranger, checking the movement.

"I ain't ready for a posse yet a while, Sim. You and me better look into this first. We're paid for it. Time enough to ask for help when we need it."

Cole half turned, incredulous, very faintly apprehensive.

"You aim to go up there alone, sheriff?"

"You and me—if anybody goes. It's our job, ain't it?"

"Plumb foolishness—the two of us! We'd a heap better stay right here without we take enough ——"

"I'm going out to the barn," said Mackenzie. "They was bound to leave tracks. We got to do a sight more than just ketch some men, Sim. We got to prove they done it."

He moved away, followed irresolutely by the others. The loose earth about the barn had been trodden by too many feet that morning to hold out any chance of identifying the prints. Mackenzie went inside, where planks had been laid on the earth as a makeshift floor for Joe Macrimmon's stored leaf. They were bare now except for a few scattered hands which had fallen from the sticks as the thieves had lifted these to their wagons. A few strips of sacking, stitched together to make a covering, lay on the ground; a piece of an old cotton blanket, torn across, still felt damp to the sheriff's fingers as he lifted it.

"Guess they carried the rest of the blankets with 'em," he said aloud. "Somebody in that crowd must know a little about keeping tobacco in good order."

He felt a doubt in the silence which answered him. They'd begun to wonder; Sim Cole's scheme agreed with their ideas about a sheriff's duty. He didn't blame them; it was only since he'd seen Letty Macrimmon's face just now that he'd felt differently himself. He picked up one of the fallen hands—a bundle of long golden leaves wrapped stems together by another, drawn tight and smooth about them, forming a convenient handle. It was pretty tobacco, and Joe knew how to grade and tie too. No wonder the buyers had bid his piles to record figures if they were all like this.

Mechanically he fingered the texture of the leaves, lifted them to his nose, smoothed them again.

"Reckon that's all we can do here, Sim." He spoke slowly. If they got the notion that Dan Mackenzie was afraid to lead them up into the hill paths—he hesitated. "Sort of like to keep a few hands of this myself," he said aloud. "Running low down to the jail."

He gathered the scattered remnants of the raid into the scrap of blanket as he spoke, still conscious of an appraising silence about him.

"All right, Sim. We might's well get started."

He stopped at the house to pay Letty for the tobacco he carried. She took the money silently.

"You going after 'em, sheriff?"

Sim Cole gave the question the force of a challenge. Mackenzie turned away without answering. He heard a muttering behind him as he walked to the car, carrying his bundle awkwardly before him. They'd talk. He guessed that Sim Cole would help them. He felt the justice of their tacit reproach. He couldn't expect them to understand that his queer unwillingness to strike into the hills was on their account and not his own. It occurred to him suddenly that he must be getting old—too old for his job. A sheriff oughtn't to be deterred in his duty by such considerations. He was turning soft—afraid of spilling blood. Sim Cole ——

Cole started the engine and climbed to the driver's seat over the edge of the car. At the fork he threw out the clutch and yelled, above the clatter of the racing motor, "Which way?"

Mackenzie jerked his hand in the direction of the county seat. He saw Cole's jaw tighten and his lips lift faintly at their corners.

"I thought you wasn't aiming to go up there after 'em."

Mackenzie said nothing. But the lower lids of his eyes rose until they nearly hid his pupils and his face became more placid. They were in sight of the courthouse when he spoke gently:

"Sim, you ain't satisfied with how I'm handling this case. Figure you could do it better, maybe."

Cole shrugged, keeping his eyes on the road.

"Heard some talk't you was fixing to run against me this primary." He waited for another shrug. "Just wanted to say't they won't be no hard feeling if you do. I been sheriff a right good while. Most times it ain't a bad job for an old man, Sim—not in a quiet county like Hewitt anyways. Maybe I'm wrong. If you figure you

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Winter Life in the Czar's Capital

By Princess Cantacuzène, Countess Spéransky, née Grant

LOVE of St. Petersburg was in my heart always. After the first six months of my married life I felt thoroughly at home in the beautiful city, and from that time on each season drew me closer to it and gave me a completer understanding of its individuality.

While our boy was still too small for serious lessons we lingered in the country through the late weeks of our autumn season. Then, with years, the time came for school or tutors for our little folks. I returned to the capital by the middle of September with them after this while my husband made his hunting trips with his chief, the Grand Duke Nicholas. Everyone complained of the northern autumn climate, said it was gray, damp and cold. But though I was led to fear the dullness of the sky, and the supposed lonesome life of a deserted town, I was soon consoled by my experience, and the charm of our city in its quiet moods appealed to me exceedingly. Once the house and the children were settled I was free to look about and choose my own occupations, as at no other time of the year I could. Even the settling of the household and the laying out of the children's programs offered no great trouble; for there were devoted servants and capable governesses perfectly trained, who had for years managed these things and who were keen to make a success of their various duties.

The Czarina and the Empress of Germany Driving in Peterhof Park. Above—The Imperial Winter Palace, St. Petersburg

A Russian Skyscraper's Fate

WITH such effective aid it was easy to settle down to a comfortable routine in a frame prepared beforehand to receive us. I had only to put a few things, which were my treasures, into their glass cases, to add a touch here and there, changing about the books and small souvenirs on tables, filling jars with fragrant flowers or placing out furnishings where they could give most comfort. This done and the house functioning, there were always a few days of delightful shopping, which the children enjoyed vastly and which gave me, as well as large friendly audiences which gathered about us in the shops, great pleasure. When we came from the country my youngsters were as brown as berries, and had rosy cheeks and deep clear eyes which attracted everyone at once. Great talkers, they were, however, well mannered and showing good breeding, holding themselves very straight and moving gracefully. They were interested in everybody and everything, and of course asked innumerable questions, which the managers of various shops seemed delighted to answer.

St. Petersburg shops before the war were admirable as to the merchandise they contained, but were in aspect semi-Oriental, semi-feudal—altogether homelike, patriarchal and attractive. One chatted over the wares and the children's fittings with owners and employes in most cordial sympathy, everyone giving valuable advice and assistance to favorite clients. Even old nurse and Chippy the dog came on these expeditions and completed our tribal aspect. Americans shopping would have been dismayed by the uncomfortable lack of space and our waste of time, but Russians liked their country's ways and got a great deal out of even the smallest of their duties in business of this kind.

They didn't much care to be modernized. After I had been married some years an American company came and built a small-sized skyscraper on St. Petersburg's main street. About ten stories high it was, and constructed in the best office-building style, with low ceilings and as many rooms fitted in as cubic space would allow. Everything was hygienic, there were express elevators, rubber carpets, mosaic floors and steam heaters. The Russians watched this building rise, looked at the granite blocks of which it was built, then gazed on the mellow-tinted stucco façades which surrounded the grim monster of stone and steel, and they shrugged their shoulders. With the intention of granting impartial justice to this modern invader they waited to see it finished before passing judgment on the new idea it represented. Feudal Russia had patience and time to give a verdict slowly. So when the puzzling edifice was ready and its doors open, the populace of the town came within and gazed. They sniffed the rubbery fragrance, tried the lifts up and down. They looked down upon the world from the highest altitudes, and then said, and repeated with emphasis, "It is ugly." Neither color nor shape nor proportions pleased, and as the building had no beauty nor even harmonious charm it was condemned once and for all, and was left largely to the use of foreigners.

Through the autumn I had leisure to do the round of the antiquaries and pick up decorative old furniture, brocades, and so on. Peddlers and agents had been going about in the provinces all summer. They had gathered many lovely bits which could be used. Two or three delightful bazaars for antiques existed. These were still more Oriental and interesting than the larger shops, and a thriving business was done in the tiny square booths closed in from the cold which framed the central open market place. In these were preserved the traditions of the older bazaars of Moscow, Kief and even of Byzantium. My little people were always ready to go to one place more when our errands were over, so a candy shop and its French-pastry temptations ended our day always.

The Charm of the Tea Hour

ONCE the children's lessons began they were tied down to their duties and could give me their companionship only a short time each day. I generally had six or eight weeks then of comparative solitude, before my husband returned from his hunting expeditions. The quiet of the capital all through the autumn was very attractive. St. Petersburg offered many possibilities of theaters or opera, where I could always go with one or another of my friends among the diplomats or Russians.

Also Christmas gifts must be bought and packed, and I took time to read as well as to prepare my dresses for the season. Best of all habits in those days was the sociable hour when people one liked gathered about a tea table, to chat and warm themselves. Nowhere have I found such stimulating and interesting groups to sit with. The talk drifted about, touching a great variety of subjects, gay or serious, by turn. The men's wit or eloquence was scintillating; the women were always responsive, clever, warm-hearted. Time flew as all sorts of things of more or less importance going on in the world were passed in review and commented on—politics, religion, the latest books, our own experiences or theories. A light and gentle touch the Russian had in discussion, a certain childish, primitive simplicity of attitude, with rich variety of mood. Never small, or cynical, or bitter, never afraid, they took our American point of view on many matters, and somewhat of the American ways, I thought. The Russians loved Kipling, Mark Twain, and a number of other authors who typify our taste. Because they had more time to live and to enjoy, they learned much of the poetry of Russia by heart, and conversation was frequently interspersed with quotations from the best of foreign and national literature. I very much enjoyed myself and in the genial atmosphere everyone seemed to bloom.

One discovered suddenly that the autumn had slipped into a frightfully cold winter, with deep snow covering the city in a beautiful white garb, over which gay little sleighs moved rapidly. These were as typical of Russia as was their background—low and deep, with no backs to their seats, so one must sit straight after holding to the fat driver's belt for lack of a better means to steadiness. The vast padded dimensions of one's coachman, seated on a narrow bench slightly raised but very close in front of his employer, protected one from the wind and the fine powdered

snow which covered both sleigh and man. So much was the latter a part of one's furnishings and comfort that to his belt behind was hung a small carriage clock, where it could be seen with ease. It was the last degree of smartness. The extreme smallness of the sleigh and the huge proportions of the driver made for an extreme elegance, and all eyes turned in envy as we sped up the quay.

A fast trotter made the sport exciting and the little turnouts dashed about at breakneck speed, even around corners. At crossings, always the driver gave a deep shout of warning, and the pedestrians scattered like leaves before the wind. This in spite of the fact that there invariably seemed to be a dozen or more youngsters about, who were either carrying long flat baskets of provisions balanced on their heads or were dragging bundles and baskets on tiny sleds. The latter were never properly under control as they jerked along at the end of a long rope behind their small owners. Though all these impedimenta made the streets difficult to navigate, the coachmen were admirably adroit and strong, and everyone was used to crowds and seeming chaos, and had developed alertness of both eye and ear.

The Season of Merrymaking

SOMEHOW the disorder was only apparent. It gave us the Oriental note I found in so many Russian habits, and made the streets of St. Petersburg and Moscow first cousins to those of Cairo in their crowd psychology. I loved our cities for their noisy disputes, which didn't count in reality, and for the optimism, gayety, excitement and childish confusion, which never led to accidents, it seemed, nor even to discomfort. The furs and velvets on the sleigh robes, which to be smart must hang luxuriously down over the sleighs with heavy tassels trailing in the snow, the nets which draped our horses and trailed also, protecting passengers and drivers from the hard snow kicked up by rapid steeds, the reds and blues and greens of liveries, velvets and nets, the harness studded with tiny brilliant dots of metal nailheads, the beauty of the high-stepping fast horses, the rich and brilliant plumes of hats on pretty heads—all helped the picture.

Suddenly frantic signals came from the police to clear the way down the street's center, and then as officers became rigid in salute, a particularly splendid sleigh swept along with horses, nets and coachman all perfection. Holding the robes in place, there stood on a small platform built on the rear of the equipage a most magnificent specimen of manhood. Some six feet three in height, with full white beard worn patriarchal fashion, dressed in a Cossack uniform of sapphire blue and gold, with knives and cartridges on belt and chest which glistened in the sun, proud of himself was this fine Cossack. Proud of his personal care and devoted service given for years to the dainty charming woman with the gentle eyes and smile, the old fellow was. She sat wrapped in sables, with a lady in waiting at her side, talking gayly as she bent to right and left, bowing to her subjects. The populace uncovered, saluted, curtsied, and looked after the picturesque vehicle with pleased, affectionate eyes. The Empress Mother was greatly admired by the citizens of her capital. Once someone said to her, after her return from a trip abroad, that St. Petersburg was happy to see Her Majesty again.

She answered with enthusiasm, "Indeed I'm glad to see St. Petersburg. I love it all. The streets and buildings and the crowds; even the tramcars and their noise are attractive to me, and I miss them when I go away."

The Empress Mother always moved about a great deal among the people, visited hospitals and schools, drove to her daughters' homes, and was often a flashing note of color in the afternoon pageant of the quays or on the Nevskii.

Sometimes I felt as if all this was a fairy tale with its background of sparkling ice and its beautiful buildings, with the soft northern lighting of clear sun and blue sky, the bright colors and intensity of life. A wonderful flower of civilization, this capital of the Czars, lost among the snows, showing to the onlooker the best the brains and luxury of Russia could supply. Along the river's north bank the great constructive work of empire stood typified by the bourse, the university, the museums and the academy of fine arts which stood there. Along the southern quay the vast palace's façades lay in a glorious row, and the frozen river spread between, asleep in winter garb—covered with a network of roads. Over these men skated, pushing passengers in chairs, or drove in quaint native droshkies, or even were carried back and forth in modern tramcars, whose rails were laid each year across the ice. From late November until the end of March they carried human freight in perfect safety. Here and there an ice palace stood, with a gay skating rink beside it, and bands played where ice hills drew the crowds of merrymakers. Farther out on the river there were companies of soldiers moving along with extraordinary cleverness on skis, while in some quiet spot was an ice quarry, from which great crystal blocks like aquamarine jewels were being cut, loaded on sleds, one or two blocks to each load, and dragged by sturdy native horses, with icicles clinging to their heads and bodies, up the steep embankments and to the ice venders of the town.

Far beyond all this stretched Russia, of which this capital city was but so small a part. The great plains and woods were full of mystery still, of legend and of poetry, with a silent people, millions of their kind, waiting there to express themselves when the time should strike for them to speak. Great mass of Russia dormant still, but strong.

The Nevskii Prospekt, Principal Street of Old St. Petersburg

Cathedral of Saint Isaac, St. Petersburg, the Largest Church in Russia

Inside the palaces the capital's society led an immensely pleasant life. It began each year with the first ceremony at the court on St. Nicholas' Day—the sixth of December by the Orthodox calendar. On this feast of his patron saint the Emperor received the officials of his court, and the imperial family gathered as a rule about him. Honors and nominations were bestowed on various subjects, and decorations offered. Altogether it was one of the most typical of Russian feasts.

Then came the Christmas season, an informal time when children claimed their dues, whether they were imperial children or those of the peasant class. Parents gave themselves up to the joys of shopping and of gay tree parties, where all the members of each family were brought together, as if it were still the era of old tribal customs. Old and young came to these parties, and I knew of none more enjoyable in old Russia's calendar than were these immense reunions. In our own connection, for instance, between December twenty-fourth and January first, we went in full array—my husband and I, three children, the governess and nurse—to a tree at the Dowager Princess', to one at my brother-in-law's, another at my sister-in-law's, and one each at the houses of two or three distant relations. In our own turn they all came to us, twenty or thirty strong, and as we had each received some small gift on the other trees so each of our guests found on ours a present addressed to him or her. The Christmas special foods and the hot chocolate and champagne were served out to us parents while the young people danced and played about or were given simpler refreshments, always with their tutors and governesses to direct and superintend them, while a lot of nurses supervised the games and feeding of baby guests.

Tree-Trimming Parties

WE ALWAYS had one particularly pretty party. On the evening preceding our Christmas celebration twelve or fifteen of our intimate friends were asked in to an informal dinner, and afterwards they helped us trim our tree. The gay nonsense talked at that party made one young again, and the work accomplished was wonderful. Russian temperament and taste responded to such a call. Someone was appointed as the head decorator, the others worked under his superintendence with immense enthusiasm. Great quantities of pretty trimmings had been laid out on many trays and tables, and really charming results were produced amidst jokes and laughter. One year the effect was all in white and silver, another year it was all red and silver, and once it was all gold, but generally the multicolored ornaments went on

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BIG GAME

By MARYSE RUTLEDGE

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

Strange How She Felt, Sad With a Kind of Yearning, and Yet Happy With Hal Anchored There Beside Her

HAL never said a thing that morning, and yet he must have had it all planned. An hour after he left the hotel these expensive new trunks and a valise were delivered with a note from him telling her to pack and be ready when he came back in the afternoon.

Ready for what, she would like to know! He had gone away, she remembered now, in a suspiciously jaunty mood. She had imagined him conducting their latest friend, Mr. Billings, of Billings Cracker Company, on a sociable tour among the Paris bars. She had even considered meeting them at the Chatham for a cocktail. Only the thought of Mrs. Billings, who was absurdly old-fashioned, deterred her. No use in antagonizing Mrs. Billings.

And then these new trunks had been plumped down on her. She might as well pack. Nothing could be worse than this hotel. But how she hated trunks! They were the symbol of her life; of being bumped and jostled around in foreign lands—up in the world, down in the world. Never knowing.

These trunks had an insolent look. They were overlarge, black and sleek, marked too conspicuously in red with Hal's crest. People asked indiscreet questions about crests. Of course Hal was a Brassington-Welsh. Years ago—was it only ten?—she had thought that a magnificent name. Anita Moffett, from Stamford—Anita Brassington-Welsh.

The sight of her luncheon tray on the ink-spotted tablecloth made her sick. Nothing so loathsome as dead eggs congealed in their glue, and violet stains of *vin ordinaire* on a coarse mussed napkin. Ring for the maid? No bell in the room. What could you expect for ten francs a day? The Billingses paid four hundred francs for their suite in the Hotel St. James. Could the Billingses have found out anything? The familiar fear crept prickling from head to knees. Fool she was, to worry. Bad for the little lines that webbed her eyes; bad for the disciplined curve of her lips. Besides, she could never care again in quite the same way since that time in Florence when Mrs. Lucas, her mother's friend, had found out.

She didn't want to think of it. But as she turned from the glossy new trunks she caught sight of the battered old trunk and valise huddled in a corner of the room. Their smudged labels looked at her knowingly. Oh, those labels! Records of lean days, of prosperous days; of ugly moments at frontiers; of ticklish interviews with English consuls during the war. Florence. There it was—Pension dell'-Arno, a smeared pinkish-and-black label, torn at the edge where she had tried to pull it off.

Hal had behaved himself since then, or very nearly so. He had picked up little things here and there, of course. One had to live somehow. But he had kept clear of men like Crawford. She shivered when she thought of Crawford. Oh, Crawford had laid his trap well to catch Hal and that beast of a Monte, selling fake stuff from the Palazzo Monteficchio. If Crawford hadn't fallen in love with Edith Lucas, and if Edith and Mrs. Lucas hadn't pleaded with him to let Hal off, Hal would have been done for. Put in prison, perhaps. She thought of that at night, and often in her dreams she heard Mrs. Lucas' kind, distressed voice, "Anita, you must come home with us. You must come home to your dear mother before it's too late." How nearly she had gone back; back to Stamford, to the wooden house with the porch and maple tree; to her mother, who all these years had believed her happy; to the neighbors, who would have pitied her. And what would have become of Hal?

Better not think of it. Better pack. She went to and fro with small, anxious steps, a plump, greenish-gold little woman in a blue quilted wrapper pinned up with safety pins to prevent it from touching the dusty parquet floor. Chilled air oozed through the leaky windows. The fireplace was boarded up and papered over with the same pink as the walls—a pink which at times reminded her unpleasantly of her complexion.

Against this surface of wilted brightness the furniture hunched itself with a false cozy air—a scroll-topped wardrobe, a brass bed, a nicked white washstand. You were meant to feel at home here. Reckless young Beaux Arts men who feared neither colds nor rheumatism nor indigestible food, gave to the place what she supposed was a student atmosphere. Mrs. Billings thought it so interesting and romantic to live around the corner from the Beaux Arts. Cheap, in any case.

Hal never could have bought her those new clothes, even with the money he had won at the races, if he had been paying expensive hotel bills.

Well, she owned a few decent things now. Not enough to fill the trunks, though. Wherever had he got the money to buy such luggage? Had she forgotten anything? Her best evening gown of black chiffon trimmed with sequins. She took it from the wardrobe. Not so seductive in the sickly gray light of a Paris November. Look at that now—sequins hanging on by a thread. She had been careless lately; hadn't kept her things up.

Now the valise. There wasn't very much to go in it. Hal's spotted dressing gown—he hardly ever bought things for himself; his whisky bottle standing on the washstand; the hairbrushes. She should have washed the hairbrushes, but with the amount of hot water one got in the mornings, washing anything but one's face and hands seemed an extravagance.

She slipped on her black serge suit with the embroidered pockets. Her neck was too short for these fashionable high collars. The loose box effect of the jacket suited her, though. The great point was to move and act as if you were thin. Of course she might go through a few exercises in the mornings, but bending and twisting about must be bad for the liver. It made her dizzy when she tried.

The bells of Saint Germain rang tarnished silver notes—one, two, three. She went to the window. Everything was dank and gray. Sweating pores of the city exuded mist that drained the color of passers-by. Not like the soft fragrance of Italy, where flowers melted in the air and there was song everywhere. Well, she had hated that sweetness. Sounds here were harsh, melancholy. She listened to the squawking of horns, the rumble of motor busses pounding down the narrow Rue Bonaparte. Why didn't Hal come?

People dribbled past the bluish house fronts: A motor with a bored lady leaning back on upholstered cushions; a delivery wagon; a tall man stepping importantly, not Hal; a boy with a basket; two taxis. At last here he was. About time.

One taxi was empty; Hal sat in the other, military of shoulder, very pleased with himself, as she could tell by the angle of his hat. No bad news then. That second taxi must be for the trunks. The coolness of Hal taking for granted ——

He looked up and waved. She ran to the door, opened it. She heard him heavy on the stairs, briskly marching up the hall.

"I thought you were never coming, Hal. What are we ——"

He bent to kiss her. He smelt of gin, cologne and cigars. He had been with Billings then. He had also been to the barber, and he had bought himself a pair of pearl-gray gloves to match his fedora.

"Everything ready? Good old girl. Haven't time to explain. It's a surprise."

He was going to be mysterious. She knew that deep tone of his, a breastwork against attack behind which he strutted, red and hearty. She looked at him severely as, with a bright show of energy, he laid his hat, stick and gloves on the table next to the gruesome luncheon tray, and strode businesslike toward the trunks. Very much engaged, he was, in admiring his crest.

"But, Hal, why are we leaving Paris? Have the Billingses asked us anywhere?"

She might have thought of that before. A motor trip, perhaps, through Nice, Cannes, Monte Carlo. White casinos, mimosa, the blue of Southern seas.

No, the Billingses hadn't invited them anywhere. In fact, they weren't leaving Paris. Now was she satisfied? He prowled around the trunks, fussing with the locks.

"Not leaving Paris? Hal, you'd better tell me."

"Look here, Nita, I haven't time. You leave it all to me." He was fumbling now in the lower compartment of the wardrobe trunk, where, wrapped in Daily Mails, were her slippers, his pumps, a heavy pair of boots.

"Hal, what are you doing?"

It was just like him to upset everything. Good gracious, these taxis waiting! Where was her hat? Hal flung a smoldering cigarette stub on the floor. She picked it up, pressed it down with her thumb on the edge of the egg plate. Another stub wilted in a pool of water on the washstand.

She stood before the mirror. If he wouldn't tell her, why, he wouldn't. Powder her nose, anyway. You couldn't see a thing in this light. Her lips were chapped. She ran a finger over them, flecked off dried particles of skin; drew a bold red wing, leaning forward, her elbow steadied on the washstand shelf. How much should they give the *bonne?* Five francs was plenty.

"Hal, leave five francs for the maid on the tray, will you?"

Her toque needed brushing, and she had packed the brushes. Black velvet showed every speck of dust. Never mind; drape her veil over it. You could do anything with lace veils. If only she knew where they were going! These surprises of Hal's!

Such a noise! She whirled around. He was hammering the brass trimmings of the trunk with one of his heavy boots, which he had unpacked.

"Are you crazy?" She flew to seize his arm.

"Let go, Nita. I know what I'm doing." He peered down at her, flushed and determined. "They're too damn new. I'm breaking them in."

"Breaking them ——"

She stared at him. He stood there, brandishing his shoe in mid-air, his mouth pouting under the bristle of his mustache. It was too absurd! She began to laugh. He joined in as if relieved at her manner of taking it, but while he roared and rumbled over his own performance he banged away like a man with a purpose. He had some idea in his head, and he wasn't going to tell her.

"That's enough now." She spoke sharply. If he was up to anything queer she would refuse to go through with it. She told him so.

He protested with a virtuous, offended air. Everything was all right; posi-tively all right. Didn't she trust him?

"I wish to heaven I could!" No use losing her temper.

The trunks were ready. He went to the window, called to the chauffeurs.

Well, she should be accustomed by now to these sudden shifts. Funny about hotel rooms, how they cast off privacies and took on others. A change of linen and towels, a superficial sweeping and airing, and they were ready for the next strangers. A few stray hairpins on the table, a slice of green soap drowning in a soap bowl, an empty bottle of Hal's hair tonic, dead cigarette stubs, a rusty pen with which only yesterday she had written her monthly cheerful letter to her mother; the discarded old trunk and valise—just cast-off stuff. And that was all to tell of their passage.

The chauffeurs, reeking of sour wine, creaked in. Hal called from the hall, "Coming, Nita!"

She pulled the veil loosely over her face. "Yes, I'm coming."

II

THE Major and Mrs. Brassington-Welsh on the Champs Elysées, looking as if they spent their lives riding up the great highways of the world at the fashionable hour. It was all very well to start out this way at the glamorous hour before twilight, when Paris lay soft under haze, and the bridges, the reddening chestnut trees, the statues and gardens were blended in gray and rose. But where would they be that night? She asked Hal once more. He wagged his head with a cunning, triumphant look.

The Rond Point. Everyone was going to tea somewhere. People in beautiful motors, people on foot; smart young women with police dogs, dapper old men with red rosettes in their buttonholes. Ease and pleasure in the air. She relaxed dreamily. What did it matter where they went as they rolled on and on? Polished shop windows, polished motors for sale. She thought of huge shaggy chrysanthemums, of a wood fire, of silver teapots.

Hal sprawled beside her, stroking his mustache with a gray-gloved hand and staring ahead at the Arc de Triomphe, which straddled the sunset.

Claridge's Hotel—the Carlton—swing around a corner. These French chauffeurs were the most reckless!

Here and there lights flowered like pale jonquils. A black hairy man stood on the Avenue Marceau holding a cluster of red and green balloons. Paris swam in a rosy mist. You only had to let yourself go.

"By the way, old girl, got any money?" He said it casually, as if it didn't matter whether she had or not.

"Have you?"

But she fumbled in her purse. A hundred-franc note, some of those new brass coins that looked like gold, a wilted fifty-centime bill mended with a strip of stamp paper.

He peered over her shoulder. "Lend me the hundred."

Lend it to him? A quaint way of putting it. He took it, cocked his hat more boldly over a slightly bloodshot eye and shifted to a brisker pose.

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Mrs. Billings Stood There in the Door, Looking at Raton as if He Were a Spot at Her Feet. It Took a Tall Woman in a Gold Dress and Pearls to Look That Way

A MAN OF PRINCIPLE

By Perceval Gibbon

ILLUSTRATION BY H. J. MOWAT

AT THE head of his table in his official house the governor of the prison had his back to the wide window, but young Mr. Ducane, of the Home Office, seated opposite to him, could see past him the sunlight upon a lawn cropped like a convict's head, upon trees and bushes grim rather than trim in their discipline of form and spacing, upon all that felon-tilled garden which was like a tide of jail life trespassing upon the shores of freedom.

"Jolly quarters you've got here," he remarked as the corpse-faced manservant filled his glass.

The governor nodded carelessly. He was a gray, spare man who had come to the prison service after a career in the army.

Only the governor's other guest, the black-bearded chaplain, looked up oddly at Mr. Ducane's choice of an adjective.

"I don't remember the case we have been speaking about," he said thoughtfully, unwilling to let the talk stray. "I know the man, of course. I suppose he will receive some compensation from the government?"

"Well, yes," said Mr. Ducane. "That has been decided upon. Though, really, it is not easy to see what other verdict and sentence were possible upon the evidence. Witnesses to the murder, recovery and identification of the body—everything complete! Only the Home Secretary's aversion to the death penalty brought about the reprieve. Nowadays the man would certainly be hanged."

"And then there would be a murder," murmured the chaplain.

Colonel Dane, the governor, spoke unexpectedly in his tired, faded voice.

"Ought to be hanged anyhow," he said. "Dangerous brute. Twelve years and two floggings haven't tamed him. It's like setting a man-eating tiger at liberty."

The chaplain frowned. "Twelve years and two floggings," he repeated. "Do you know that the only words I have been able to get out of him since I have been here—the only phrase I have heard him utter—are 'I never done it; I never done it!' And to think that, through a death sentence, twelve years and two floggings, it was true all the time!" He turned to Mr. Ducane. "You have been reading up the case?" he suggested.

The livid butler had set their coffeecups at their elbows. Mr. Ducane completed the lighting of his cigar, pushed his chair back and crossed his well-clad legs. He was a neat blond young man with a monocle and a little pet of a mustache; his accent was Oxford; and already the mask of the bureaucrat, of him who has authority without power, was hardening on his face.

"Yes," he answered. "That duty—er—devolved upon me. It appeared that this man Hacker and his victim—ah! his supposed victim—Smee, had been partners in a smuggling venture. Opium, you know, for sale to the Chinese in Limehouse and thereabouts! Both men were sailors from time to time, river thieves at intervals, and well known to the police. Thorough bad lots, in short. Well, they disagreed as to the division of the spoils in their last transaction and Hacker conceived that his partner was cheating him of a sum of twelve pounds. There were many quarrels and many violent scenes; Smee had been going in fear of his life for days when the final encounter came; and he turned around one evening at a touch on the shoulder to find Hacker standing over him.

"It was their voices and the noise of the struggle that brought witnesses swarming about them. It was an obscene place, a festering alley end giving on a derelict wharf; there had been other murders there. Both men had knives; they grappled and hacked in that infected gloom before a delighted audience. Hacker was roaring and Smee was mostly screaming. The end came when he uttered one special scream—'like a woman 'avin' 'er throat cut,' said one witness—and tore loose. The alley before him was blocked; he turned and fled out on the wharf, with Hacker at his heels. The spectators followed; they saw the final collision, Hacker's murderous thrust—the *coup de grâce*—saw Smee vanish over the wharf edge and heard the splash of his body striking the water. Thirty seconds later the police were on them and Hacker was arrested red-handed—literally red-handed. Three weeks later the body turned up."

The chaplain pursed his lips. "Three weeks—and identification was still possible?"

Mr. Ducane nodded. "Oh, quite," he replied. "Not—er—in regard to features, and so forth, of course; but Hacker himself had marked it pretty clearly, don't you know! At any rate, plenty of people did identify it. Hacker's own story was that his last blow had missed and that Smee had stepped too far back and fallen. Nobody believed that, of course."

"Except Hacker," suggested the chaplain.

Mr. Ducane smiled politely. "Except, of course, Hacker," he agreed. "He was sentenced to death, and, as you know, his sentence was afterwards commuted to penal servitude for life. And now, twelve years afterwards, the totally unlamented Smee turns up, alive, healthy and modestly prosperous, with an account of himself that bears the most searching investigation.

"He makes it clear that that last stab of Hacker's did miss, that he did step back and tumble overboard; and that once there he wisely paddled his way ashore under the wharf and made himself scarce. Next day he stowed himself away on an outward-bound ship; he had actually not known of Hacker's arrest and his own supposed death. He only returned to this country to claim some small inheritance—a house and shop, I believe, which have come to him by the death and intestacy of a relation. Hence his discovery and exploitation by some reporter, the royal pardon for Hacker and compensation from the government. And there you have it! It must sound incredible, but these things do happen, you see!"

"Both Men Had Knives; They Grappled in That Infected Gloom Before a Delighted Audience"

The governor quenched his cigar in the dregs of his coffee.

"No business to happen," he said. "Compensation? What for? For a murderous assault on a warder? For two attempts to escape? For endless watchfulness and care on the part of everybody around him? You send us wild beasts to be tamed and kept safe; then you release 'em and make 'em a present of cash. Well, I've ordered his irons to be taken off; you can see him in my office whenever you like."

"I'm ready when you are, colonel," agreed Mr. Ducane.

"I'll come, too, if you don't mind," said the chaplain. "I want to hear whether he'll say something other than 'I never done it.' Shall we go, then?"

They passed together through the house toward the series of locked and bolted doors that communicated with the great prison. All the dwelling was handsome in the colonel's own formal and soldierly style. Upon the walls were the heads and horns of beasts which he had hunted down and executed, and trophies of shields and spears, the spoils of little wars and of little peoples tamed and cured of freedom. Thence through iron-plated portals they

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THE COVERED WAGON

By Emerson Hough

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

VIII

THERE were more than two thousand souls in the great caravan which reached over miles of springy turf and fat creek lands. There were more than a thousand children, more than a hundred babes in arms, more than fifty marriageable maids pursued by avid swains. There were bold souls and weak, strong teams and weak, heavy loads and light loads, neighbor groups and coteries of kindred blood or kindred spirits.

The rank and file had reasons enough for shifting. There were a score of Helens driving wagons—reasons in plenty for the futility of all attempts to enforce an arbitrary rule of march. Human equations, human elements would shake themselves down into place, willy-nilly. The great caravan therefore was scantily less than a rabble for the first three or four days out. The four columns were abandoned the first half day. The loosely knit organization rolled on in a broken-crested wave, ten, fifteen, twenty miles a day, the horse-and-mule men now at the front. Far to the rear, heading only the cow column, came the lank men of Liberty, trudging alongside their swaying ox teams, with many a monotonous "Gee-whoa-haw! Git along thar, ye Buck an' Star!" So soon they passed the fork where the road to Oregon left the trail to Santa Fé; topped the divide that held them back from the greater valley of the Kaw.

Noon of the fifth day brought them to the swollen flood of the latter stream, at the crossing known as Papin's Ferry. Here the semicivilized Indians and traders had a single rude ferryboat, a scow operated in part by setting poles, in part by the power of the stream against a cable. The noncommittal Indians would give no counsel as to fording. They had ferry hire to gain. Word passed that there were other fords a few miles higher up. A general indecision existed, and now the train began to pile up on the south bank of the river.

Late in the afternoon the scout, Jackson, came riding back to the herd where Banion was at work, jerking up his horse in no pleased frame of mind. "Will," said he, "leave the boys ride now an' come on up ahead. We need ye."

"What's up?" demanded Banion. "Anything worse?"

"Yes. The old fool's had a row over the ferryboat. Hit'd take two weeks to git us all over that way, anyhow. He's declared for fordin' the hull outfit, lock, stock an' barrel. To save a few dollars, he's a goin' to lose a lot o' loads an' drownd a lot o' women an' babies—that's what he's goin' to do. Some o' us called a halt and stood out for a council. We want you to come on up.

"Woodhull's there," he added. "He sides with the old man, o' course. He rid on the same seat with that gal all day till now. Lord knows what he done or said. Ain't hit nigh about time now, major?"

"It's nigh about time," said Will Banion quietly.

They rode side by side, past more than a mile of the covered wagons, now almost end to end, the columns continually closing up. At the bank of the river, at the ferry head, they found a group of fifty men. The ranks opened as Banion and Jackson approached, but Banion made no attempt to join a council to which he had not been bidden.

A half dozen civilized Indians of the Kaws, owners or operators of the ferry, sat in a stolid line across the head of the scow at its landing stage, looking neither to the right nor the left and awaiting the white men's pleasure. Banion rode down to them.

"How deep?" he asked.

Taking the Direction of the Cattle Herd, She Drove From Camp a Mile or Two

They understood but would not answer. "Out of the way!" he cried, and rode straight at them. They scattered. He spurred his horse, the black Spaniard, over the stage and on the deck of the scow, drove him its full length, snorting; set the spurs hard at the farther end and plunged deliberately off into the swift, muddy stream.

The horse sank out of sight below the roily surface. They saw the rider go down to his armpits; saw him swing off saddle, upstream. The gallant horse headed for the center of the heavy current, but his master soon turned him downstream and inshore.

A hundred yards down they landed on a bar and scrambled up the bank.

Banion rode to the circle and sat dripping. He had brought not speech but action, not theory but facts, and he had not spoken a word.

His eyes covered the council rapidly, resting on the figure of Sam Woodhull, squatting on his heels. As though to answer the challenge of his gaze, the latter rose.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I'm not, myself, governed by any mere spirit of bravado. It's swimming water, yes—any fool knows that, outside of yon one. What I do say is that we can't afford to waste time here fooling with that boat. We've got to swim it. I agree with you, Wingate. This river's been forded by the trains for years, and I don't see as we need be any more chicken-hearted than those others that went through last year and earlier. This is the old fur-trader crossing; the Mormons crossed here, and so can we."

Silence met his words. The older men looked at the swollen stream, turned to the horseman who had proved it. "What does Major Banion say?" spoke up a voice.

"Nothing!" was Banion's reply. "I'm not in your council, am I?"

"You are, as much as any man here," spoke up Caleb Price, and Hall and Kelsey added yea to that. "Get down. Come in."

Banion threw his rein to Jackson and stepped into the ring, bowing to Jesse Wingate, who sat as presiding officer.

"Of course we want to hear what Mr. Banion has to say," said he. "He's proved part of the question right now. I've always heard it's fording, part way, at Papin's Ferry. It don't look it now."

"The river's high, Mr. Wingate," said Banion. "If you ask me, I'd rather ferry than ford. I'd send the women and children over by this boat. We can make some more out of the wagon boxes. If they leak we can cover them with hides. The sawmill at the mission has some lumber. Let's knock together another boat or two. I'd rather be safe than sorry, gentlemen; and believe me, she's heavy water yonder."

"I've never seed the Kaw so full," asserted Jackson, "an' I've crossed her twenty times in spring flood. Do what ye like, you-all—ole Missoury's goin' to take her slow an' keerful."

"Half of you Liberty men are a bunch of damned cowards!" sneered Woodhull.

There was silence. An icy voice broke it.

"I take it, that means me?" said Will Banion.

"It does mean you, if you want to take it that way," rejoined his enemy. "I don't believe in one or two timid men holding up a whole train."

"Never mind about holding up the train—we're not stopping any man from crossing right now. What I have in mind now is to ask you, do you classify me as a coward just because I counsel prudence here?"

"You're the one is holding back."

"Answer me! Do you call that to me?"

"I do answer you, and I do call it to you then!" flared Woodhull.

"I tell you, you're a liar, and you know it, Sam Woodhull! And if it pleases your friends and mine, I'd like to have the order now made an unfinished business."

Not all present knew what this meant, for only a few knew of the affair at the rendezvous, the Missourians having held their counsel in the broken and extended train, where men might travel for days and not meet. But Woodhull knew, and sprang to his feet, hand on revolver. Banion's hand was likewise employed at his wet saddle holster, to which he sprang, and perhaps then one man would have been killed but for Bill Jackson.

"Make one move an' I drop ye!" he called to Woodhull. "Ye've give yer promise."

"All right then, I'll keep it," growled Woodhull.

"Ye'd better! Now listen! Do ye see that tall cottonwood tree a half mile down—the one with the flat umbreller top, like a cypress? Ye kin? Well, in half a hour be thar with three o' yore friends, no more. I'll be thar with my man an' three o' his, no more, an' I'll be one o' them three. I allow our meanin' is to see hit fa'r. An' I allow that what has been unfinished business ain't goin' to be unfinished come sundown.

"Does this suit ye, Will?"

Banion Sprang to His Wet Saddle Holster

"It's our promise. Officers didn't usually fight that way, but you said it must be so, and we both agreed. I agree now."

"You other folks all stay back," said Bill Jackson grimly. "This here is a little matter that us Missourians is goin' to settle in our own way and in our own camp. It ain't none o' you-uns' business. It's plenty o' ours."

Men started to their feet over all the river front. The Indians rose, walked down the bank covertly.

"Fight!"

The word passed quickly. It was a day of personal encounters. This was an assemblage in large part of fighting men. But some sense of decency led the partisans to hurry away, out of sight and hearing of the womenfolk.

The bell-top cottonwood stood in a little space which had been a dueling ground for thirty years. The grass was firm and even for a distance of fifty yards in any direction, and the light at that hour favored neither man.

For Banion, who was prompt, Jackson brought with him two men. One of them was a planter by the name of Dillon, the other none less than stout Caleb Price, one of Wingate's chosen captains.

"I'll not see this made a thing of politics," said he. "I'm Northern, but I like the way that young man has acted. He hasn't had a fair deal from the officers of this train. He's going to have a fair deal now."

"We allow he will," said Dillon grimly.

He was fully armed, and so were all the seconds. For Woodhull showed the Kentuckian, Kelsey, young Jed Wingate—the latter by Woodhull's own urgent request—and the other train captain, Hall. So in its way the personal quarrel of these two hotheads did in a way involve the entire train.

"Strip yore man," commanded the tall mountaineer. "We're ready. It's go till one hollers enough; fa'r stand up, heel an' toe, no buttin' er gougin'. Fust man ter break them rules gits shot. Is that yore understandin', gentlemen?"

"How we get it, yes," assented Kelsey.

"See you enforce hit then, fer we're a-goin' to," concluded Jackson.

He stepped back. From the opposite sides the two antagonists stepped forward. There was no ring, there was no timekeeper, no single umpire. There were no rounds, no duration set. It was man to man, for cause the most ancient and most bitter of all causes—sex.

IX

BETWEEN the two stalwart men who fronted one another, stripped to trousers and shoes, there was not so much to choose. Woodhull perhaps had the better of it by a few pounds in weight, and forsooth looked less slouchy out of his clothes than in them. His was the long and sinewy type of muscle. He was in hard condition.

Banion, two years younger than his rival, himself was round and slender, thin of flank, a trace squarer and fuller of shoulder. His arms showed easily rippling bands of muscles, his body was hard in the natural vigor of youth and life in the open air. His eye was fixed all the time on his opponent. He did not speak or turn aside, but walked on in.

There were no preliminaries, there was no delay. In a flash the Saxon ordeal of combat was joined. The two fighters met in a rush.

At the center of the fighting space they hung, body to body, in a whirling mêlée. Neither had much skill in real boxing, and such fashion of fight was unknown in that region, the offensive being the main thing and defense remaining incidental. The thud of fist on face, the discoloration that rose under the savage blows, the blood that oozed and scattered, proved that the fighting blood of both these mad creatures was up, so that they felt no pain, even as they knew no fear.

In their first fly, as witnesses would have termed it, there was no advantage to either, and both came out well marked. In the combat of the time and place there were no rules, no periods, no resting times. Once they were dispatched to it, the fight was the affair of the fighters, with no more than a very limited number of restrictions as to fouls.

They met and broke, bloody, gasping, once, twice, a dozen times. Banion was fighting slowly, carefully.

"I'll make it free, if you dare!" panted Woodhull at length.

They broke apart once more by mutual need of breath. He meant he would bar nothing; he would go back to the days of Boone and Kenton and Girty, when hair, eye, any part of the body was fair aim.

"You can't dare me!" rejoined Will Banion. "It's as my seconds say."

Young Jed Wingate, suddenly pale, stood by and raised no protest. Kelsey's face was stony calm. The small eye of Hall narrowed, but he too held to the etiquette of noninterference in this matter of man and man, though what had passed here was a deadly thing. Mutilation, death might now ensue, and not mere defeat. But they all waited for the other side.

"Air ye game, Will?" demanded Jackson at length.

"I don't fear him, anyway he comes," replied Will Banion. "I don't like it, but all of this was forced on me."

"The hell it was!" exclaimed Kelsey. "I heard ye call my man a liar."

"An' he called my man a coward!" cut in Jackson.

"He is a coward," sneered Woodhull, panting, "or he'd not flicker now. He's afraid I'll take his eye out, damn him!"

Will Banion turned to his friends.

"Are we gentlemen at all?" said he. "Shall we go back a hundred years?"

"If your man's afraid we claim the fight!" exclaimed Kelsey. "Breast yore bird!"

"So be it then!" said Will Banion. "Don't mind me, Jackson! I don't fear him and I think I can beat him. It's free! I bar nothing, nor can he! Get back!"

Woodhull rushed first in the next assault, confident of his skill in rough-and-tumble. He felt at his throat the horizontal arm of his enemy. He caught away the wrist in his own hand, but sustained a heavy blow at the side of his head. The defense of his adversary angered him to blind rage. He forgot everything but contact, rushed, closed and caught his antagonist in the brawny grip of his arms. The battle at once resolved itself into the wrestling and battering match of the frontier. And it was free! Each might kill or maim if so he could.

The wrestling grips of the frontiersmen were few and primitive, efficient when applied by masters; and no schoolboy but studied all the holds as matter of religion, in a time when physical prowess was the most admirable quality a man might have.

Each fighter tried the forward jerk and trip which sometimes would do with an opponent not much skilled; but this primer work got results for neither. Banion evaded and swung into a hip lock, so swift that Woodhull left the ground. But his instinct gave him hold with one hand at his enemy's collar. He spread wide his feet and cast his weight aside, so that he came standing, after all. He well knew that a man must keep his feet. Woe to him who fell when it all was free! His own riposte was a snakelike glide close into his antagonist's arms, a swift thrust of his leg between the other's—the grapevine, which sometimes served if done swiftly.

It was done swiftly, but it did not serve. The other spread his legs, leaned against him, and in a flash came back in the dreaded crotch lock of the frontier, which some men boasted no one could escape at their hands. Woodhull was flung fair, but he broke wide and rose and rushed back and joined again, grappling; so that they stood once more body to body, panting, red, savage as any animals. The seconds all were on their feet, scarce breathing.

They pushed in sheer test, and each found the other's stark strength. Yet Banion's breath still came even, his eye betokened no anxiety of the issue. Both were bloody now, clothing and all. Then in a flash the scales turned against the challenger *à l'outrance*.

Banion caught his antagonist by the wrist, and swift as a flash stooped, turning his own back and drawing the arm of his

enemy over his own shoulder, slightly turned, so that the elbow joint was in peril and so that the pain must be intense. It was one of the jiujitsu holds, discovered independently perhaps at that instant; certainly a new hold for the wrestling school of the frontier.

Woodhull's seconds saw the look of pain come on his face, saw him wince, saw him writhe, saw him rise on his toes. Then, with a sudden squatting heave, Banion cast him full length in front of him, upon his back! Before he had time to move he was upon him, pinning him down. A growl came from six observers.

In an ordinary fall a man might have turned, might have escaped. But Woodhull had planned his own undoing when he had called it free. Eyeless men, usually old men, in this day brought up talk of the ancient and horrible warfare of a past generation, when destruction of the adversary was the one purpose and any means called fair when it was free.

But the seconds of both men raised no hand when they saw the balls of Will Banion's thumbs pressed against the upper orbit edge of his enemy's eyes.

"Do you say enough?" panted the victor.

A groan from the helpless man beneath.

"Am I the best man? Can I whip you?" demanded the voice above him, in the formula prescribed.

"Go on—do it! Pull out his eye!" commanded Bill Jackson savagely. "He called it free to you! But don't wait!"

But the victor sprang free, stood, dashed the blood from his own eyes, wavered on his feet.

The hands of his fallen foe were across his eyes. But even as his men ran in, stooped and drew them away the conqueror exclaimed:

"I'll not! I tell you I won't maim you, free or no free! Get up!"

So Woodhull knew his eyes were spared, whatever might be the pain of the sore nerves along the socket bone.

He rose to his knees, to his feet, his face ghastly in his own sudden sense of defeat, the worse for his victor's magnanimity, if such it might be called. Humiliation was worse than pain. He staggered, sobbing.

"I won't take nothing for a gift from you!"

But now the men stood between them, like and like. Young Jed Wingate pushed back his man.

"It's done!" said he. "You shan't fight no more with the man that let you up. You're whipped, and by your own word it'd have been worse!"

He himself handed Will Banion his coat.

"Go get a pail of water," he said to Kelsey, and the latter departed.

Banion stepped apart, battered and pale beneath his own wounds.

"I didn't want to fight him this way," said he. "I left him his eyes so he can see me again. If so he wants, I'll meet him any way. I hope he won't rue back."

"You fool!" said old Bill Jackson, drawing Banion to one side. "Do ye know what you're sayin'? Whiles he was a-layin' thar I seen the bottoms o' his boots. Right fancy they was, with smallish heels! That skunk'll kill ye in the dark, Will. Ye'd orto hev put out'n both his two eyes!"

"Make One Move an' I Drop Ye!" He Called to Woodhull. "Ye've Give Yer Promise"

A sudden sound made them all turn. Came crackling of down brush, the scream of a woman's voice. At the side of the great tree stood a figure that had no right there. They turned, mute.

It was Molly Wingate who faced them all now, turning from one bloody, naked figure to the other. She saw Sam Woodhull standing, his hands still at his face; caught some sense out of Jackson's words, overheard as she came into the clearing.

"You!" she blazed at Will Banion. "You'd put out a man's eyes! You brute!"

x

MOLLY WINGATE looked from one to the other of the group of silent, shamefaced men. Puzzled, she turned again to the victor in the savage combat.

"You!"

Will Banion caught up his clothing, turned away.

"You are right!" said he. "I have been a brute! Good-by!"

An instant later Molly found herself alone with the exception of her brother.

"You, Jed, what was this?" she demanded.

Jed took a deep and heartfelt chew of plug.

"Well, it was a little argument between them two," he said finally. "Like enough a little jealousy, like, you know—over place in the train, or something. This here was for men. You'd no business here."

"But it was a shame!"

"I reckon so."

"Who started this?"

"Both of them. All we was here for was to see fair. Men got to fight sometimes."

"But not like animals, not worse than savages!"

"Well, it was right savage, some of the time, sis."

"They said—about eyes—oh!"

The girl shivered, her hands at her own eyes.

"Yes, they called it free. Anybody else, Sam Woodhull'd be sorry enough right now. T'other man throwed him clean and had him down, but he let him up. He didn't never hurt Sam's eyes, only pinched his head a little. He had a right, but didn't. It had to be settled and it was settled, fair and more'n fair, by him."

"But, Jed"—the eternal female now—"then, which one really whipped?"

"Will Banion did, ain't I told you? You insulted him, and he's gone. Having come in here where you wasn't no ways wanted, I reckon the best thing you can do is to go back to your own wagon and stay there. What with riding horses you hadn't ought, and seeing fights when you don't know a damned thing about nothing, I reckon you've made trouble about enough. Come on!"

"Price," said Bill Jackson to the grave and silent man who walked with him toward the wagon train beyond the dueling ground, "this settles hit. Us Missoury wagons won't go on under no sech man as Sam Woodhull. We didn't no ways eleck him—he was app'inted. Mostly, elected is better'n app'inted. An' I seen afore now, no man can hold his place on the trail unless'n he's fitten. We'll eleck Will Banion our cap'n, an' you fellers kin go to hell. What us fellers started out to do was to go to Oregon."

"But that'll mean the train's split!"

"Shore hit will! Hit is split right now. But thar's enough o' the Liberty wagons to go through without no help. We kin whip all the rest o' this train, give we need ter, let alone a few Injuns now an' then.

"To-night," he concluded, "we'll head up the river, an' leave you fellers the boat an' all o' Papin's Ferry to git acrost the way you want. Thar hain't no manner o' man, outfit, river er redskin that Ole Missoury kain't lick, take 'em as they come, them to name the holts an' the rules. We done showed you-all that. We're goin' to show you some more. So good-by." He held out his hand. "Ye helped see f'ar, an' ye're a f'ar man, an' we'll miss ye. Ef ye git in need o' help come to us. Ole Missoury won't need no help."

"Well, Woodhull's one of you Missourians," remarked Price.

"Yes, but he ain't bred true. Major Banion is. It was me that made him fight knuckle an' skull an' not with weepons. He didn't want ter, but I had a reason. I'm content an' sooth jest the way she lies. Ef Will never sees the gal agin she ain't wuth the seein'.

"Ye'll find Col. William Banion at the head o' his own train. He's fitten, an' he's fout an' proved hit."

xi

MOLLY WINGATE knelt by her cooking fire the following morning, her husband meantime awaiting the morning meal impatiently. All along the medley of crowded wagons rose confused sounds of activity at a hundred similar firesides.

"Where's Little Molly?" demanded Wingate. "We got to be up and coming."

"Her and Jed is off after the cattle. Well, you heard the news last night. You've got to get someone else to run the herd. If each family drives its own loose stock everything'll be all mixed up. The Liberty outfit pulled on by at dawn. Well, anyways they left us the sawmill and the boat.

"Sam Woodhull, he's anxious to get on ahead of the Missourians," she added. "He says he'll take the boat anyhow, and not pay them Kaws any such hold-up price like they ask."

"All I got to say is, I wish we were across," grumbled Wingate, stooping to the bacon spider.

"Huh! So do I—me and my bureau and my hens. Yes, after you've fussed around a while you men'll maybe come to the same conclusion your head cow guard had: you'll be making more boats and doing less swimming. I'm sorry he quit us."

"It's the girl," said her husband sententiously.

"Yes. But"—smiling grimly—"one furse don't make a parting"

"She's same as promised Sam Woodhull, Molly, and you know that."

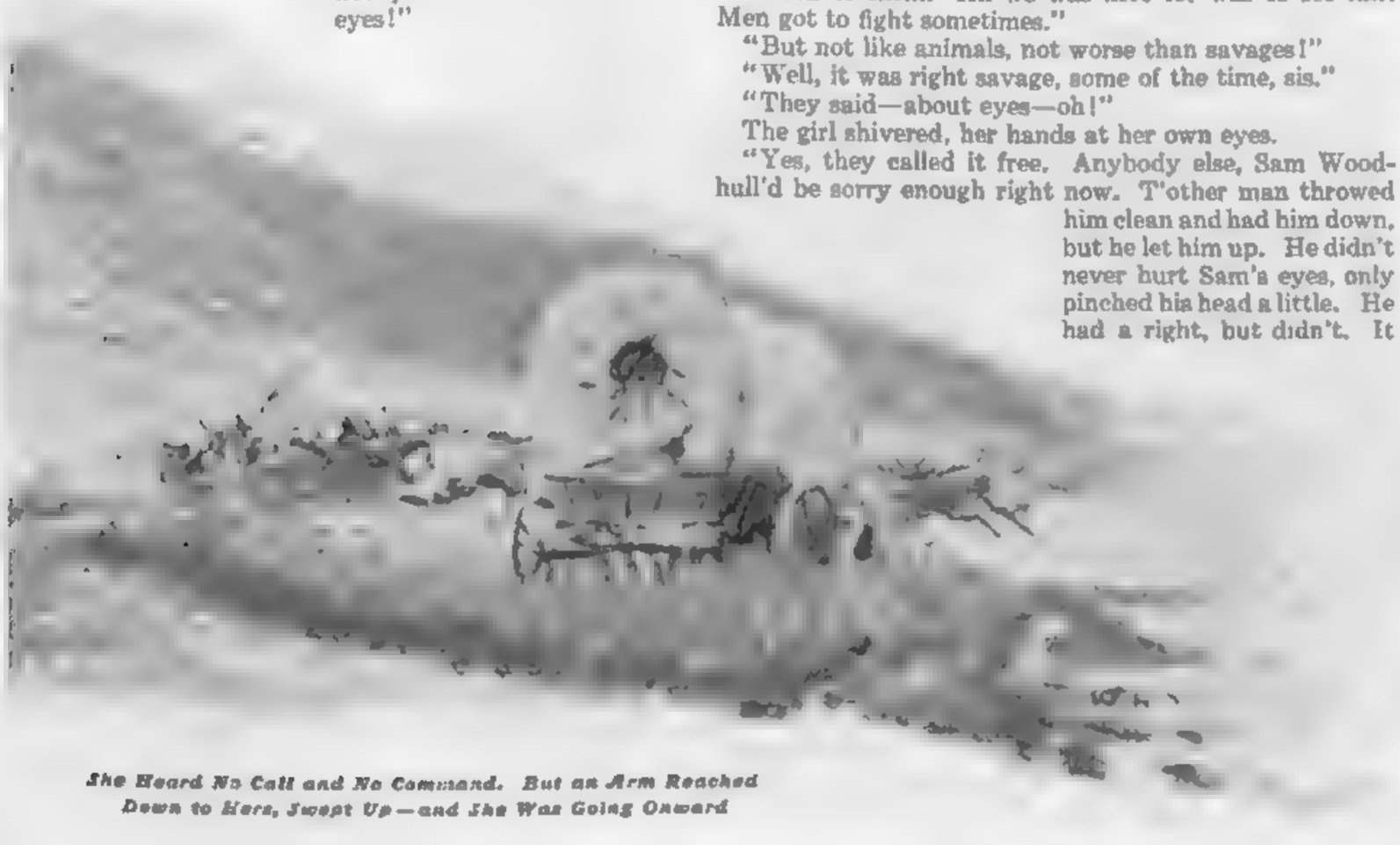
"Before he got whipped by Colonel Banion."

"Colonel! Fine business for an officer! Woodhull told me he tripped and this other man was on top of him and nigh gouged out his two eyes. And he told me other things too. Banion's a traitor, to split the train. We can spare all such."

"Can we?" rejoined his wife. "I sort of thought——"

"Never mind what you thought. He's one of the unruly, servigerous sort; can't take orders, and a trouble maker always. We'll show that outfit. I've ordered three

(Continued on Page 152)



She Heard No Call and No Command. But an Arm Reached Down to Hers, Swept Up—and She Was Going Onward

MERTON OF THE MOVIES

XVIII

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

HE HAD now but to await his great moment. The final scenes of the new piece were shot. Again he was resting between pictures. As the date for showing the first piece drew near he was puzzled to notice that both Baird and the Montague girl curiously avoided any mention of it. Several times he referred to it in their presence, but they seemed resolutely deaf to his "Well, I see the big show opens Monday night."

He wondered if there could be some recondite bit of screen etiquette which he was infringing. Actors were superstitious, he knew. Perhaps it boded bad luck to talk of a forthcoming production. Baird and the girl not only ignored his references to Hearts on Fire but they left Baird looking curiously secretive and the Montague girl looking curiously frightened. It perplexed him. Once he was smitten with a quick fear that his own work in this serious drama had not met the expectations of the manager.

However, in this he must be wrong, for Baird not only continued cordial but, as the girl had prophesied, he urged upon his new actor the signing of a long-time contract. The Montague girl had insisted upon being present at this interview, after forbidding Merton to put his name to any contract of which she did not approve.

"I told Jeff right out that I was protecting you," she said. "He understands he's got to be reasonable."

It appeared, as they sat about Baird's desk in the Buckeye office, that she had been right. Baird submitted rather gracefully, after but slight demur, to the terms which Miss Montague imposed in behalf of her protégé. Under her approving eye Merton Gill affixed his name to a contract by which Baird was to pay him a salary of two hundred and fifty dollars a week for three years.

It seemed an incredible sum. As he blotted his signature he was conscious of a sudden pity for the manager. The Montague girl had been hard—hard as nails, he thought and Baird, a victim to his own good nature, would probably lose a great deal of money. He resolved never to press his advantage over a man who had been caught in a weak moment.

"I just want to say, Mr. Baird," he began, "that you needn't be afraid I'll hold you to this paper if you find it's too much money to pay me. I wouldn't have taken it at all if it hadn't been for her." He pointed an almost accusing finger at the girl.

Baird grinned; the girl patted his hand. Even at these grave moments she was still a patter.

"That's all right, son," she said soothingly. "Jeff's got all the best of it, and Jeff knows it, too, don't you, Jeff?"

"Well," Baird considered, "if his work keeps up I'm not getting any the worst of it."

"You said it! You know very well what birds will be looking for this boy next week, and what money they'll have in their mitts."

"Maybe," said Baird.

"Well, you got the best of it, and you deserve to have. I ain't ever denied that, have I? You've earned the best of it the way you've handled him. All I'm here for, I didn't want you to have too much the best of it, see? I think I treated you well."

"You're all right, Flips."

"Well, everything's jake then?"

"Didn't You People Know That I Knew What I Could Do and What I Couldn't Do?"

"Everything's jake with me."

"All right! And about his work keeping up—trust your old friend and well-wisher. And say, Jeff"—her eyes gleamed reminiscently—"you ain't caught him dancing yet. Well, just wait, that's all."

"We'll put on a fox trot in the next picture that will sure hog the footage."

As this dialogue progressed Merton had felt more and more like a child in the presence of grave and knowing elders. They had seemed to forget him, to forget that the amazing contract just signed bore his name. He thought the Montague girl was taking a great deal upon herself. Her face, he noted, when she had stated terms to Baird, was the face she wore when risking a small bet at poker on a winning hand. She seemed old indeed. But he knew how he was going to make her feel younger. In his pocket was a gift of rare beauty, even if you couldn't safely run railway trains by it. And pretty things instantly made a child of her.

Baird shook hands with him warmly at parting.

"It'll be a week yet before we start on the new piece. Have a good time. Oh, yes, and drop around some time next week if there's any little thing you want to talk over—or maybe don't understand."

He wondered if this were a veiled reference to the piece about to be shown. Certainly nothing more definite was said about it. Yet it was a thing that must be of momentous interest to the manager, and the manager must know that it would be thrilling to the actor.

He left with the Montague girl, who had become suddenly grave and quiet. But outside the Holden lot, with one of those quick transitions he had so often remarked in her, she brightened with a desperate sort of gayety.

"I'll tell you what!" she exclaimed. "Let's go straight downtown—it'll be six by the time we get there—and have the best dinner that money can buy; lobster and chicken and vanilla ice cream and chocolate cake and everything, right in a real restaurant—none of this tray stuff—and I'll let you pay for it all by yourself. You got a right to, after that contract. And we'll be gay, and all the extra people that's eating in the restaurant'll think we're a couple-a prominent film actors. How about it?" She danced at his side.

"We'll have soup too," he amended. "One of those thick ones that costs about sixty cents. Sixty cents just for the soup," he repeated, putting a hand to the contract that now stiffened one side of his coat.

"Well, just for this once," she agreed. "It might be for the last time."

"Nothing like that," he assured her. "More you spend more you make—that's my motto."

They waited for a city-bound car, sitting again on the bench that was so outspoken in its information.

"You Furnish the Girl, We Furnish the House," it shouted.

He put his back against several of these bold words and felt of the bracelet watch in his pocket.

"Well, it might be the last time for me," insisted the girl.

"I feel as if I might die most any time. My health's breaking down under the strain. I feel kind of a fever coming on right this minute."

"Maybe you shouldn't go out."

"Yes, I should. It may make me better."

They boarded the car and reached the real restaurant. Side by side on a seat that ran along the wall they sat at a table for two and the dinner was ordered.

"Ruin yourself if you want to," said the girl as her host included celery and olives in the menu. "Go on and order prunes, too, for all I care. I'm reckless. Maybe I'll never have another dinner, the way this fever's coming on. Feel my hand."

Under the table she wormed her hand into his and kept it there until food came.

"Do my eyes look feverish?" she asked.

"Not so very," he assured her, covering an alarm he now felt for the first time.

She did indeed appear to be feverish, and the anxiety of her manner increased as the meal progressed. It developed quickly that she had but scant appetite for the choice food now being served. She could only taste bits here and there. Her plates were removed with their delicacies almost intact.

Between courses her hand would seek his, gripping it as if in some nameless dread.

He became worried about her state; his own appetite suffered.

Once she said, as her hot hand clung to his: "I know where you'll be to-morrow night"—her voice grew mournful, despairing—"and I know perfectly well it's no good asking you to stay away."

He let this pass. Could it be that the girl was already babbling in delirium?

"And all the time," she presently went on, "I'll simply be sick abed, picking at the covers, blue around the gills. That'll be me, while you're off to your old motion picture—the so-called art of the motion picture," she concluded with a careful imitation of her father's manner.

He tried to determine whether she were serious or jesting. You never could tell about this girl. Whatever it was, it made him uneasy. Outside, he wished to take her home in a taxicab, but she would not hear to this.

"We'll use the town car, Gaston," she announced with a flash of her old manner as she waved to an oncoming street car.

During the long ride that followed she was silent but restless, tapping her foot, shifting in her seat, darting her head about. The one thing she did steadily was to clutch his arm.

During the walk from the car to the Montague house she twice indulged in her little dance step, even as she clung to the arm; but each time she seemed to think better of it and resumed a steady pace, her head down. The house was dark.

Without speaking, she unlocked the door and drew him into the little parlor.

"Stand right on that spot," she ordered with a final pat of his shoulder, and made her way to the dining room beyond, where she turned on a single light that faintly illumined the room in which he waited. She came back to him, removed the small cloth hat, tossed it to a chair and faced him silently.

The light from the other room shone across her eyes and revealed them to him shadowy and mysterious. Her face was set in some ominous control. At last she looked away from him and began in a strained voice: "If anything happens to me ——"

He thought it time to end this nonsense. She might be feverish, but it could be nothing so serious as she was intimating. He clutched the gift.

"Sarah," he said lightly, "I got a little something for you—see what I mean?"

He thrust the package into her weakly yielding hands. She studied it in the dusk, turning it over and over. Then with no word to him she took it to the dining room, where under the light she opened it. He heard a smothered exclamation that seemed more of dismay than the delight he expected, though he saw that she was holding the watch against her wrist. She came back to the dusk of the parlor, beginning on the way one of her little skipping dance steps, which she quickly suppressed. She was replacing the watch on its splendid couch of satin and closing the box.

"I never saw such a man!" she exclaimed with an irritation that he felt to be artificial. "After all you've been through I should think you'd have learned the value of money. Anyway, it's too beautiful for me. And anyway, I couldn't take it—not to-night, anyway. And anyway ——"

Her voice had acquired a huskiness in this speech that now left her incoherent, and the light revealed a wetness in her eyes. She dabbed at them with a handkerchief.

"Of course you can take it to-night," he said in masterful tones, "after all you've done for me."

"Now you listen!" she began. "You don't know all I've done for you. You don't know me at all. Suppose something came out about me that you didn't think I'd 'a' been guilty of. You can't ever tell about people in this business. You don't know me at all—not one little bit. I might 'a' done lots of things that would turn you against me. I tell you you got to wait and find out about things. I haven't the nerve to tell you, but you'll find out soon enough ——"

The expert in photo plays suffered a sudden illumination. This was a scene he could identify; a scene in which the woman trembled upon the verge of revealing to the man certain sinister details of her past, spurred thereto by a scoundrel who blackmailed her. Undoubtedly, from her words, he saw her panic-stricken by the threatened exposure of some dreadful complication in her own past. Certainly she was suffering.

"And I don't care if this fever does carry me off," she went on. "I know you could never feel the same toward me after you found out ——"

Again she was dabbing at her eyes, this time with the sleeve of her jacket. A suffering woman stood before him. She who had always shown herself so competent to meet trouble with laughing looks was being overthrown by this nameless horror. Suddenly he knew that to him it didn't matter so very much what crime she had been guilty of.

"I don't care what you've done," he said, his own voice husky. She continued to weep. He felt himself grow hot.

"Listen here, kid"—he now spoke with more than a touch of the bully in his tone—"stop this nonsense. You you come here and give me a good big kiss—see what I mean?"

She looked up at him from wet eyes, and amazingly through her agony she grinned.

"You win!" she said, and came to him.

He was now the masterful one. He took her protectingly in his arms. He kissed her, but with no trace of the Parmalee technic. His screen experience might never have been. It was more like the dead days of Edwina May Pulver.

"Now you stop it," he soothed—"all this nonsense!" His cheek was against hers and his arms still held her. "What do I care what you've done in your past—what do I care? And listen here, kid"—there was again the note of the bully in his voice—"don't you ever do any more of those stunts—see what I mean? None of that falling off street cars or houses or anything. Do you hear?"

He felt that he was being masterful indeed. He had swept her off her feet. Probably now she would weep violently and sob out her confession. But a moment later he was reflecting, as he had so many times before reflected, that you never could tell about the girl. In his embrace she had become astoundingly calm. That emotional crisis threatening to beat down all her reserves had suddenly passed. She reached up and almost meditatively pushed back the hair from his forehead, regarding him with eyes that were still shadowed but dry. Then she gave him a quick little hug and danced away. It was no time for dancing, he thought.

"Now you sit down," she ordered. She was almost gay again, yet with a nervous, desperate gayety that would at moments die to a brooding solemnity. "And listen," she began when he had seated himself in bewilderment at her sudden change of mood. "You'll be off to your old motion picture to-morrow night, and I'll be here sick in bed ——"

"I won't go if you don't want me to," he put in quickly.

"That's no good; you'd have to go sometime. The quicker the better, I guess. I'll go myself sometime, if

(Continued on Page 101)

He Was Beginning to Feel Confused. A Sense of Loss, of Panic, Smote Him

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 8, 1922

Loans and Reparations

AMERICANS who are inclined to become impatient with the differences between the British and the French in the settlement of reparations would do well to analyze the divergent viewpoints displayed as these two peoples gaze upon the disorganized world. The British point of view is that of the trader, the French that of a *rentier*. Great Britain has manufactured a great deal for foreign markets, many of her families have drawn income from foreign investments. But the foreign markets of her manufacturers and the distant investments of her families revolved about and were associated with trade. France also had many investments abroad. But French foreign investments represented home savings sent abroad, while British foreign investments were rather earnings made abroad. The French peasant placed savings in the hands of bankers who loaned it in foreign fields. British families sent sons to undertake enterprises in the most distant parts of the world. The Britisher led his money overseas into all lands; the Frenchman never followed his. Therefore the Britisher is able to visualize business conditions in foreign countries, the Frenchman not. The one understands the processes of international economics, the other knows only the results in net income. This explains why the French find it so hard to understand the difficulties of Germany in payment of reparations, the British comprehend it more easily.

Men learn more from experience than by precept. The year 1921 brought hard facts home to the inhabitants of the United Kingdom. Manufacturing has been greatly depressed, mining disorganized, trade at low level, shipping unprofitable, unemployment widespread, and destitution profound. To every man, woman and child these were the visible signs of the reaction of conditions in the world upon affairs at home. France had no such experiences in 1921. She had a good wheat crop, coal became plentiful, tourists flocked with gold dollars, the areas of devastation were being rapidly restored, and unemployment was of negligible proportions. Little has happened, outside of higher taxes and unbalanced budgets, to indicate to the French the conditions in the world at large. The insularism of France, in the economic sense, has afforded her protection. Great Britain has the experience, France has the precept. Naturally the French lag in understanding.

And the people of the United States? We have been spared most of the experiences of Great Britain; and no outside voice has been able to enjoin the precept on us. We shall have to learn that the European problem of reparation is of the same kind as the question of payment of interallied indebtedness. Analyses of German production and trade indicate that she cannot pay the amounts exacted in the ultimatum of London. The same kind of analysis will indicate that France and Italy cannot pay their obligations to Great Britain and the United States within the time set in the refunding act. Funding negotiations must now be under way, and Americans must become prepared to understand the factors involved. And primarily we must learn to apply the same economic criteria to the two kinds of debts—loans and reparations.

Government Price-Fixing Again

A BILL now before the Committee on Agriculture of the Senate would, if enacted, reëstablish minimum prices on basic agricultural products. Number One hard wheat would carry the price of one and a half dollars a bushel; and Number Two corn, eighty-five cents a bushel at Chicago; unwashed wool, fifty-five cents a pound at Boston or St. Louis; and middling cotton, eighteen cents a pound at New Orleans.

Canada has decontrolled prices, Australia has no announced provision to continue control after the marketing of the present crop, Argentina has abolished control. One by one the countries of Europe are setting trade free. By the time the crops of grain and cotton and clip of wool to which the prices of the bill would be applicable are on the market, these products will probably be free in trade and price everywhere in the world. At the moment when the world will have cast off the shackles of governmentally fixed prices we are to reassume them. And we were to have less government in business!

Waving aside all considerations as to the effects of such a law upon producers and consumers in this country, what would be thought of it in Europe? Is it a measure in the direction of amity and peace? It would be regarded as nothing else than an attempted hold-up of disorganized Europe, an exploitation. Possibly if we led the way all surplus-producing countries would join the world corner in necessaries. It is idle to say this would not be directed at the foreign trade. Would we make this assurance effective by agreeing to sell our surplus at the world price? Of all the causes of war, outside of crazy monarchists, fanatic nationalists and demeaning politicians, discriminating trade restrictions have been the most baneful. Do we want to start a trade war with the world?

Moonshine

THE following extract is a good example of the prevailing ignorance regarding actual conditions on the farm. It appeared recently in the financial columns of one of our most widely read cosmopolitan papers:

> Low prices for agricultural products have brought about also a great reduction in the cost of production, an achievement which will eventually increase the farmer's profits beyond even those of the extravagant wartime days.

It would be difficult indeed to frame an expression further from the facts. Except for farm wages, which have dropped slightly in recent weeks, nothing has yet happened that has brought about "a great reduction in the cost of production" of farm commodities, except such forced economies as will necessarily reduce the yield. But the world in general is not interested in reduced food supply—quite the contrary. This is one hard fact, whereas the vision seen by this optimistic prophet of "eventually increasing the farmer's profits beyond even those of the extravagant wartime days" is not only mere moonshine but the most dangerous branch of sophistry withal.

The Farmer and the Partridge

PEOPLE whose occupation is other than farming might as well realize now, for they will have to do so later, that the farmer is actively resentful of the fact that he has been so much more completely deflated than other elements in the national process of wealth production. The products which he has to sell have gone the limit on the downward plunge; but there are other prices and profits, as well as salaries and wages, which he feels are artificially held up.

Relief for the farmer would come in a measure if the whole structure of prices and wages could be more evenly and thoroughly shaken down. But fundamentally there must be a greater demand for his produce. That in turn depends upon export trade and international finance, both of which involve numerous complicated questions and the entire problem of world recovery. Organization on the part of the farmer might help to remove these obstacles, but there is no short cut back to Eden.

Specifically, organization accomplishes next to nothing when it consists of the citizen's reliance upon the state vaguely to do something for him which can best be accomplished by himself. The comparative failure of paternalistic state experiments in North Dakota, when contrasted with the success of coöperative self-help on the part of agricultural producers on the Pacific Coast, is a more striking object lesson than is contained in all the books or speeches ever written on economics.

A family of partridges had been living all summer in a field of grain, until one day a little partridge said to its mother, "I heard the farmer tell his son and the hands to mow this field to-day. Hadn't we better move?"

"Oh, no, not yet, I guess," said the old partridge.

A few days later the little partridge again warned its mother that it had overheard the farmer tell his helpers to mow the field. But the old bird was still indifferent. Finally one day the little partridge told its mother of having heard the farmer say, "I'm going to mow the field to-day myself."

"That's quite a different matter," said the mother. "We will move at once."

A Foolish Indictment

FAIR PLAY has never been a universal characteristic of the attacks upon the prevailing standards of the spoken drama and of the daily press. A curious yet exceedingly popular indictment against both is that they have been commercialized, and the word is mouthed as if it implied something shameful or unclean. Now there is no inherent reason why we should not display ordinary common sense in dealing with the common things of life; and yet no one can escape the conclusion that in a great proportion of cases the habitual uplifters, though often men of honest convictions and high cultivation, are sadly lacking in this saving grace.

No man with the smallest capacity for clear thinking really believes that either stage or press has been suddenly or even recently commercialized. Will Shakspere's Globe Theater was a business proposition. It represented the invested capital of a gifted actor-manager who made it yield the best return he was able. The early newspapers were established either as avowed money-making enterprises or as organs for shaping political opinion. In their essentials they are to-day what they were centuries ago, with the difference that time has given the press a far livelier sense of public obligation than at first existed.

The production of plays and the publication of newspapers are two of the most hazardous enterprises in which capital is commonly employed. At bottom both are either legitimate undertakings entitled to returns proportional to the risks assumed or they are vicious corrupters of morals that ought to be ruthlessly suppressed for the common good. To charge contemptuously that they are commercialized is merely to make faces at them.

There are, to be sure, supersensitive souls whose whole natures revolt and whose nostrils quiver as if beset by an evil odor at the mere mention of commercialism; but these are not they who do the world's work. Men of broader contacts with life know that anything useful or desirable, whether it is a telephone or a talking machine, is most successfully commercialized when it is exploited by men of high character and ability who are fully alive to their unwritten obligations to their customers and to the public as a whole. Both stage and press have their shortcomings, but they will never be raised to higher ethical levels by mere reiteration of the silly charge that producers and publishers are not in business for their health.

Common Honesty of Speech

WHAT BUSINESS NEEDS AND IS GETTING

By Albert W. Atwood

ILLUSTRATED BY RAY ROHN

AT THIS time, when schemes for the reorganization and revolution of industry find such ready acceptance, it may not be amiss to pause for a moment to see whether such a simple virtue as truthtelling is coming to play any substantial part in business. About ten years ago a little group of men began in a small way to insist that statements made in advertisements should conform to the unadorned standards of truth. From this has grown a movement not only of national importance but one whose activities are quietly and unobtrusively permeating the entire business life of the country.

The men in this movement have little interest in theories or abstractions. They start from the assumption that business has only two arms or branches—production and marketing; and that by far the greatest percentage of marketing is done through the power of advertising. It is the sales force through which American industry distributes its products, and unless advertising be truthful the whole industrial structure rests upon a shaky foundation.

There are some people who dislike and object to all advertising, but that is very much like objecting to banks, automobiles and railroads, or even to steam and electricity. Advertising has become the common salesman of all business, whether one likes it or not. It does more than sell goods. It is the representative and voice of business, building, creating and retaining public confidence in business institutions or destructively tearing it down.

The Basis of Confidence

INSTITUTIONS stand or fall largely according to whether people believe in them. Belief, or confidence, in turn depends upon whether performance squares with promise, with the statements made, with the spoken and printed word. Business is always judged by its worst part, no matter how small the percentage may be. Those who are in closest touch with the subject say that not more than 5 per cent of business men lie about their goods or misrepresent and exaggerate their value; and that not more than 3 per cent do so intentionally. But even this small proportion can rot the foundations of the business structure and poison public trust in its soundness.

It is upon this simple elementary bit of economic philosophy that the movement for truth in advertising, or for better business—to mention the two names under which it goes—has been built. It takes no learning of the schools to understand the principle involved. There is nothing complicated or controversial at stake, no weighing of pros and cons. It is not a subject for debate, for argument or research. Most subjects have two sides, but the desirability of truthtelling is, I think, quite generally admitted to be an exception.

"Not only has the public a right to demand that business concerns tell the truth," says one of the organizers of the movement, "but the advertiser has a right to demand that his advertising be believed. What man, after he had purchased a home in a restricted residence neighborhood, would not yell loudly at the depreciation in the value of his property if some fellow purchased a parcel of land near him for an undesirable purpose?

"Then why in the name of common sense do business men whose success depends entirely on what the public thinks of them accept as advertising neighbors in any publication, some indecent piece of medical copy, some lying piece of financial copy or any other kind of improper copy that casts a shadow over every word they say about their own legitimate business? Advertising is a salesman which all business men use. Why then should decent men be preyed upon? If one misuses it the others suffer. It is as if two competitors hired a salesman in common and one bribed him to injure the other's business."

Immediately following the annual convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs in 1911 a National Vigilance Committee was appointed to put into effect a declaration of principles which the convention had adopted. The essence of this declaration read as follows: "We believe in truth, the corner stone of all honorable and successful business. . . . We believe there should be no double standard of morality involving buyer and seller."

Naturally the mere appointment of a committee did not at once or automatically make all business truthful. The activities of the committee met with considerable opposition and the first effect upon the business world could hardly be described as startling or revolutionary. Indeed it scarcely created a ripple. The workers did not know their rights or privileges, had but meager financial support, and no one knew whether they were big enough to undertake a movement involving such tremendous business power and direct it constructively. But the activities of the committee have grown and developed, until now it coöperates with thirty local better-business bureaus or commissions in cities throughout the country, and is considering the extension of its work to England, South America and Australia.

Correction of Abuses

TENS, probably scores, of thousands of cases of the misuse or abuse of advertising have been handled by the committee or the local bureaus or the two in coöperation. Though a few of these cases have been of sensational character the majority have been petty in themselves, almost hairsplitting at times. But the cumulative effect upon the business life of many communities of the sum total of cases settled has been very great. The barometer of business ethics has slowly risen, for naturally the moral influence of the mopping-up process gradually spreads.

From the experience of thousands of cases standards of practice are gradually emerging. Offhand it might seem as if the application of truth standards to the marketing of goods might be a work of extraordinary difficulty. But thousands of cases are found to fall into a few classifications, and thus it becomes possible to build up fairly simple methods of procedure.

Naturally then the question arises of how well fitted are the local bureaus and the national committee to combat these evils. In form at least each better-business bureau is an offshoot of a local advertising club or association, just as the National Vigilance Committee is a part of the Associated Advertising Clubs. The bureaus are not expected to take cognizance of industrial and commercial abuses that involve no question of advertising. Thus neither the national committee nor a local bureau is or can be expected to express an opinion upon the value or worth of investments. But opinions are constantly expressed to the contributing members, to the newspapers and to the public at large regarding the legitimacy or illegitimacy of the advertising by means of which stocks and other securities are sold. The fact is, of course, that very little in the way of merchandise or stocks in corporations can pass from seller to buyer without some form of advertising, and the possibility of exaggeration, misrepresentation and fraud.

But though nominally and technically connected with the local advertising clubs, the better-business bureaus or commissions really represent

(Continued on Page 79)

All Price Tags, Labels and Other Identifying Marks are Removed, and a Number of Different Local Authorities are Asked for Their Opinion of its Value

WIMMIN IS WIMMIN

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

CHECKERBERRY was in a twitter. A state of affairs had presented itself with which the town was in no wise equipped to cope. It could only gasp and waggle its heads and ask if the' wa'n't no law to pervent sich goin's-on. It was all on account of that short-haired wife of the young Peters fellow who had bought the sawmill.

Undoubtedly Veronica had been and done it! She was appearing daily in the sight of all Checkerberry clad in knickerbockers and high laced shoes!

"Selectmen ought to take some notice, seems as though," said Mr. Breece to Mr. Horning.

"Them pants of hern hain't but one step away from tights," said Mr. Horning, pursing his thin lips.

"Brazen, I call it," said Mr. Breece.

"Um—mebby the Ladies' Aid could do suthin—kind of fetch pressure to bear."

Mr. Breece shook his head.

"'Tain't a think to be discussed with wimmin. Wouldn't want to mention it even to my wife."

"I figger the preacher could kind of take it up in a discourse, mebby, without givin' the ladies offense."

"Once," said Mr. Breece reminiscently, "I was to Boston, and a feller took me to a the-ayter. Sich a spectacle I never see! More'n fifty-sixty young girls 'thout enough clothes onto 'em to dress a chiny doll! I sat there, Horning, a-feelin' all the time like a surprise party'd come and ketched me takin' a bath."

"Er—dressed like her?"

"Wuss wuss!"

"How, wuss?" said Mr. Horning, drawing closer and presenting his best ear.

"Horning," said Breece, assuming his most impressive deaconly manner, "that there was a apisode in my life I hain't goin' to drag out into the light of day fer no man. Every feller sows some wild oats."

"There she goes!" said Horning, and both gentlemen suspended conversation to stare at Veronica's trim figure as she tripped lithely down the road toward the mill lot where building operations were progressing.

She was very slight and young and graceful, a picture of lovely youth to warm the coldest heart. Besides being extremely sensible wear for a young woman whose activities included the duties of a building inspector and a timber cruiser, her knickerbockers were undoubtedly becoming. She wore them unconsciously. If she realized any portion of the excitement they were arousing in Checkerberry she was indifferent to it. Veronica had a way of deciding what was best and then of proceeding to do it regardless.

"If I had a daughter," said Mr. Horning, "I calc'late I'd send her away or suthin."

"I'll venture," said Breece, "the's some law that makes her liable to arrest."

Veronica did not even notice Breece and Horning as she passed; her mind was very much occupied. First, there were the alterations being made in the sawmill to fit it for the manufacture of woodenware products; second, there was the matter of purchasing timber, and lastly was the question of a home. Veronica was distinctly tired of living in the hotel.

"I want a house with rooms in it," she told Ted. "I want closets and floors and ceilings. I want to eat where I can't hear traveling men brag. Another month in this hotel and I'll bust."

"Go get you a house," Ted said promptly.

"Timber comes first," she said.

"We're all set for timber. There are Wilcox's holdings. He'll sell to the company or give us a stumpage contract."

"Fine—for insurance," she said. "But his town is fourteen miles away. You said it would cost seven or eight thousand dollars to build a log-hauler road to it. It's a long haul. If we could pick up a piece of timber not over five miles away it would save half the cost of the road, and probably more than half the hauling cost. What we save would be more than enough to buy my house."

"I've looked pretty thoroughly," Ted said, "and I don't know of an available piece of timber as close as that."

"But there's unavailable timber," she said.

"What good is unavailable timber?"

"Lesson One in the Timber Buyer's Correspondence Course: If a piece of timber is unavailable there's a reason." She waggled a finger at him. "Catch the reason, skin it, hang its pelt on the fence. The timber then becomes available and the clouds roll by."

"You've got your mind set on that ten-thousand-acre tract of the old maid."

"Known locally," said Veronica, "as the Old Maid Tract. 'Why?' my husband asks with bated breath. Two reasons: It is virgin timber and it is owned by the most pronounced virgin in the state."

"And will keep on being owned by her until she gets to be a virgin angel."

"Mebby, mebby," said Veronica, imitating the diction of the vicinage. "That was so until I got to wanting it.'

"If you can grab that tract, honey, I'll buy you a doodlejingus with a diamond in it to hang around your neck."

"Mean it?"

"You bet!"

"And I may go ahead?"

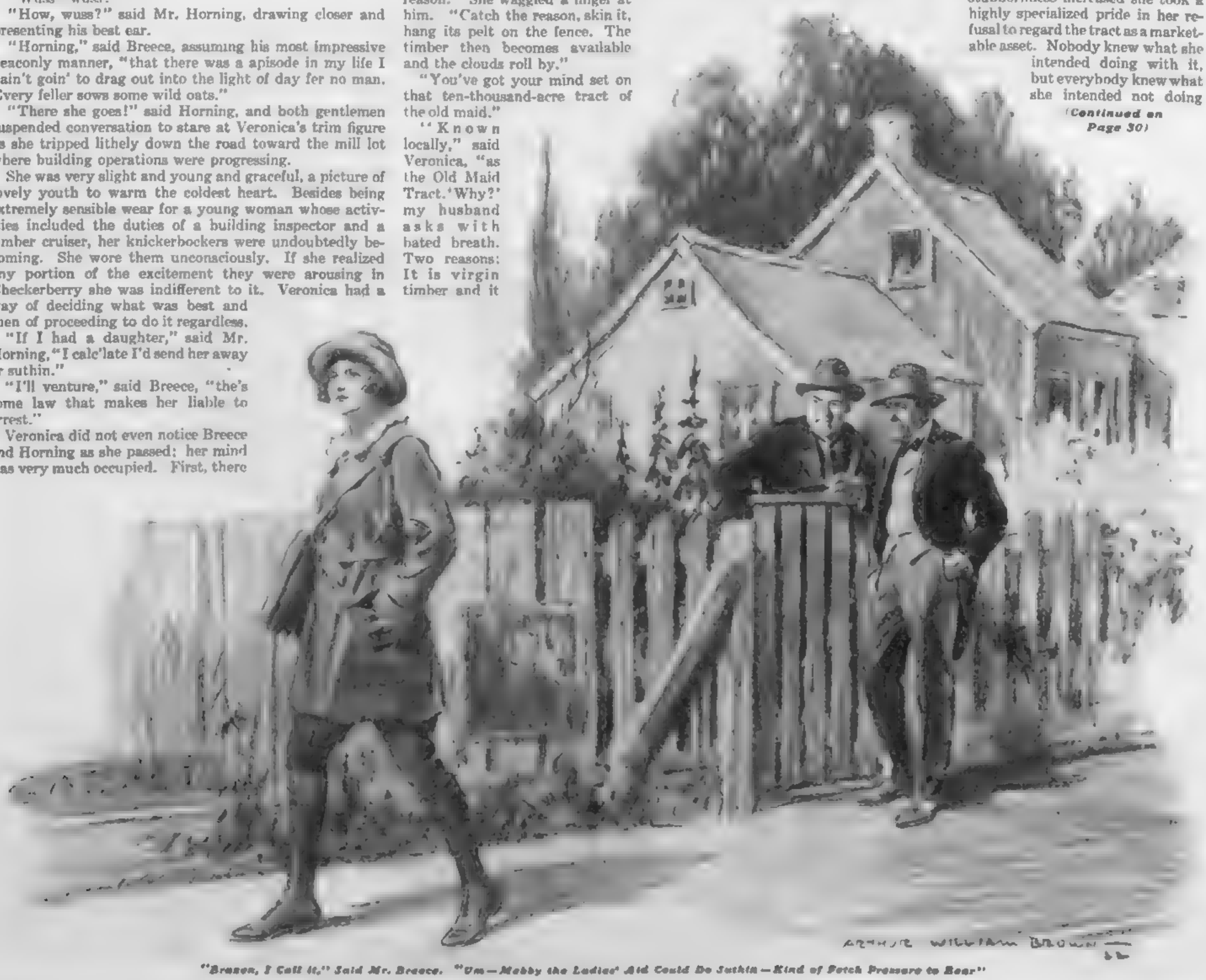
"Full speed, with the brakes tied back."

"Start building your road," she said, and went off to sit on a pile of spruce eight-by-eights to think it over.

The Old Maid Tract, so called, was a piece of timber covering some ten thousand acres, an oasis in that much-chopped desert. No lumberman's ax had ever felled a tree, no saw had ever sung its song through all the length and breadth of it. It was splendid timber—pine, spruce, hemlock, beech, birch and maple. Only five miles from town, bordering a stream so that the soft wood could be driven to the mill, and so close that the hardwood, which could not be driven, was most accessible by road. It had but one drawback: It was owned by a maiden lady named Miss Bede Stiffler, reputed to despise a masculine world, and Miss Bede Stiffler refused steadfastly to bargain, sell, remise, release, alien or convey any right, title or interest therein to anybody whomsoever.

Owning that piece of timber was a sort of hobby with Miss Stiffler. She was famous for it, and as her years and stubbornness increased she took a highly specialized pride in her refusal to regard the tract as a marketable asset. Nobody knew what she intended doing with it, but everybody knew what she intended not doing

(Continued on Page 30)



"Brazen, I Call It," Said Mr. Breece. "Um—Mebby the Ladies' Aid Could Do Suthin—Kind of Fetch Pressure to Bear"

Here's Nature's prescription for every description
Of "fever" that comes in the Spring.
To fill you with vim, make you frisky and trim,
This Vegetable Soup is the thing!

15 different vegetables
nourishing cereals—rich beef broth

Enjoy them all in this delicious Vegetable Soup!

In every tempting plateful of this soup you get the iron of the green vegetables, the beneficial salts, the strength-giving cereals and the invigorating meat broth that your appetite relishes and your system needs. Nature's own spring tonic—healthful and delightful.

Choice white potatoes, Jersey "sweets," Chantenay carrots, tender yellow turnips—all daintily diced. Luscious tomatoes, chopped Dutch cabbage. Country Gentleman corn, baby lima beans, small peas, selected barley, alphabet macaroni—all blended with a rich broth made from fine beef, flavored with fresh herbs and tasty seasoning. Almost a whole meal—and what a good one!

How to improve your appetite

Eat good soup at least once every day. Have it piping hot. You will notice in a short time that you are more hungry and that all your food tastes better. The hot soup causes the digestive fluids to flow freely. Your appetite is increased and your digestion is better.

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 28)

with it. Veronica had been made acquainted with no less than six historic instances in which Miss Stiffler had emphasized her refusal to sell by chasing the potential purchaser off the premises with a horsewhip. It may therefore be surmised that Veronica's project was one presenting obstacles.

If Veronica ever let grass grow under her feet it was when the market was good for hay. Miss Bede Stiffler, she found, lived on a little farm about a mile beyond the outskirts of Checkerberry, and directly after dinner Veronica walked out in that direction. She had not the least idea what sort of person she was to encounter, for it had not seemed advisable to make any but the most discreet inquiries. Her notion, gathered from various sources, was that Miss Stiffler was a typical old maid, doubtless tall, flat-chested, thin-haired. One usually thinks of spinsters so, and discovers the reality to be quite otherwise. It was decidedly otherwise in this instance.

When Veronica came to the rural mail box with the name Stiffler stenciled upon its lid she paused and looked over the fence with some apprehension. She saw a neat white farmhouse, well-kept outbuildings of modest size, and a man chopping wood. The man wore leather boots, overalls and a derby hat which seemed to have participated in a railroad disaster. He swung his ax with extraordinary skill, and grunted each time the bit encountered the block. Veronica opened the gate and stepped in. At the click of the latch the chopper turned and glowered.

"I wonder," said Veronica, "if I could have a drink of water."

The chopper rested his ax on the ground and stared, turning his head first one way and then the other. Then he spoke in a hoarse voice which sounded like a whisper amplified to the sixth power.

"Danged if you hain't a girl!" he said.

"I've always been considered to be," said Veronica.

"By golly, you 'n' me is the only sensible women in this dog-gone town! Come in and set while I make a drawin' of tea. What say your name was?"

Veronica told her.

"And your name is Stiffler, is it not? I saw it on the mail box."

"Bede Stiffler's my name and old maid is my station. Ruther set in the kitchen." She put a teapot on the stove and reached down a grimy clay pipe from a shelf. "Smoke?"

"I've never even smoked cigarettes."

"Huh! Sh'd hope not!" She removed her derby and displayed a shingled head, over which she passed her palm with manifest pleasure. "How'd ye come to take to pants?"

"I found them easier to work in."

"You're the play actress that's married to the feller that bought the mill."

"Only I'm not an actress. I'm a business woman. Used to be a stenographer."

"Huh! Might 'a' knowed it was gabble. Beats hell how folks gas in this wooden country! Say, them kind of pants of yourn look a sight handier'n these floppy overalls. Where d'ye git 'em?"

Veronica told her.

"Um —— If I was to draw a map of my legs d'ye figger I could git some built for me?"

"I'd be glad to attend to it for you."

"Now that's right clever of you. . . . How's the mill comin' along?"

"First-rate. We'll be turning over in another sixty days."

"Heard how you bamboozled Breece and Danby and them. Bet that was your doin'. Men hain't a ghost of a chancet when wimmin git to work."

"My husband ——" began Veronica, but Miss Stiffler interrupted her.

"Aw, sure! Ye hain't been married long enough to find out your husband's nothin' but human. But I know. Can't fool me. You're the brains of the firm. Plain as the nose on my face."

It was clear Miss Stiffler had no vanity, for the nose upon her face was extremely distinct. She regarded Veronica shrewdly for a moment.

"Walk way out here jest fer a drink of water?" she asked.

Miss Stiffler Looked in the Glass. She Stretched Her Muscular Neck Forward With the Gesture of a Belligerent Chicken

"I was just taking a walk."

"Uh-huh. Folks as busy as you be gen'ally wastes time takin' walks. Jest start in by pertendin' I got as many brains as you have, and we'll git to be right friendly—mebby."

"I'm sure you have more brains than I."

"I'm not. But I got enough to look out for Number One—you kin bet your bottom dollar on that. No, you come traipsin' out here to kind of look around and see what chance there was of gittin' holt of my timber. Can't fool me. And if 'twa'n't for them pants of yourn you'd 'a' went away quicker'n you come."

"Well?" said Veronica, smiling.

"I won't sell, by cracky! That's flat!"

"Not at your own price?"

"Money won't buy it. Got to be a hobby with me. Don't need money, and I kind of like to irritate folks by hangin' on. Guess I hain't lost nothin' by it. Timber's goin' up every year."

"But ——"

"Money hain't no good to me. Jest kind of let your eyes rove over me. See anythin' about me money could improve? Couldn't be done, by gosh! I'm built for doin' jest what I'm doin', and nothin' else. Kin ye imagine me wearin' one of them short-at-both-end dresses and a string of pearls and ridin' about in one of them expensive cars with a feller to drive it? I can't. Nope, I got all I want, and what I got is what I'm entitled to."

"You could travel."

"Travel, fiddlesticks! If I went traipsin' around the world the populations thereof would turn out to watch me like I was a circus perade. Guess I know what I look like!"

"I'll bet you don't," said Veronica. "Right now I'll go out and chop that pile of wood for you if you've a mirror in the house you can see yourself in."

"Mirror? Whoo! There's my mirror!" Miss Stiffler pointed to a framed piece of glass some six inches square which leaned negligently against the wall. It was cracked and a fair portion of the what-d'ye-call-it on the back had peeled off. When one looked in it he saw a reflection so thoroughly waved and corrugated that a powerful imagination was required to detect any human likeness. "I hain't looked in that since las' Christmas," said Miss Stiffler.

"H'm," said Veronica. "I don't care a pin whether I get your timber or not, but it's my plain duty to teach you how to have some fun. I'll bet you never had any fun."

"I've chased as many as seven men offn this place with a shotgun," said Miss Stiffler.

"And you don't know what comfort is," said Veronica. "Comfort is the lazy man's god," said Miss Stiffler succinctly.

Veronica arose.

"I'm much obliged for the tea—and for not shooing me away with a gun," she said.

"Comeag'in," said Miss Stiffler heartily.

"Oh, may I? I'd love to. I'm lonesome here. The women in town don't seem to like me."

"No, they wouldn't," said Miss Stiffler.

"And a girl likes to have some woman she can be friends with." Veronica managed to look very young and pitiful.

"Them Ladies' Aid wimmin don't set much store by me," Miss Stiffler remarked dryly.

"They hold agin pants and pipes. You and me seems to agree on pants, and mebby I kin convert ye to the rest. Seems like I'd take pleasure in a mite of comp'ny once in a while. You jest run out to visit whenever you feel like it."

"Thank you and—thank you," Veronica said.

She walked back to the village more rapidly than she had strolled away from it. Nor did she go to the mill, but climbed the stairs to her room and wrote no less than three letters, putting a great deal of time and thought on each one. These she posted.

Four days later a large packing box arrived by express, and a couple of smaller pasteboard containers by parcel post. The pasteboard boxes she took to her room. The large wooden box was set on the station platform. In the morning Veronica hired a light wagon, and loading the box upon it drove from Checkerberry in the direction of Bede Stiffler's farm. She did not wear her knickerbockers to-day, but a most becoming tailored suit, and her pet hat and her most enticing footgear. But then Veronica had a knack of looking desirable in whatever she wore.

Miss Stiffler was repairing the henhouse. Veronica waved to her and jumped down from the wagon.

"I've come way out to ask a favor," she said.

"So long's it ain't to marry your uncle that's left a widower, I calc'late I kin manage it," said Miss Stiffler heartily.

"No, I just want you to take care of something for me. You see, Ted and I haven't a house, and no place to put things. This is a wedding present, and I'd hate to have it get broken. Besides, it would be bad luck. It's a cheval glass."

"Sounds kind of underhanded. What's one of them?"

"A mirror. I wonder if you've a room where I can stand it for a while." (Continued on Page 32

THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD

Eight years ago, Cadillac introduced America's first eight-cylinder automobile power plant, the V-Type Cadillac Engine.

It achieved an immediate and a brilliant success, later enhanced by distinguished service with the American Expeditionary Forces in France.

Not only Cadillac owners, but practically all motorists praise its superb power flow and its consummate quietness of operation.

They refer in glowing terms to its dependability, emphasizing that it functions with a constancy and a certitude that suggest infallible performance.

But the great and the cardinal triumph of the Cadillac engine is that it *perpetuates* this service; it *continues* running surely and serenely throughout its long life.

The motoring public admires this eight-cylinder power plant, not only as a Cadillac achievement, but as the splendid evidence of American supremacy in multi-cylinder construction.

In it, they see typified the qualities that cause the Cadillac car to be regarded as the Standard of the World.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

CADILLAC

(Continued from Page 30)

"To be sure. Put it any place. Lots of room. Fetch it right in."

It was a heavy box, but Veronica and Miss Stiffler carried it to the door.

"Oh, let's take the box off. I want to see it—and it won't clutter things up so much," Veronica said.

Miss Stiffler performed the carpentry and stood looking disdainfully at the long glass suspended between its supports.

"Now whatever does a body want of a glass as long as that? Ye kin see the hull of ye in it, can't ye? I'll be dogoned! Hain't it bad enough to see jest a piece of yourself at a time?"

Nevertheless Miss Stiffler stood before the glass and regarded herself. She spread her hands and wiggled her fingers to prove to herself it was really her reflection. She removed her derby and regarded her shingled head.

"Um —— I'm about as enticin' as I figgered I was," she said. "Set while I draw ye a cup of tea." Presently she poured the tea. "It was them feet of mine caught my eye," she said. "Don't remember ever to have noticed 'em before. They're ample—ample."

"It's the boots," said Veronica. "I don't think your feet are really larger than mine." She became Machiavellian. "Let's measure them. Where's a piece of paper? I'll take off my shoe and outline my foot with a pencil, and you do the same. You'll see then."

"Kind of a childish game," said Miss Stiffler, but she did not refuse.

When Veronica returned to the village she carried with her a map of Miss Stiffler's foot—which had been one object of her visit. She was not a young person to hasten matters unduly or to arouse suspicion by lavishing attentions. Therefore it was a full week before she visited Miss Stiffler again. Since her first visit no mention had been made of timber—nor would there be if Veronica could steer the conversation away from that subject.

Her husband joked her about her undertaking, but she told him nothing of her progress, or if she had made progress—except once.

"If I were you," she said, "I'd be seeing about the right of way for your hauler road to the Old Maid Tract."

"You don't mean you're going to get it!" he said.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"What does she say?" he asked.

"Says she won't sell for money, marbles, love or tunes on a piano," said Veronica.

"Then why the right of way?"

"Because," said Veronica, "women are women—but a clay pipe is only a smoke."

"That's Kipling, isn't it?"

"It's good sound business judgment," Veronica said.

On her next visit to Miss Stiffler, Veronica carried a number of packages and a weight of apprehension. She hitched her horse and went in, looking like a Christmas Day postman.

"Screechin' bobcats!" exclaimed Miss Stiffler at sight of her. "What's them? Why didn't ye fetch a dray?"

"I seem always to be asking favors," said Veronica.

"I got a garret. Store 'em up there. It's dry."

"I don't want to store these. I—well, the truth is, I want to make a present to an aunt of mine, and I want to be sure."

"Sure of what—that she's got room in her house for it?"

"No—that there's room in the present for my aunt. It's a dress and shoes and a hat and things. She—she's just about your size. I'd say you and she were almost twins."

Miss Bede Stiffler eyed Veronica a moment, then waggled her masculine head.

"Dunno's I see clean through you," she said dubiously.

"I just want you to try them on. I know they'll fit her, with minor alterations, if they fit you."

"Gewgaws!" said Miss Stiffler scornfully.

"It's just a try-on. Won't take but a minute. Oh, please!"

"Well, seein' 's it's you. But I hain't had on a corset since the year of the Pan-American in Buffalo. Calc'late I kin hold my breath long enough to git through with it."

"Please put on everything. I'll wait. I've shoes and stockings—a complete outfit."

Bede stamped into her bedroom, her whole figure reflecting the scorn she felt toward women who decked themselves in finery to the neglect of woodpiles and clay pipes. From the room issued snorts and exclamations and words not usually found in the vocabulary of a spinster of fifty years.

"Say," she said finally, "if you want to git me buckled up in this consarned harness you got to git your foot in the middle of my back and haul on the surcingle."

Presently, with the help of Veronica, Miss Stiffler emerged. The alteration in her appearance was so amazing as to make one suspect the day of miracles had returned or that one of those unbelievable metamorphoses gravely narrated by Montaigne had taken place. Her girth had been diminished by a corset; her feet had been reduced to their lowest common denominator by well-made shoes. The skirts alone destroyed Miss Bede Stiffler, abolished her, and substituted quite another person. The hat, one cunningly constructed to conceal her lack of hair, made the disguise perfect. Veronica's eyes gleamed as she led Miss Stiffler to the center of the room and pretended to examine her with meticulous eye. By gradual and skillful maneuvering she placed the spinster before the cheval glass and turned her suddenly so she faced her reflection.

Miss Stiffler looked in the glass. She stretched her muscular neck forward with the gesture of a bellicose chicken. If she had possessed neck feathers they would have ruffled—and she stared.

"My Gawd!" she exclaimed. "Is that there me?"

"Of course."

"I'll be jiggered!" said Miss Stiffler, and continued to stare. "For heaven's sake, pull down the blinds! I don't feel respectable. If anybody was to see me!"

"They'd think what I think," said Veronica.

"Which is what?"

"That you look very nice, indeed; that lavender becomes you. You haven't any idea! Why, you're really handsome!"

"Not till somebody slices off a hunk of this here nose," said Miss Stiffler, indicating the feature with a broad forefinger, "to say nothin' of the wart on my chin. Here—lemme git it off. I'm stifflin'."

"Oh, if the Ladies' Aid could only see you now! You'd knock their eyes out! They'd die with jealousy! There isn't a woman in Checkerberry who is as well dressed as you are at this minute—the cats!"

"Dunno's that gets me much het up. Here, gimme a hand with these here hitchin' dinguses."

At that instant Veronica Peters did something she had never done before in her healthy career. She fainted. She did it very well, indeed, and frightened Miss Stiffler almost into fits. Miss Stiffler was not accustomed to women who fainted. Presently Veronica recovered enough to speak.

"Oh, help me to the carriage! You'll have to drive me home."

"You lay right where you be."

"The air will revive me. Please! I want to be in my own room. Oh, I'm afraid I'm going again!"

"Not in this house, you hain't!" said Miss Stiffler, and she lifted Veronica in her brawny arms and carried her out to the buggy, depositing her on the seat with a bump. "You drive for home, young woman!"

"I—can't. You'll have to drive."

"Me! Drive into Checkerberry in this here regalia! Not much, Mary Ann! Folks 'ud think I was cockalorum of some new lodge."

Veronica closed her eyes and slumped gently over on the seat. Miss Stiffler uttered a good stout damn and scrambled over the wheel. She jerked the reins from behind the whip socket and shouted at the horse.

"I b'lieve in bein' neighborly," she said savagely, "but this comes clost to askin' the corpse for the loan of its casket!"

On the road Veronica was able to collect her senses enough to open her eyes and to gaze slyly at her companion's set, forbidding expression. As they entered town the girl had to bite her lip to hold back her laughter as she observed how Miss Stiffler tried to hide under her hat.

They came to a stop in front of the hotel, and fortune perched on the banners of Veronica Peters, for at that very instant Mrs. Danby and Mrs. Alton turned the corner. Veronica allowed Miss Stiffler to help her alight. Once her feet were on the sidewalk, she seemed to recover with astounding suddenness. She spoke to the passing ladies.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Alton. How do you do, Mrs. Danby?"

They paused, curiosity-driven.

"I'm sure you know Miss Stiffler. Of course you do."

The women stared, paralyzed by astonishment.

"Bede Stiffler!" gasped Mrs. Alton.

"Whatever—wherever—merciful heavens!" breathed Mrs. Danby.

"Yes, it's me, b'gosh!" said Miss Stiffler belligerently. "Take a look! Don't be backward—take two! Goin' to a masquerade dance, I be. I'm s'posed to represent a dum fool. Bet I'll take the prize!"

"Why—why"—Mrs. Danby was so flabbergasted she was for once at a loss for words—"why, you look stylish!"

"Why not, I'd like to know?" Miss Stiffler said savagely. "If I got to be a fool like the rest of you wimmin I'm goin' to be a better fool. Style, huh! What d'ye know about style? If I git my dander up I'll show ye style with a capital H!"

Mrs. Alton, always afraid of Miss Stiffler, spoke with endeavor to placate.

"Really, you look lovely, Bede."

"Lovely! To think I'd come to a day when a body would dast say sich a word to my face!"

"I didn't think it was possible," said Mrs. Danby acidly.

"Didn't, eh? Possible! Say, you cat, the' hain't nothin' you kin do that I can't multiply by seven with my hands tied behind my back! Kind of look down on Bede Stiffler, don't ye? 'Cause she's independent of men and wears her own pants! Sich as you look down on sich as me! Why, I got brains where you got grease spots! I got muscles where you hain't even got tallow! Go long about your business 'fore I get peevish and smack ye both a good one!" She turned suddenly to Veronica. "Now look at the mess you got me into, consarn ye! Come under cover some'eres. I feel like I was caught takin' a bath. Wouldn't feel half so darn foolish if I was. I got suthin to say to you."

She dragged Veronica into the hotel and up to her room, where she shoved her ungently on the bed.

"Who be these here duds fer?" she demanded.

"My aunt," said Veronica.

"They hain't!" said Bede Stiffler.

"What?"

"They're fer me! What'd they cost? Quick! You got me into this here pickle, and by golly you'll help git me out! These here trappin's is mine! What 'd they cost?"

"But—my aunt. I promised ——"

"Drat your aunt! How much?"

Veronica answered reluctantly.

"The dress—it was a hundred and twenty dollars. The corset was thirty. The shoes were eighteen-fifty. The stockings—silk—were seven-fifty. The hat was forty-five."

Miss Stiffler's jaw was dropping by inches, and her eyes bulging out.

"What?" she said hoarsely.

"Just simple little things—inexpensive," said Veronica.

"Why, dog-gone you, the' hain't a woman in this town spends a hunderd dollars in four years for all her clothes!"

"That's why they look as they look—and why you look now so they're all jealous."

"I got the money, b'gosh, even if 'twas bein' saved to bury me. I'm goin' straight to the bank after it."

She stamped to the door, where she turned to glare at Veronica.

"The hell of it is," she said, "that now I've got to up and let my hair grow!"

That evening after supper Veronica said to her husband, "Ted, you're a cruel husband. You're always forbidding me to do things."

"Now what milk bucket have I kicked over?"

"My Boston trip. Here I want to run down to the city, and you, jealous of my youth and beauty and inexperience, refuse to allow me to go alone—and you're too busy to go."

"Yes, yes, go on," applauded Ted.

"And then you tell me I can go—if I can get some older woman to go along when you know I don't know any older woman. It's an outright refusal. If I'd known the kind of man you are before I married you!"

"It's too late now. When did I do this refusing?"

"Just now."

"And I mean it?"

"You were almost harsh."

"Unlovely brute, ain't I?"

"You ain't," said Veronica, "and much obliged to you, sir. How about that right of way?"

"I'm moving. But I can't do anything definite and keep it under cover."

"Then don't do anything—till you get the supplemental report of your correspondent. Replying to your letter of even date, I have the pleasure to say—and so forth."

"How long will you be in Boston?" Ted asked with anxiety. "I can't spare you long."

"If you break a honeymoon into enough pieces, with long spaces between, it covers more married life," said Veronica.

She waited two full days before she visited Miss Stiffler again. This time she walked, so she would have more time to perfect her appearance. All the way out she rubbed her eyes, and every now and then she tweaked her nose. It was painful but effective. When she opened the whitewashed gate she looked as if she had been crying for hours. It was most realistic—even more so because her nose hurt so she was able to shed real tears.

It was not without trepidation she entered the yard, and it was with positive fear she saw Miss Stiffler at the woodpile—reverted to pants, derby hat and double-bitted ax.

"I—I hope you're not angry with me," she said in a timid voice.

Miss Stiffler turned and glared.

"Angry? Huh! I could skin ye alive!" She regarded Veronica's eyes and nose, and scowled. "What ails ye, anyhow, all snuffled up? Who's been doin' what to ye?"

"My h-h-husband," said Veronica with a stifled sob.

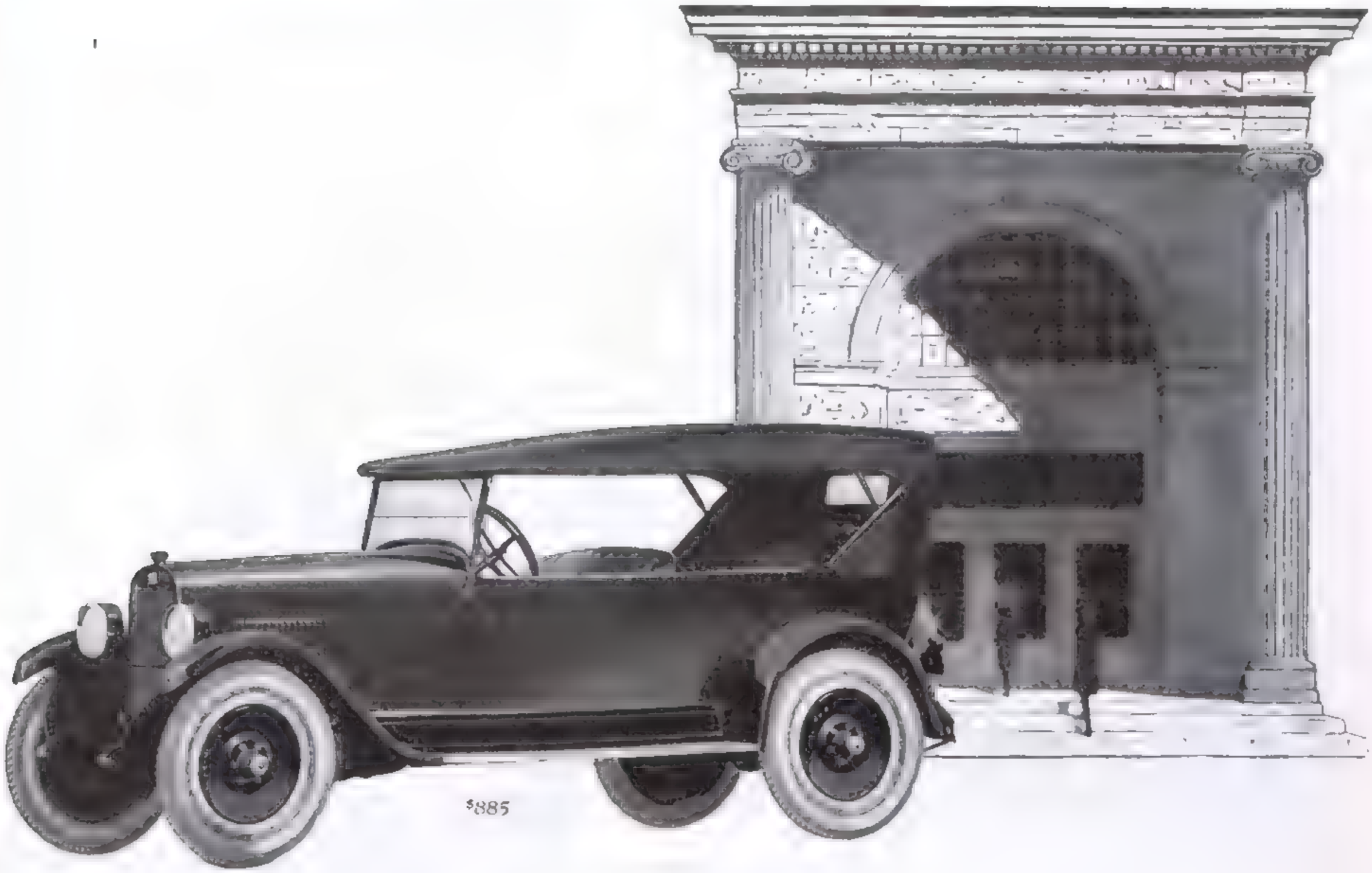
"Drat the men! Wimmin will marry 'em, spite of all experience teaches. What's he been up to—beatin' ye?"

"He won't let me go to Boston. And I've got to go to Boston, because there are things I want to do in Boston, and I can't do them anywhere else, and there's no reason why I can't go to Boston if I want to, only he says ——"

"Huh! A body'd think he'd throwed you out of house and home!"

"It—it's the principle of it," said Veronica. "That he should have the right to refuse to let me do things! I'd like to show him! But I can't. If—if there was only some

(Continued on Page 48)



$885

The way the New Series of the good Maxwell rides, makes its splendid performance all the more satisfying. It provides a degree of road comfort that is entirely unusual in a car of its weight and size.

Cord tires, non-skid front and rear; disc steel wheels, demountable at rim and at hub; drum type lamps; Alemite lubrication; motor driven electric horn; unusually long springs; deep, wide, roomy seats; real leather upholstery in open cars, broadcloth in closed cars; open car side curtains open with doors; clutch and brakes, steering and gear shifting remarkably easy; new type water-tight windshield. Prices F. O. B. Factory, revenue tax to be added. Touring Car, $885; Roadster, $885; Coupé, $1385; Sedan, $1485.

MAXWELL MOTOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
MAXWELL MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD., WINDSOR, ONTARIO

The Good

MAXWELL

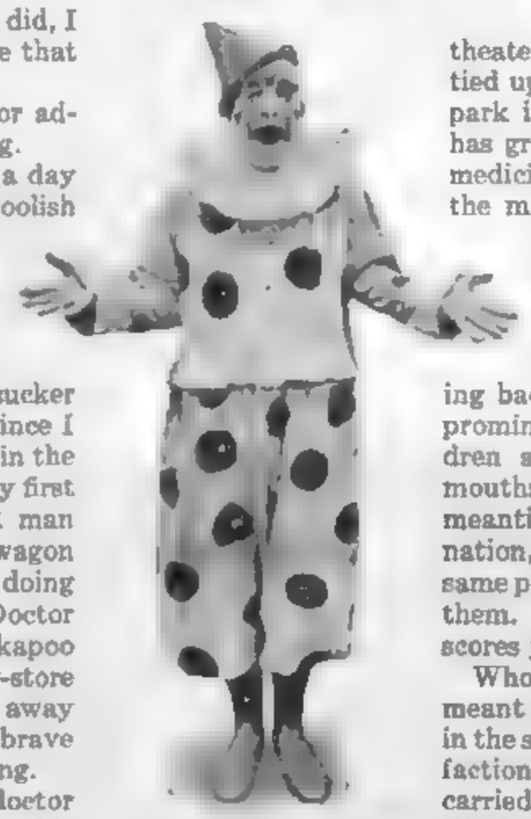
Keep to the Right—Don't Shove!

By AN OLD SHOWMAN

I RECKON I am one of the few living men who personally heard Barnum make the statement that there is a sucker born every minute. Knowing old P. T. as I did, I am also one of the few who will dispute that statement.

He doted on pulling snappy lines for advertisements, regardless of the meaning.

Barnum described people who take a day off to spend a dollar or so for some foolish amusement as suckers. They are no such thing. They are the wise guys of this nation. And if they were suckers his figures are wrong. There is more than one born every minute.



I am old enough to show you what a sucker really is. It has been sixty-five years since I squirmed my towhead through a crowd in the public square out in Missouri to see my first Indian medicine show. A long-haired man stood on the back of a fancy-painted wagon delivering an impressive lecture and doing tricks with a ball. He was called Doctor Lightfoot. By his side stood a Kickapoo Indian made up exactly like the one cigar-store Indian in our town that we kids shied away from after dark. To me that redskin brave represented everything brave and daring.

At the end of the big talk the doctor demonstrated the stolidity of the Indian, his mystic power over pain, by driving a hatpin through his wrist. It was a long time before I knew that was a trick pin, but I can still feel the thrill of wonder, actual worship, that I had for the brave unflinching Kickapoo. In less than six months, incidentally, I was slapped in the jaw for asking a regular Cheyenne brave if he was a Kickapoo. I didn't know that it was the name for a trick Indian.

Doctor Lightfoot next exhibited many Indian medicines, the healing secret of which no paleface could ever hope to know. He even had an elixir that would take the kinks out of a darky's hair. With it he could also pull teeth without a trace of pain.

"Who in this crowd has an aching tooth?" he inquired. "We will remove it without a touch of pain, free of charge. Have we a patient?"

The other kids knew that I had been fooling with a loose tooth at school the day before. They all looked in my direction. I could feel the burning eyes of the showman focused on my freckled face. Nervously I lifted my hand to my jaw.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "Here is a lad who has suffered and who has the courage of faith. He will suffer no more. Step right up, young man, that this assemblage may look upon you and learn."

A Hero With a Toothache

I WAS in the public eye and it gave me a shaky thrill. I felt myself slipping into fame. When the Kickapoo took me by the arm I was resigned to martyrdom. No boy in my town had enjoyed the distinction of being lifted into a wagon by a real live wild Indian.

"Are there others?" inquired the good doctor, twirling the bottle while I twisted at my pants leg. There were no others.

With trembling fingers I indicated the tooth. Quickly he swabbed my gum with some ill-smelling stuff, talking all the while. Inserting a thumb and finger in my mouth, equally ill smelling, he clamped down on the tooth and gave it a yank just as the Kickapoo began beating his tomtom. My cry could not be heard.

Of course it hurt! But do you think I would stand in the presence of that crowd and that Indian and say so? Never!

I felt quite a hero. The boys looked at me in open envy a little later when Doctor Lightfoot placed me on a seat of honor in the wagon and started a parade around the square, throwing out pennies to scrambling boys, white and black. This was the life for me. I would be a medicine showman.

From the Indian I learned that the doctor needed a lively boy. That night I packed up my little duds and ran away from home, joining the doctor at the next town. The folks found me and brought me back home. But I didn't stay long. I had been stung with show virus.

A week later I ran away from home again, beat my way to St. Louis and joined on with a circus. It was not unusual in those days for circus people to pick up boy tramps and work them.

As a hypnotic subject for the side-show ballyhoo—the boy who gets rigid—I was admitted to the élite circle. For sixty years I have remained a regular. I have been employed in every branch of the show business, except the theater. For the last twenty years I have been tied up entirely in outdoor amusements—the park idea—the real show notion to-day. It has grown while others have dwindled. The medicine show has gone out of business and the many circuses are combining to make a last stand against these so-called stationary amusements.

I have passed the seventy-year mark, but find myself earning a living exactly as I did fifty years ago. Looking back over these years I recall dozens of prominent citizens, wealthy now, who as children stood listening to my ballyhoo with mouths open. They still come, but in the meantime they go right ahead building the nation, doing things, while I have stood in the same place with the same old stuff and amused them. I have not progressed, and there are scores just like me.

Who are the suckers? Barnum might have meant there is a baby born every minute to go in the show business. Still, there is some satisfaction for an old fellow to know that he has carried water to refresh the real workmen, even if he hasn't done much of the nation's building.

I made an opening—ballyhoo lecture outside—for a freak show not so long ago.

"This way! This way! Keep to the right—don't shove!" the barkers began as I finished.

As the crowd followed me past the ticket sellers it occurred to me that I had made exactly the same spiel, word for word, that I had used in front of the old Musée in 1874, and it was just as good. This thought struck deeper when I halted my assemblage at the cage of a freak who actually had been on Barnum's pay roll when I was a boy barker.

"This, ladies and gentlemen, is the most remarkable creature that has puzzled science for a half century," I opened up—it was the same old spiel. "Whether he be man or beast our most learned scholars have been unable to agree. He seems to understand and will respond to the name of Zit—naturally, a contraction of the oft-repeated expression 'what is it?' This puzzling, science-defying creature was discovered," and so on.

Old Zit stood up. The aged darky, wearing his brown hairy suit, his queer, cone-shaped head topped with a small tuft of gray hair, had gone through this for fifty years. The crowd looked at him for a few moments, thrilled—at least satisfied—and moved on to the next stand. Zit barked the required number of guttural snarls and grunts, resumed his seat and regarded the crowd philosophically. As the procession moved on I stopped and spoke to the old fellow about the way things were breaking, and so on. We have known each other since boyhood.

"They are wearin' them skirts too short," observed this science-defying creature, thoughtfully regarding some passing women. "It's hurtin' the show business, all right."

He spied two old women just then viewing him through the bars of his cage and suddenly emitted a frightful "G-r-r-r-zang-o-oop!"

"Think so?" I inquired when the women had gone and the snarl had subsided.

"Sure," he said. "From now on one of them dancin'-girl leg shows won't draw a dime. I wouldn't put 'nother nickel in one."

He was right too. Tights and the women's-form exhibits are the deadest things in the show business. It's no longer a show. People won't even lift their eyebrows at a live silhouette of Venus. The shimmy killed the hoochy-koochy a long time ago.

The point I am getting at is that the procession is always moving along past folks like me and Zit. It gets bigger and bigger all the time, but the only change is in the style of dress. That's the only change that is ever necessary in the shows. The fundamental principles have never changed one iota. The old Indian medicine show in a new dress would knock 'em dead to-day. I am going to try out Punch and Judy in short skirts next season. The pleasure-seeking public doesn't want to think and doesn't intend to.

We take our shows seriously, but the public doesn't. It is our very seriousness that amuses them. If for one moment we started to kid our own attractions the crowds would fall away from our ticket windows like the tide going out.

On the day of that old ballyhoo for the freak show—it was at Coney Island—two hundred thousand people had come out for a day's romp. You don't suppose they had any particular attraction in mind when they started from home, do you? No, it is merely the urge for a change—a tonic—that draws them. That's where we've got it on thoughtful entertainments like the theater.

The size of that crowd was not exceptional. They do that every nice day during the season. I imagine a proportionate number are going out to amusement parks in other parts of the country. Of course, Coney Island has the natural advantage of a beach as a drawing card. But the other crowds have got to go somewhere. They will take a day off and spend money just to get mauled around and laughed at—anything just to be out.

Coney Island is the daddy of all summer amusement parks. In America it is the model. It was not built by design. It grew up by degrees to satisfy this increasing demand for recreation. Coney Island is not the outcome of a scheme for real-estate speculation. Like Topsy, it simply growed up, and looks it. In other cities syndicates have financed amusement parks, street fairs, and so on, copied after Coney, but few of them have the same carefree, hodgepodge flavor as the daddy. Still, they answer the purpose, and most of them pay dividends.

Coney Island Facts and Figures

EVERYBODY runs his own show at Coney Island, and devil take the hindmost. There is no head. Nobody knows what it earns in profits. The weather alone decides the size of the crowd. The season runs one hundred and twenty days, of which one hundred are considered regular working days. The average crowd is two hundred thousand a good day. That can be depended on. At present the show shacks, brightly painted buildings, the big lighted inclosures, eating places, games, bathhouses and what not represent an investment of ten million dollars.

A business man rubbed his eyes the other night when I told him that very few of these gaudy buildings were covered by fire insurance. Ten million dollars could be wiped out in a single night at Coney. But nobody seems to care and they all take a chance. They have to. We dickered with a company last winter, and the rate they demanded for fire protection was 15 per cent of the gross receipts. That, of course, was prohibitive.

I mention these figures just to give you an idea of the extent of one of the country's biggest industries, if it can be called an industry. The more I see of these crowds in search of foolishness the more I look upon it as a public utility. I am not good at statistics, because I don't like them. If you are interested, though, just go out to the amusement park near your town, figure it up and you'll get a pretty good general idea.

One thing that will strike a business man is what a big contributor the amusement park is to the nation's revenue. You pay one cent every time you enter a side show.

Right now I am working for a syndicate that controls a group of shows in a separate inclosure at Coney Island. Last season we paid in war tax a little over one hundred thousand dollars—that is, we turned it over; the public paid it. And we are not a tenth of Coney Island!

This, too, is in addition to the property taxes and license fees that go to the city and state of New York.

We have figured that on the average every man, woman and child who comes out for a day spends one dollar—two hundred thousand dollars a day.

To save my life I don't know where that money goes. Very few showmen get rich. I guess all that money just gets stirred up and circulates around so that everybody thinks he is having a good time.

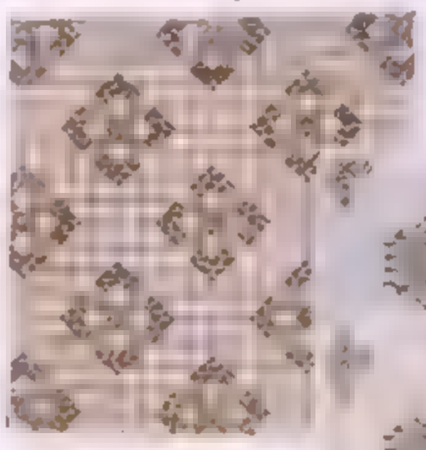
It is the sentimental side of the show business that gets me. I have lived my life in it; have known and loved its people. I guess I will die in it. I make my one hundred dollars a week as ballyhoo lecturer in summer and manage to get along by earning about half that much in winter. Good spielers are hard to get and always in demand.

(Continued on Page 37)

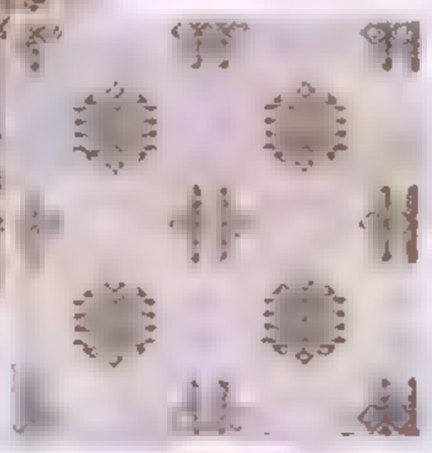
GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH DAMP CLOTH

Always Look for this Gold Seal

On every two yards of genuine *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Floor-Covering you will find a paper Gold Seal. It pledges "Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back," and is your protection against inferior imitations. Remember the seal is printed in green on a gold background.



Gold-Seal Congoleum By-the-Yard Pattern No. 812.



Gold-Seal Congoleum By-the-Yard Pattern No. 164.

It's easy to keep this kitchen floor spotless—

NO small part of the charm of this cheerful kitchen is the attractive floor of *Gold-Seal* Congoleum. This floor-covering possesses the same long-wearing, flat-lying qualities that have made our *Gold-Seal* Art-Rugs so popular with the women of America.

Liquids and grease cannot penetrate the smooth, firm surface—a light going over with a damp mop makes it spotless and sanitary in a twinkling. Water will not affect it.

Gold-Seal Congoleum needs no fastening—it "hugs" the floor tight with never a curled-up edge or turned-up corner.

It offers the one solution to the national demand for beautiful, sanitary floors that are low in cost and easy to clean. Its low price and long wearing qualities make it particularly practical wherever the entire floor must be covered.

Gold-Seal Congoleum By-the-Yard costs only 75c a square yard, in either the 2-yard or 3-yard width.

Owing to high freight rates, price west of the Mississippi and in Canada is slightly higher than that quoted.

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
INCORPORATED

Philadelphia New York Chicago San Francisco Boston Minneapolis
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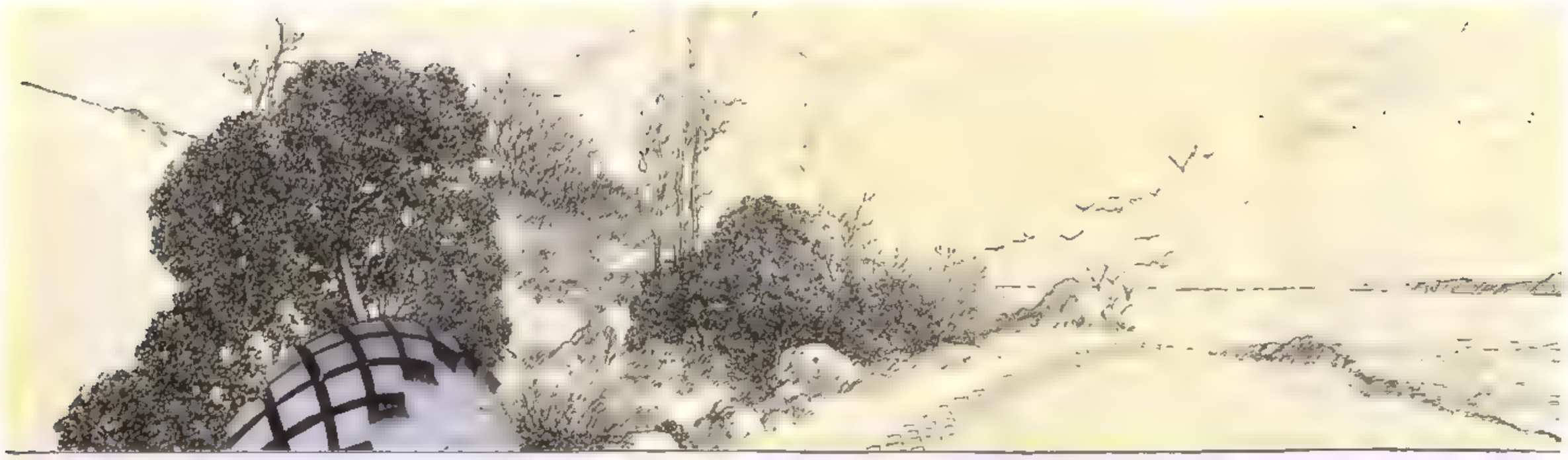
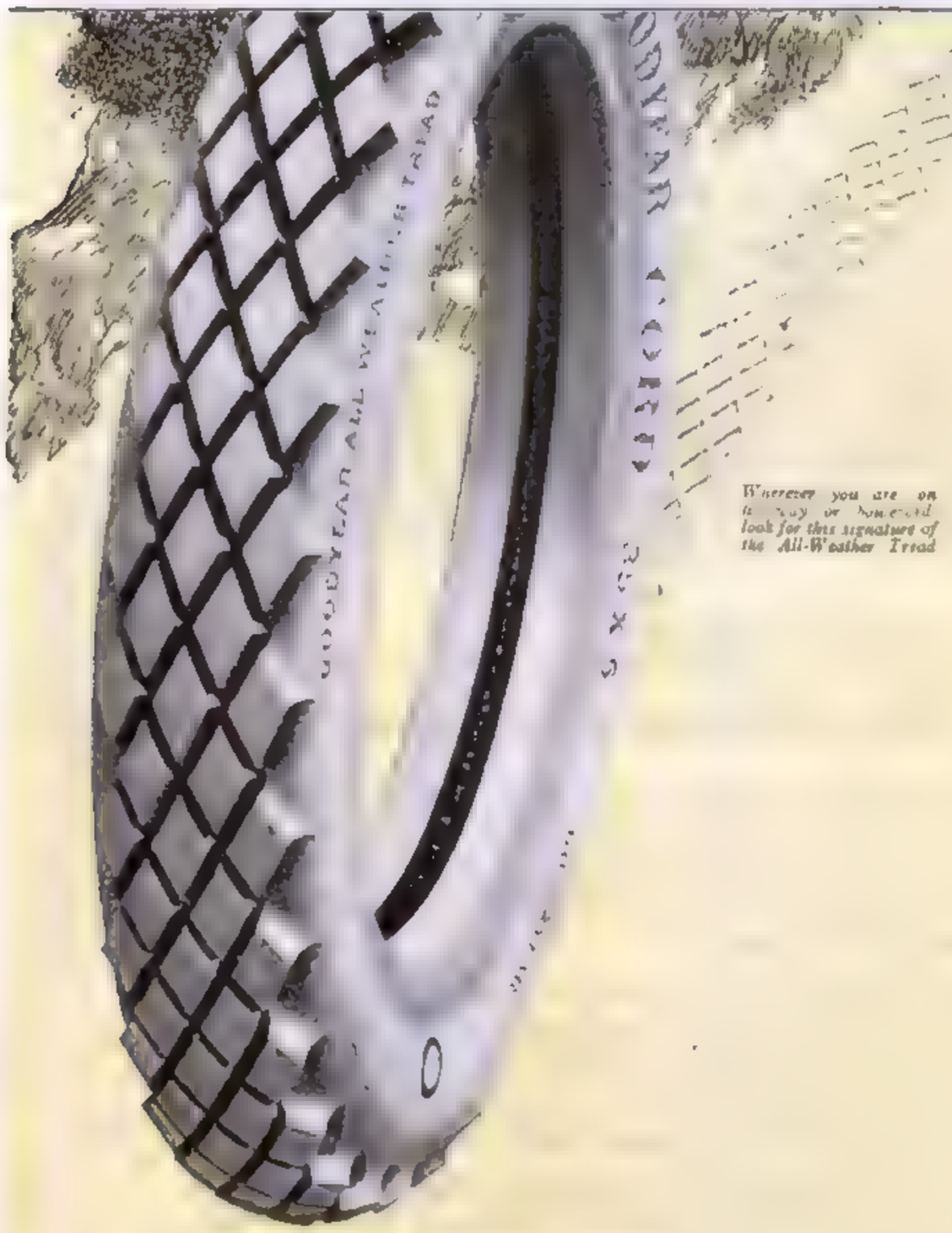
Gold Seal
CONGOLEUM
FLOOR-COVERING



THE TIRE-BUYER'S INNING



Wherever you are on the way or homeward look for this signature of the All-Weather Tread

These are the days toward which the thoughtful tire-buyer has been looking with longing eyes.

The money he invests now in Goodyear Tires commands a greater value than at any previous time.

Dollar for dollar it buys more mileage, greater freedom from trouble, surer economy and deeper tire satisfaction than ever before.

The foremost reason for this is the important improvements made in Goodyear Tires themselves.

Today Goodyear Tires embody the same high grade long staple cotton, the same fine quality of rubber, the same efficient All-Weather Tread, the same exclusive features of construction, as always.

But their design has been improved, their manufacture bettered, their inspection made more exacting.

They are larger, heavier, stronger tires—and more durable.

They surpass in quality and serviceability even those fine Goodyears you have known.

Despite all this, you can now buy these better tires at the lowest prices in our history—at prices lower, even, than before the war.

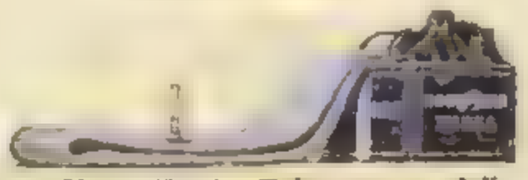
In this matter of price Goodyear Tires have gone "back to normalcy"—and well beyond.

A glance at the figures below will show you that this is the Goodyear user's inning, and no mistake.

More people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind.

30 x 3½ Cross Rib Fabric..	$10 95	32 x 4	All-Weather Tread Cord	$42 40
30 x 3½ All-Weather Tread Fabric..	$14 75	33 x 4	All-Weather Tread Cord	$33 40
30 x 3½ All-Weather Tread Cord...	$18 00	33 x 4½	All Weather Tread Cord...	$42 85
32 x 3½ All Weather Tread Cord...	$25 50	34 x 4½	All-Weather Tread Cord...	$43 90
		35 x 5	All-Weather Tread Cord...	$54 75

Manufacturer's tax extra



Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tubes are especially thick, sturdy and long-lived. They come packed in a heavy, waterproof bag. Their new prices are also remarkably low

GOODYEAR

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(Continued from Page 34)

I first knew Coney Island when a young man in years but old and hardened in experience. I was nearly forty before I became a real part of it. Coney Island, you know, was not always filled with shows, games, rides and general hurrah stuff. Originally it was just a place where the poor people went for surf bathing. There is no finer natural beach in the world.

The feature of Coney Island in those early days was the many froth joints, dance halls and bathhouses. There were no shows. A froth joint was a beer saloon that sold the bathers large mugs containing more froth than beer. Naturally it was a pretty tough place. These froth joints, by the way, were responsible for the bad name Coney had in the old days. It required little capital to run one, but a fellow had to be pretty handy with his fists. All a man needed was to pick out a plot of sand. On this he would knock together a shack made mostly of driftwood and other stuff that beach combers could pick up. He then paid a license of thirty dollars and was ready to begin business.

As the number of froth joints increased the keepers added hot-dog stands as an attraction. Gradually other eating places were started with a more diversified menu. To this day, though, the hot dog with a roll and mustard is the trade-mark of Coney Island. To go there without eating frankfurters is no trip.

The success of these early ventures naturally suggested amusements of a more innocent nature—something for the children. The first was a merry-go-round. We called them flying jennies at first. Fifty years ago riders were grabbing for the brass ring just as they do to-day.

Incidentally, show people have never been able to beat the flying jenny for a regular staple source of income. Very recently some fellow has improved on the old merry-go-round, or carrousel, as he calls it, by a mechanism which makes the painted horses actually race. It is quite a hit. The four rows of horses start even, but a rotary action in the works causes some to go faster than the others. This cannot be governed by the operator, and there is no way of determining the winner in advance. Even grown-ups ride for hours on this device to bet on their favorite mounts.

This new kind of merry-go-round hasn't got around very far yet, but it will. Up in Canada, where I first saw one, it was a knock-out.

In the '70's our circus had been closed on account of a lawsuit and we were laying off in New York. Several of the freaks and a few of the fancy acts went with me out to Coney Island for a lark. The hot dog and the froth were the appeal.

Near one of the bathhouses we noticed a mitt joint. It seemed to be doing a flourishing business. A mitt joint, in case you are not familiar with show talk, is a fortune teller's tent where palms are read. Circuses always carried a mitt joint. It is sure-fire stuff. And a funny thing about those palm readers is that most of them are sincere in the belief that they can actually tell fortunes. Of course, they have to ring in some fake stuff for the ballyhoo, but they'd get mighty sore if told they were faking on the palms.

Our palm woman gave the high sign to this mitt woman. She told us that business was wonderful. That gave me a notion. Why not get together all our freaks and open up for the summer? We had the layout, painted canvases for the outside flash and everything. The license fee was small in those days.

When Ballyhoo Had Some Zip

WE DECIDED on a freak show because it is almost failure-proof. It is the staple line of the trade. Other attractions come and go, but a real freak show is just as good to-day as it was when Barnum cleaned up with one in his old museum. I am spieling for one now. The freaks are practically the same; the line of stuff I am talking to the public is exactly the same as I used in 1870; and the crowd is bigger. The main change that old Zit has noticed, as I have shown, is in the dress styles of the spectators.

We opened up as a coöperative concern, each freak contributing so much to cover the overhead. It was a go from the jump. Later, temperament developed among my freaks and I got possession of the whole show, paying them salaries.

Believe me, I could make a good opening in those days. I had a ballyhoo with some zip to it. In these days show people lose a lot of the old drawing stuff by trying to be too quiet—refined, or whatever they call it.

I was armed with a buggy whip and walked up and down a raised platform, back of which huge canvases were stretched, depicting in vivid colors the snakes in the jungle, the lion tamer with arm torn half off, the two-headed boy, the living skeleton, the fat woman, the dwarfs and the wild man of Borneo tearing a tiger apart. I would deliver an impressive ballyhoo in front of each startling canvas, slapping it continuously with my buggy whip. That attracted people from a distance. At the finish I would give the last canvas a couple of whacks that made it crack like pistol shots.

"That's the way she looks, gents!" I'd cry. "You'll find them on the inside just as they are represented on the canvas! Step right up and the gentlemanly usher will escort you to points of vantage!"

Now I claim that was—and is—good stuff. The buggy whip was particularly effective.

We also had an ostrich in that show. As twilight approached one night I discovered a very effective line and used it for years. "Remember, remember, ladies and gentlemen, the cool of the evening is the time to see the ostrich and mark his many pecu-li-ar-ities!"

Just why that should get 'em I don't know, but it did. The line seemed to strike their bump of humor, or something. I used to hear boys mimicking me as they went out. I'd put all that stuff back in to-day if I was not working for a salary and they didn't have such crazy notions about this so-called refined business. The old-fashioned ballyhoo is the thing.

I might have made a lot of money out of that freak show, but a company of big showmen bought the property for a syndicate attraction. Due to a love affair my people became disloyal and the new outfit engaged most of my attractions right from under my nose.

The palm reader became engaged to the wild man from Borneo. They decided to marry and settle down right there, because it seemed like home. Following this disaffection, it being very hot, the fat woman decided she would prefer not to move. The upshot of it was the whole outfit quit me. Every time I have got hold of a little show of my own something like that happened. I am too old to try it again.

With the building of show places Coney Island grew up like a mushroom. The idea of group attractions that could have a permanent location spread all over the country. Performers were delighted at the possibility of not having to travel. This departure from the old circus idea kept growing until it reached a commanding height at the Chicago World's Fair. There people saw for the first time the Ferris wheel, the shoot-the-chutes and scores of riding games. The scenic railway came a little later, I believe. None of those things, you see, were possible with a traveling show. Also the idea established a definite place for amusement seekers to go instead of waiting for something to come along. They quickly formed the habit.

The Chicago World's Fair, the enormous success of the Midway, as the street was called, had a tremendous effect on the show business throughout the country. It was really a revolution. On a small scale the Midway was copied at state and county fairs. Then came the street fair. And I want to tell you those street fairs were a mighty irritating thorn in the side of the circus business too. It never has fully recovered.

Our circus ran into several of these street fairs and carnivals down South and suffered heavily in the competition, particularly the side show. Those carnival people got onto the trick of running a street fair for a week or two for the benefit of some local charity—on percentage. In that way they escaped the heavy licenses. There was no such escape for the circus. We were soaked good and plenty. In one little town in Tennessee, I think it was, they charged us five hundred dollars a day license. We simply couldn't buck the competition. We had to learn the dates of these carnivals and arrange our routes so as to duck them.

I still wanted to have a show of my own, so I decided the chance was in getting together a street-fair outfit. That surely was the coming business. I liked that idea of the charity concerns not only paying the licenses but getting out and working for the show. It seemed easy pickings.

The circus season finally ended, and with the aid of some rebellious side-show performers and freaks we got together an outfit. We did well at first, but as usual I had lost the show in two seasons for one reason and another. But we did a lot of things in those two years that they are doing in all regulated parks to-day. Among other things we discovered the real possibilities in Bosco, the snake eater. You know—he eats 'em alive!

There has never been a better single attraction than that. He was just as good as the Kickapoo Indian in the old medicine-show outfits. Just why people will flock around a pit to see a dirty, wild-looking darky bite the heads off garter snakes I have never been able to figure out. But they did and they do. The morbidity in human beings is a hard thing to understand. In my travels abroad I have noted with interest that where there is a leper hospital it is one of the main attractions to tourists. People seem to get fascinated with the sight of these poor unfortunates and go there day after day. This morbidity, undoubtedly, is what makes the freak show a steady drawing attraction.

I have been berated by some people for making a living out of exhibiting the misfortunes of the poor freaks. It does seem a hard thing, but when I see the happiness and contentment of these people I feel that I am doing right. It enables them to earn a living and be independent. Many of them own their own homes and farms. If they were not exhibited they would be a public charge—a nuisance. Most of them could not earn a living. There are times, though, when I feel a deep compassion for them in having to display their deformities for money. I would like to have somebody solve this thing for me—put me right.

I got on to Bosco in an unexpected way. Snake eaters, by the way, are always named Bosco. I was sitting in one of our street-fair ticket wagons one day when a negro man came up and asked to see me. He wanted a job.

"I kin bite the heads off'n garter snakes, boss," he explained, "an' I kin bite 'em off better'n that fellow I seen at the other carnival what calls hisself Bosco."

I was interested. We needed a couple of attractions to fill out the show. The upshot of it was I engaged this new Bosco for two dollars a day and his eats. He thought that a lot of money. So did I—for an experiment.

Bosco—He Eats 'Em Alive!

WE PAINTED our Bosco up with daubs of tar, lampblack and a little red here and there. We then got him a wig with tangled hair, the ends sticking out like a mop. Bosco's costume was made up of two old cloth sacks, one with holes for the arms and the other for the legs. A snakeskin belt tied the loose ends around his waist. A heavy iron cuff was fastened around his right ankle, to which we attached a heavy clanking chain. The other end we fastened to a post driven in the floor of the pit. When we got through Bosco was a terrible sight. You can tell the world he looked ferocious!

We advertised for garter snakes, offering free admission to every boy who came with one, any size. It was down South in the spring and in three days we had more snakes than we could use.

Now don't think that was a fake. Bosco actually bit the heads off those little snakes right in the presence of morbid people who crowded around at ten cents to see him do it. At intervals Bosco would go wild, tug at his chains, throw handfuls of straw and dirt in the air and then snap a snake's head off to vent his rage.

The very first day Bosco did fifteen dollars. After we had installed a good spieler—ballyhoo barker—he could be depended upon to draw twenty dollars a day.

For ten years no street fair or carnival was complete without a Bosco. Next to him as a staple article was the man who would get hypnotized and be buried alive for six days. People were permitted to peep down a square hole at him for five cents week days and ten cents on Saturdays and Sundays. The good people of those little cities seemed to enjoy that immensely. At every performance some would inquire if a buried subject ever failed to come to at the end of his six days. There were many ways of faking an exit for the subject during off hours, but I knew one man, a firm believer in hypnosis, actually to go through with it.

Beginning with our early experiments in the street fairs and the big group syndicates at Coney Island, the summer amusement park attractions—now a distinct branch of the show business—gradually divided themselves into four distinct classes. They are so divided to-day—freak shows, games and rides, animal acts and spectacles.

Under the general heading of freak shows we include such familiar things as East Indian fakirs, sleight of hand, feats of strength, and so on. They even include such attractions as the baby incubator and the glass blowers.

The games and rides take in everything from Japanese ball rolling to the Ferris wheel, the scenic railway and the merry-go-round. Shooting galleries, pony riding and cane ringing also come under this head.

Spectacles take in all outside shows like the outdoor circus, balloon ascensions, high divers and other things that are put on free to ballyhoo the crowd inside. I say free, but there are always special seats that can be had in case one is tired. One is generally tired.

People as a rule don't like free things. They think there is a trick in it, and there usually is. They come out to spend their money and they are going to do it. Not even a showman can stand in their way.

During the war the Government erected a battleship in one of the public squares in New York made of wood and canvas. It was an exact replica of a man-o'-war, even to interior fittings. The idea, of course, was to encourage enlistments in the Navy. After the armistice this battleship was presented to one of the big Coney Island companies, provided they would pay for its removal. It was accepted, but that man-o'-war turned out to be an expensive present. It cost thirty thousand dollars to cut it up

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Ask Your Banker—

"How Can I Protect the Checks I Carry in My Pocket?"

Tell him, "I can't carry a protective machine in my pocket with my check book. What happens if one of my checks is 'raised' (fraudulently altered to read an amount larger than originally written)?"

If your banker provides you with Super-Safety Insured Checks he will answer, "You don't need to carry a protective device. You are positively protected against loss by **Insurance.**"

He will give you a vest-pocket certificate of insurance for $1000, protecting you against loss through fraudulent alteration of checks.

If your banker cannot accommodate you with this *positive protection,* write us for the name of one in your locality who will be glad to do so.

$1,000.00 of check insurance against fraudulent alterations, issued without charge, covers each user against loss.

SUPER-SAFETY Insured BANK-CHECKS

The Bankers Supply Company
The Largest Manufacturers of Bank Checks in the World
NEW YORK CHICAGO DENVER
ATLANTA DES MOINES SAN FRANCISCO

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EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

Office Short Cuts

THE other day I ran across a regular office—one that might properly be called a next year's model. A look round revealed that though the methods and equipment were extremely practical the place might be viewed, so far as offices go, as a prophecy of to-morrow. Labor-saving equipment alone in this office has reduced the personnel more than one-half.

The new manager, who revolutionized this particular business in less than two years, started out with a full recognition of the fact that office workers cannot be handled in precisely the same manner as factory employes. Bearing this in mind he commenced his work by selling his efficiency methods to the office workers in advance of their formal adoption. The campaign of education was designed to show the office force that better jobs and higher wages result from the increased use of automatic devices. His directors were made to understand that in most cases it is downright foolishness to quibble over the first cost of any machine that will save human labor. He further explained that before another decade has passed machines will be used to do all the laborious work in offices, just as they now do in shops.

The first move of the manager on taking hold was to eliminate the overlapping of jobs. In doing this he secured from each employe a list of that person's duties. Study was then given to these reports, and changes were made so that now no two people do the same thing or even parts of the same thing, provided that particular job can be handled more effectively and economically as a unit task. Two or three times each day there was a rush period when a number of office boys were kept quite busy. During other hours of the day there were fewer errands to be done, and the boys were not busy. Department heads were asked to submit lists of small jobs that the boys might do, and as a result of this inquiry the different departments were relieved of numerous small tasks and the value of the errand boys was increased.

An effort was made to save materials as well as time. Wastebaskets were banished from all departments where they were not absolutely necessary. As a result there is less waste of paper, and a reduction in the losses of valuable letters and data which heretofore had been swept from desks accidentally. All letterheads and carbon sheets spoiled in typing, instead of being thrown away are kept for inspection by the head of the stenographic department. To further economy it is required that short letterheads—half sheets—be used for brief letters. Unless there is some good reason for not doing so the rule is to use the back of each incoming letter for the carbon copy of the reply. This conserves time in filing, and saves second sheets as well. Carbon paper is protected from exposure to the air, and rubber bands are kept away from light. All inkwells are covered at night to prevent evaporation, and holders for pencils are used so that short lengths of pencil may be utilized. This of course lengthens the life of each pencil.

Immediate attention was given to the elimination of eyestrain and fatigue from inadequate office illumination. Since clerks and typists use their eyes continuously for close work the lighting should be diffused, so that all shadows are eliminated. This result can be obtained only by a system of indirect lighting, in which the light sources are hidden, the illumination being obtained by means of secondary reflection from the ceiling. Measurements showed that previous to the change in lighting, the office force worked with less than three foot-candles of illumination. The present intensity of light is fourteen foot-candles, and yet there is no glare or condition of overlighting. Under the old system there was a multiplicity of unsightly droplights, the cost of wiring was high, and there was additional expense for wiring each time the position of a desk was shifted. Now the whole office, which occupies nearly half a city block, is uniformly lighted. There is practically no breakage of lamps and the new plan permits the use of larger lamps, which are more efficient than the smaller sizes. The ceilings were painted a pure white, and the surface was given a flat or mat finish, the walls were made a soft pale-olive green with a slightly yellow cast. The upper part of the wall was of a lighter tint than the lower portion.

While working conditions and mechanical equipment were being given close attention the human element problem was also studied. Each worker's position was made definite and his goal visible. Instead of depending on the possibility of periodical salary increases to stimulate productive effort the new manager established a policy of having frequent heart-to-heart talks with all department heads, and requiring them to do the same thing with their subordinates. It is a company rule that each letter and office memorandum shall be signed by an executive personally—not rubber-stamped. Personal notes from the boss are generally appreciated by those under him. Such a plan stimulates goodwill and has a value that pays many times over for the time and effort involved. It is also the policy of the management to pay real money to employes for suggestions that can be utilized to save the company time, labor or material. Whenever a suggestion is accepted and put into practice an announcement to that effect is posted on the bulletin board, the amount of the award is given, and the name of the employe stated. A brief description of the new plan or device is also included. This encourages other employes to go and do likewise.

The manager believes in working according to a schedule, and has set an example for his coworkers by adopting a plan by which definite jobs must be attended to at regular intervals. He keeps a different card for every job, and each card contains the essential facts and figures relating to that particular work. The cards are kept in a tickler, and a certain number of cards—usually one for each half hour of the day—come up for attention each morning. All the desks in the office are arranged so that the work passes in a straight line from inception to completion. All typewriters are equipped with a small device or computer which records the number of strokes made by the typists. The compensation of the operators is determined by the quantity and quality of their work. Intercommunicating telephones save the time of employes in running from desk to desk or from one department to another. Roller stools reduce the effort and fatigue of filing clerks when placing letters in lower drawers. Each desk is supplied with a tray which is especially designed for insertion in the desk drawer. This tray has ten compartments, which are useful for classifying such articles as pencils, clips, erasers and pins. The company requires employes to use fountain pens because of the time saved.

Every employe who has a desk is required to keep correspondence of all kinds out of sight. It is a rule of the company that each man shall start with a clean desk every morning. On each desk is a book file with twelve compartments, all plainly labeled. The first mail is always disposed of before the next one is touched. One compartment or pocket holds incoming mail. Other pockets are labeled To be Signed, Ready for Dictation, Urgent Matters, Matters Pending, Conference Matters, and so on.

Here are a number of other ideas I picked up in my visit to this model office: A loose-leaf system is usually far superior to all plans entailing the use of bound books. With the former scheme fresh accounts or new data can be added quickly, and old records can be easily removed and transferred to a binder. With the use of machines in posting and doing other office work the loose-leaf system is actually a necessity. It also effects a material saving in paper, for in using a bound book it is never possible to tell precisely how much space should be allowed for any particular account or series of entries. The cost of envelopes for handling interdepartmental communications which demand privacy is eliminated by supplying employes with pads of the various forms that are used for sealed messages. Each sheet or form has one edge gummed, and in addition there are dotted lines to show how the form is to be folded, so that the gummed end can be sealed and the form will become its own envelope. In order to avoid the embarrassment and delays caused through sending out letters with illegible signatures it is advisable to have the stenographer typewrite the name of the dictator in full, and later the handwritten signature is added. It is a good plan to change the color of the ink in the stamp pads each year. This will save time and prevent recent letters from being placed in old files.

Much trouble is caused by mistakes that occur through oral orders. One solution for the problem is to have the person who receives the oral order write it down immediately upon triplicate blanks. The original is sent to the person issuing the order, the first carbon is sent to the files, and the second carbon is retained by the recipient

(Continued on Page 40)

PEERLESS

All that the name implies

APRIL 1922

The certainty of performance, the long and uninterrupted service for which the Peerless is particularly noted, tell the buyer of today what he most wants to know—the value that is built into the car.

Such things foretell what he will be getting from his car a year, or five years, after he buys.

They imply not only the lasting satisfaction which the Peerless owner enjoys, but they also attest profound engineering and manufacturing skill, and shop practices which assure the quality to make a motor car investment worth while.

When a car embodies unusual engineering achievement; when it is the product of economical manufacturing; when it yields the unbroken service which Peerless owners prize so highly, can more conclusive evidence of value be supplied?

Yet, to find an approximation of the qualities which give the Peerless its high standing among fine automobiles, it is necessary to seek cars in a higher price-range.

The buying public today appreciates these things—how keenly, is affirmed by the growing new interest in the Peerless, and the feeling that, under Mr. Collins' direction, still better and greater things are to be expected from it.

THEODORE F. MacMANUS

Seven Passenger Touring Car, $2790; Four Passenger Roadster, $2790; Four Passenger Coupé, $3500; Five Passenger Sedan, $3650; Seven Passenger Sedan, $3790; Seven Passenger Sedan-Limousine, $4060; F. O. B. Cleveland

The Peerless Motor Car Company has been acquired and is being operated by R. H. Collins and his associates

Pretty Creepers for Active Tots

No wonder Mothers of small, lively children like "SLIPOVA Creepers". They are so neat—so pretty—so free from frills.

The Creepers, like all "SLIPOVA Clothes for Children," are made of standard fabrics. They wear well and wash perfectly—fast colors. They have double seams where greater strength is necessary. There's no skimping of cloth or finish.

When you recognize the sturdy quality of these "SLIPOVA Clothes for Children" you'll find it hard to realize that most of them sell for not over $1.

THE "SLIPOVA" LABEL IS PROOF OF UNUSUAL QUALITY AND LOWER PRICE.

If your dealer doesn't carry them, write to Dept. D.

McCawley & Co., Inc.
M. W. S. Bldg.
Baltimore, Md.
Sales Office
253 Church St., New York City

Look for the label
SLIPOVA Clothes for Children

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of the order. It often happens that orders from outside are acknowledged in such a way that the company must accept them even when the credit department on investigation recommends that goods shall not be shipped. Trouble on this score is avoided by saying: "Thanks for your order of June thirtieth. It has been given attention and notice of acceptance will follow in due course." Another scheme that sometimes saves trouble is that of keeping envelopes twenty-four hours. Frequently letters come in with the name of the town or state written illegibly or not given at all. Often there are legal reasons why a company would like to know the day or hour a letter was mailed. Though these cases do not occur often they are usually of much importance when they do happen. In adopting such a plan it is well to go a step further and stamp on the envelope the hour and minute at which it is received.

In practically all large offices a material saving results from the centralization of all stenographic work. This avoids waste of typists' time, for each operator can be transferred immediately from one job to another. Stock work of minor importance can always be kept on hand for typists to do in slack hours. It is also possible in this scheme to furnish any officer or employe a high-grade typist for work that entails experience and care. It is further true that with a centralized department the work is of higher grade, for the output is supervised and errors corrected by the head of the department. In such a plan wages and advancement can be more nearly based on individual merit. When the typists of a company are distributed through the various departments there are generally wide variations in wage recommendations, and as a result dissatisfaction arises. In such a plan a typist of only mediocre ability, working for a liberal boss, is likely to receive a higher compensation than a more proficient worker serving an official who is less generous.

In this office the automatic devices are the last word in mechanical ingenuity. One machine classifies a long mailing list and picks out the cards according to the buying powers of the individuals, sex, territory, quantity and quality of purchases, and so on. Two typewriters used in transcribing tabulations are equipped with a traveling indicator which shows by its position when the typist omits a letter or figure. All the typing machines have rubber roller grips attached to the roller knobs. This protects the typists' fingers and diverts the strain from the finger tips. An electric letter opener makes it possible for one person to do the work formerly done by five. It is not unusual for the machine to open five hundred letters a minute. Another appliance feeds envelopes into typing machines with such speed that the average typist using the device is able to increase her production five hundred envelopes a day. The mechanism takes out the addressed envelope and places the one to be addressed in the proper position for the first stroke of the keys.

Even the reference books in the company's library are held by book rests equipped with automatic attachments which turn on electric lights when the books are opened. Closing a book cuts off the current.

The credit department looked more like a well-ordered machine shop than a clerical office. In the past, when hand methods were employed, a typist or bookkeeper did well to head five hundred statements in an eight-hour day. Now one addressing machine will easily head a thousand statements in fifty minutes, and the work is done without error. Getting statements into the hands of customers on the first of the month instead of several days later effects a real saving by speeding up the settlement of accounts. A calculating machine adds, subtracts, multiplies and divides. First it totals the orders; then it proves the extensions and additions on the typed bills; next it adds the sales and distributes them by ledgers, by departments, by lines and by salesmen; and finally it proves the postings on accounts-receivable ledgers, adds and balances the accounts debit and credit, strikes the individual balances and takes off trial balances. A check-writing machine protects the company against changes in the amount of a check or changes in the name of the payee. The manufacturer of the device issues a policy insuring the user against fraud. A typing machine that handles orders and bills by the hundred, making eight or more copies of each sheet, has an attachment that automatically places the carbons between the sheets.

Said the manager: "By using these automatic devices in our office we are able to reduce to a simple mechanical process all figure work known to pencil and pad. This conserves the brain power of our business for important constructive work which requires thoughtful analysis. Nothing kills ambition more quickly than the never-ending routine of mental drudgery in an old-fashioned office."

Financing a Business

TWO celebrated doctors of business finance were discussing their recent experiences in prescribing remedial treatments for sick corporations. They were agreed that much of our present industrial trouble has resulted from both manufacturers and retailers giving first attention to finance rather than to production and merchandising. Some of the observations of these experts will doubtless interest and benefit many executives who are searching for ways out of present business difficulties.

All managers of factories and store owners must determine first of all whether they are going to be manufacturers and merchants or bankers and speculators. The only difference between the manager of a bank and the manager of a manufacturing concern that extends credit over long periods is that the manufacturer lends goods instead of money. It is perfectly proper for a company operating factories to decide on a policy of extending long credits, but it is necessary for the management of such a concern to understand fully that it is going into the banking business and that as a consequence the company must organize its finances accordingly. The banking phases of a business must never be confused with the production operations.

In recent years hundreds of manufacturing companies became imbued with the idea that the speculative side of manufacturing was more profitable than the fabricating and selling ends of the business. Many executives staked the futures of their companies on their ability to purchase raw materials at low prices and later sell these materials in the form of finished articles at high prices. A large percentage of these executives gave very little attention to the conversion processes in the factory, and much attention to guessing the course of raw-material prices. This plan worked all right in a rising market, but it left many companies with heavy inventories when the market turned. Unfortunately most of the business speculators refused to take their losses early in the decline, and this foolish action caused the extension of loans in many cases to the breaking point.

The business depression of 1921 has taught many old lessons and added some new ones. It is unwise to try to maintain prices by curtailing production. Such a plan only further depresses raw-material prices and makes it harder for the manufacturer to get out whole. A large inventory is looked upon as an evidence of speculation when the tide turns unfavorably and prices recede. It should be looked upon in precisely the same way, and regarded with just as little favor, when prices are rising. When an executive accumulates large supplies of raw materials or other goods and makes money in the operation, he is said to be farsighted. But the fact remains that whether he makes money or loses money he is a speculator all the same. A profitable outcome to guessing markets is pleasant, but it does not add to the virtue of a dangerous business practice. Business speculation is all right when it goes by that name, but it is all wrong when it is called manufacturing. It is as difficult for a business man who speculates in raw materials to keep his head in a time of serious emergency as it it for the speculator in the stock market. However, in the case of the latter, usually he alone suffers, while in the case of the manufacturer his mistakes in guessing often bring misery to a whole community.

The present time is a period when business men should give more attention to production methods in mine, mill and factory, and devote less thought to the banking departments of their companies. Skill in manufacturing and merchandising is much more to be desired to-day than skill in borrowing money. The idea that money produces goods is an age-old fallacy. The truth is that goods produce money. It goes without saying that finance in business is important, but the time is coming when the ability to apply effective and economical production methods in the operation of a business will be a far greater asset in a manager than ability to devise ways to raise an ever-increasing supply of capital. The efficient manager must know the difference between fixed capital and working capital. He must know that though it is often necessary to borrow money to finance operations it is unwise and dangerous to borrow to meet depletion of fixed capital.

Many companies that are in trouble now require more scientific management rather than more money. The best way to decrease costs and increase production is to adopt better methods for routing work and handling labor. One big company recently was pulled off the rocks of failure by the efficient work of a committee of systematizers known as a planning board. A rearrangement of the machinery in the company's various plants brought a saving of 20 per cent in production costs, while the dismissal of superfluous executives who had been kept busy getting out of one another's way caused a further saving of nearly 10 per cent in overhead expenses. A recent analysis by a world-famous firm of statisticians showed that far more business failures are caused by incompetence than by lack of capital. Sound estimates of costs were shown to be the foundation of successful business.

Every business man should understand that gains and losses in business move largely in cycles. Many failures result from executives foolishly assuming that their companies' success has been due wholly to the efficiency of their management, whereas, in fact, they have been carried forward by an expanding cycle. Two men may have equal ability and yet one may start in business at the commencement of a period of inflation and grow rich, while the other may go into business at the start of a time of contraction and fail. The only sound plan is to work with the idea that large profits during a cycle of expansion will be at least partly counterbalanced by large losses during a subsequent time of depression. Wise managers prepare for lean years by building up an adequate reserve. Never estimate gains as complete and solid before the end of a cycle.

Every business man should prepare a budget and strictly adhere to the program formulated. There is no other way to control plant and equipment expenditures properly. The small business man should not overlook the fact that bank credit can often be obtained through the use of a life-insurance policy. When the individual's name is good such a policy made out to a bank to cover the amount of money borrowed may prove a deciding factor in consummating a loan. Reports prepared for bankers should not be greatly condensed, but on the other hand should contain all important details. In negotiating a loan it is advisable to prepare and present to the banker an estimated future balance sheet with the current balance sheet. The corporation's future position is of as much interest to the lending bank as is the present position of the borrower. Some concerns now assume that money for advertising is expended to purchase goodwill, and since the courts have declared goodwill to be property it follows that advertising expense is an asset and may be used as a foundation for credit.

In the cases of many corporations to-day the need of money is only a symptom, while the basic ailment is faulty management. Though it is desirable that business executives should be familiar with fundamental financial principles it is more necessary that they should clearly understand the relation of increased turnover to increased profit. Wide margins of profit invite competition. It is better to turn the capital of a company three times a year, each time making 7 per cent profit on sales, than to turn the capital only once and make 21 per cent on the single turnover. What most American firms need at present is not more money but a better sales effort. An improvement in selling methods means an increase in turnover and a resulting reduction in production costs and overhead charges.

fresh from the factory

We have always guaranteed the quality of TUXEDO—now we guarantee its condition when it reaches you.

© Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED
—which means that if you don't like TUXEDO tobacco you can get your money back from the dealer.

Read the little booklet attached to every tin—The story of FRESH TUXEDO.

MEN who understand the distinction between authentic style and temporary fads buy Stetsons.

Not only because a Stetson looks so well, but because it looks well so long.

There is a smartness about this Stetson stiff hat that becomes almost every man either for business or semi-formal wear. You will find this model and others at your Stetson hatter's.

Spring and warm sunshine—and a Stetson soft hat like the one shown here. Fine blocking, absolute style and Stetson quality pay you a real dividend on your investment.

STETSON HATS

STYLED FOR YOUNG MEN

THE POETS' CORNER

After Drought

ACROSS the hills I saw them come
To save the famished grain,
A regiment too long delayed
The ragged hosts of rain.

Their bayonets were slanting now
Against the darkened sky;
I heard the thunder's cannonade
When the blue ranks marched by.

They stormed into the valley. Hark!
That sound of silver feet!
The land cried for deliverance,
And, oh, the rain was sweet!

They swept through dusty highways, far
Beyond the wide, parched plain;
And everyone leaned out to greet
The tattered hosts of rain.

—Charles Hanson Towne.

Summer in England

IN ENGLAND, in summer, the sky is very blue,
And the grass grows greener than anywhere I know.
The low thatched roofs, elm and oak and yew
Shine in the sun, and the crimson roses blow.
Oh, summertime in England, with soft days, and rains,
And English girls and English lads in fragrant Surrey lanes!

I rode down to Winchester. The hills were at peace,
And I saw rivers winding, like ribbons, far away;
I saw the rich grain and the haymows increase,
And the green hedges glisten through the long, slow day.
Oh, summertime in England, with the sad war over—
How wonderful the Canterbury bells and the clover!

The old walls spoke to me; the old homes said,
"It's beautiful in England with the mad war done!"
But I thought as I passed them, oh, I thought of the dead,
Of boys who would not see again this radiant sun.
For summertime in England is glorious and good,
And the hollyhocks laugh, and the poppy in its hood.

Is it lovelier now, I wonder? Are the gardens more fair? . . .
A girl looks up at the sky as I pass;
And I know she is thinking of somebody there,
Who loved rolling meadows and thick English grass.
Oh, summertime in England—my eyes are very dim—
Summertime for her again, but nevermore for him! —Charles Hanson Towne.

In the Garden

I KNOW a sunny garden
That overlooks the sea,
Hedged all around with hollyhocks
And pinks for company;
And pale nuns' roses one may weave
In wreaths for memory.

No dial's in the garden;
The sunny hours go,
And only wild bees' humming,
When April winds are low,
Makes count of all the minutes
It takes sweet blooms to blow.

There's one dear path that loiters
Where beds of asters keep
Perpetual troth with daisies,
And slim petunias weep
Because the grim snapdragons
Have haled them from their sleep.

A path where night moths whitely,
Against the blur of showers,
Go fluttering through the twilight
Like lost souls of the flowers;
And fireflies dance their revels
All through the mist-hung hours.

The path we found and followed
That unforgotten June,
When microphylla roses
Were whitening 'neath the moon,
And, palpitant with passion,
The lilies lay aswoon.

With white stars sown like snowflakes
Across the wide skies blue,
And every flower breathing
Of youth and loving too,
What wild wind leaped from heaven
To sadden me and you?

For never by the borders,
Where roses dream and die,
Shall you and I go wandering
Beneath a twilight sky,
Like ghosts from out some lovely year
Too sweet for memory.

And never in the garden
Shall we two walk again,
In sad or sunny weather,
In sunshine or in rain,
To gather rue for broken hearts
Or rosemary for pain.

—Mary Lanier Magruder.

Ballade of Old Ladies

GRANDMA'S gone on a jamboree,
All dressed up like twenty-one;
Her skirts are just below her knee,
Her beauty is that neatly done
It almost fools her daughter's son.
With face so fixed she dare not smile,
She's wide awake and full of fun—
Old Ladies have gone out of style.

In other epochs Miss Ann Tique
Had on the shelf been laid away,
Too lone, neglected, prim and meek
To do a thing except crochet.
She leads the Younger Set to-day,
And leads it just about a mile.
She's darting, debonair and gay
Old Ladies have gone out of style.

The dodo and the matron old,
The dinosaur and ancient maid,
Men's eyes shall nevermore behold;
Their memory begins to fade.
All women now are in one grade,
Employ the same sartorial guile,
Are young and youthfully arrayed—
Old Ladies have gone out of style.

L'envoi

Sweet sixty, Prince, and sweet sixteen
Affect one fashion and one wile,
And the same way to perk and preen—
Old Ladies have gone out of style.

—Thomas Lomax Hunter.

Ask—your fire-chief your building inspector your conscience

Do you dare to be without an Asbestos Roof?

EVEN if you must think about price, it has small bearing on this question. Asbestos Roofing is not expensive. For instance, Johns-Manville Flexstone Asbestos Shingles (slate-surfaced), which are designed for the average home, cost but a quarter-cent more per shingle than the ordinary rag-felt composition shingles.

And what do you get for this extra quarter-cent?

A fire-chief will tell you that you get fire-safety—a virtue that is common to all Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofings, either in shingle or roll form. Thousands of doubters on this point have been convinced by the famous Johns-Manville blow-torch test and by the fact that these roofings are given highest ratings by Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

A building inspector will tell you that you get permanence, for Asbestos is not only fire-proof, as we all know, but, as not so many of us know, it is also rot-proof. So that an Asbestos Roofing never needs painting or refinishing or any protective measures as do roofings of less enduring organic materials.

Finally, if you let your conscience decide, it will surely agree that you cannot give less than the protection of Asbestos to your home or to any structure on which your welfare or prosperity depend. So, on all counts, fire protection, permanence, low up-keep cost, you find Johns-Manville Asbestos the logical choice.

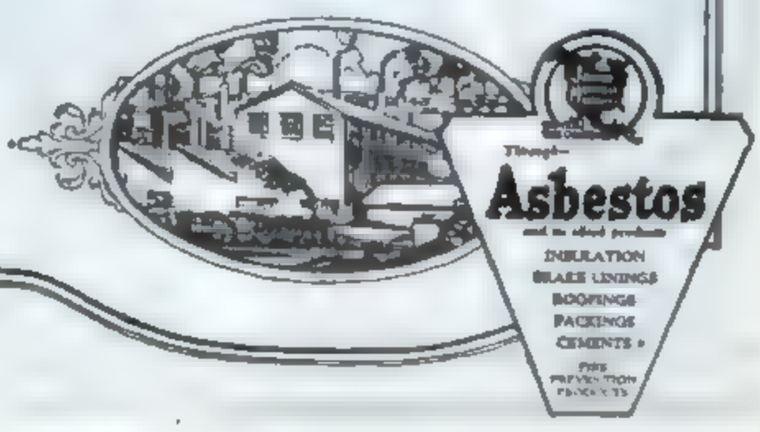
There is a Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofing, either in shingle or roll form, for every type of building. (See chart on right.) In every case the cost is low when you consider the protection provided.

JOHNS-MANVILLE Inc.
Madison Avenue at 41st Street, New York City
Branches in 60 Large Cities
For Canada: Canadian Johns-Manville Co., Ltd., Toronto

What Type of Asbestos Roofing?
This chart will help you decide

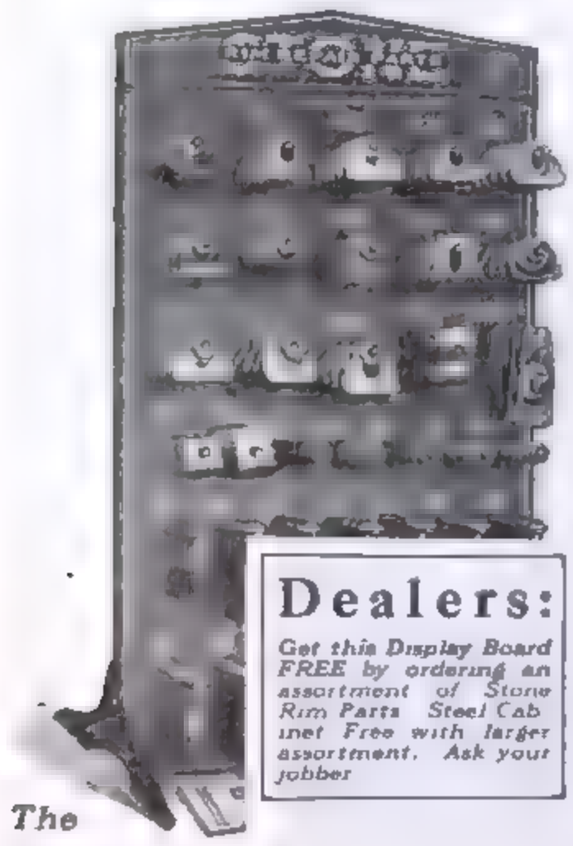
Kind of Building	Type of Asbestos Roofing	Brand or Trade Name
Small buildings	Slate surfaced roll roofing or shingles	Flexstone—red or green
Dwellings [illegible]	Slate surfaced roll roofing or shingles, or rigid asbestos shingles	Flexstone—red or green; right red, brown or gray
Dwellings $7,000-$25,000	Rigid asbestos shingles	Standard or extra thick—red, brown, gray or blended
Dwellings $25,000 upwards	Rigid asbestos shingles	Colorbrende—flexstone, brown with or without red or gray accidentals
Factories, shops and mills—monitor and Sawtooth roofs*	3 or 4 ply ready roofing	Johns-Manville Asbestos Ready Roofing or Built-up Roofing
Flat roofs—all buildings*	Built-up roofing	Johns-Manville Built-up Roofing
Skeleton frame buildings—standard conditions*	Corrugated asbestos roofing with steel reinforcement	Johns-Manville Corrugated Asbestos Roofing
Skeleton frame buildings—excessive temperature or condensation conditions*	Corrugated asbestos roofing without steel reinforcement	Johns-Manville Transite Corrugated Asbestos Wood Roofing

*Note—Industrial buildings call for expert advice
A roofing expert is available at all Johns-Manville Branches.



JOHNS-MANVILLE Asbestos Roofing

STONE
Rim Parts
LUGS BOLTS NUTS


Dealers:
Get this Display Board FREE by ordering an assortment of Stone Rim Parts Steel Cabinet Free with larger assortment. Ask your jobber

The
SIGNAL of
Rim Service
. . . for YOUR car

Now, it's as easy and convenient to equip your car with right rim parts as it is to take on gasoline. Locate the nearest store that sells Stone Rim Parts. Look for the Stone Display Board or Cabinet. There you'll find the parts you need for your car—lugs, bolts, nuts—right in size and shape—perfect in fit.

Carry Extra Stone Rim Parts
6 lugs, 6 bolts, 6 nuts
—5c to 30c each

Don't take a chance. Take along extra Stone Rim Parts as insurance against rim mishaps, dangers and delays.

Stone *oversize* lugs take up wear space, fit firmly and tightly. All Stone Parts are galvanized malleable iron—tough and strong to stand the strain of steady service. Only Stone Parts GUARANTEED—accept no substitute. Dealers supplied through jobbers.

STONE
Interchangeable
RIMS

Tire changing is a quick, easy job on Stone Interchangeable Rims. No loose parts. No hinged joints. Interchange with 80% of all demountable rims. Dealers: Your jobber will supply you.

The Stone Manufacturing Company
1502 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago
135 Wooster Street, New York City
216 Higgins Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.
202 Postal Telegraph Bldg., San Francisco, Calif.

BUCKET SHOPS AND HOW TO AVOID THEM

(Continued from Page 4)

nowadays is to relieve the public of their money. Such houses expect that sometime before the expiration of the payment the stock bought by the client will have so declined in the market price that it can be purchased at a profit to the broker.

"In the event that this is not true, their practice is to induce the client to purchase additional stock on partial payments, using the stock paid for as collateral, in the hope that before these payments are completed either or both may be covered at a profit."

Nevertheless, there are a number of important New York Stock Exchange firms which do a very substantial and legitimate business in fractional lots of stock—less than 100 shares—on the partial-payment plan, and nothing in what is stated herein should be taken as contrary to that assertion. It is therefore not necessary for anyone who wishes to deal in odd lots to go elsewhere than to members of the New York Stock Exchange. That institution, by the way, has promised to give more consideration to those who deal in small lots.

Then there are what are known as correspondents, consisting of brokerage firms operating in other cities, connected with New York houses by private wire. These concerns stand on their own responsibility, but from reading their signs one would think that they were controlled or backed by the houses whom they claim to be their New York correspondents. Last night I met a broker from a town in New York State who was a creditor to the extent of $60,000 on the books of a Consolidated house which recently failed.

His clients in the home town had perfect confidence in him, and he had sufficient confidence in the New York broker to leave all that equity there; but when the New York house failed he did not see how he could do anything but make an assignment. This shows that in dealing with an out-of-town broker who is not a member of any exchange there is a double risk—that of his failure, and that of the failure of the main house.

Investment Through Banks

Branch offices of New York Stock Exchange or Consolidated Exchange houses carry the responsibility of the main organizations.

There are many advantages in dealing directly with a New York Stock Exchange house or its branch office; or with a member of the Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Detroit or other Stock Exchange; or you can have your securities purchased and sold by your own bank, trust company or banking house. Small investors and those who are not thoroughly familiar with the Wall Street ropes should have no hesitation in employing their banking institutions for this purpose. Any bank or trust company with whom you deal will be glad to purchase sound stocks and bonds, either outright or with the understanding that you are to pay part at the time of purchase and more at certain intervals later on. Though this does not duplicate the partial-payment plan it amounts to the same thing. Furthermore, your bank is always glad to see you making investment purchases and thus strengthening your financial resources. It helps your credit and there is a strong element of safety about it, which certainly is absent when dealing with bucketeers. Your bank will also take care of the certificates for you, make sure they are in proper form, collect the dividends and credit your account; and when you decide to sell you have only to give the bank written instructions to that effect and the proceeds will be credited to your account. Owing to these many advantages the number of security buyers who are dealing through their banking institutions and banking houses is increasing steadily.

To the inexperienced section of the public nearly all brokerage houses look alike. It is a fact peculiar to the business that one cannot judge by appearances, either of the office, the sign, the size or style of the equipment; for the bucket shop, in attempting to conceal its real character, disguises itself as a legitimate house. In some cases these outfits have begun business on just about enough capital to furnish an office and do some advertising. The money that they have thereafter gathered in, although it belongs to their clients, is considered as the capital or the bank roll of the house. Recently an attempt was made by a crook who called an investor by telephone to urge her to buy a certain security. He said that if she would give him the order he would send a boy around for the check. She grew a little suspicious, and, tracing the call, found that it came from a public telephone booth; that the so-called broker was not only unknown but had no office!

A bucket shop may have a great deal in cash and securities in the bank and in the safe-deposit box, but that does not make it solvent. The test is: How would it liquidate? It has been positively demonstrated in the failures of late—which occurred mostly after clients forced the houses continually to pay out—that generally there is not enough to go around in the final showdown. Take the case of one firm which recently failed with liabilities of $1,500,000. The petition stated that assets amounted to $150,000, but the attorney for the firm says that this is a gross underestimate, and that they will probably amount to $500,000; but even at that, there is a firm which had $1,000,000 of the public's money which it was apparently unable to pay.

Or the case of another house, which failed for $4,000,000. Its so-called assets, largely stocks owned by customers, were absorbed in salaries, which alone exceeded $1,000,000 a year, and other expenses which brought the total up to around $2,000,000. Much of it was gambled away in the grain market. Testimony before the special commissioner in this case developed the fact that the business had been robbed from the inside. "Salaries of the highest amounts were paid, expense bills of tremendously large figures were sent in and O.K'd." The man who had charge of the salaries and expenses received $12,000 a year himself, yet had nothing to say about the running of the business. Funds which were sent in by customers in payment of stocks that were never delivered were used up in expenses.

Large amounts were withdrawn from the firm before it failed.

Is it not amazing that in this enlightened age our banking institutions should be held under close supervision by the state and Federal authorities, while any Tom, Dick or Harry is permitted to come down to Wall Street, open an office, and handle millions of the public's money—in cases much more than some of the banks? Brokerage concerns of both legitimate and illegitimate character are really fiduciaries—that is, they occupy positions of trust. Their money is not in the public's hands, but the public's money is in their hands. Therefore not only Stock Exchange but state and Federal supervision should be in actual control of their operations.

The Desire to Take a Chance

No legitimate house should fail because all its clients withdraw their cash, stocks and bonds; its capital should be intact, with deductions for any operating loss which it might have sustained, or plus any profits which might have accrued. The wide discrepancy between assets and liabilities in recent failures has proved beyond a doubt that these houses were either previously insolvent or had drawn out money and concealed it so that they would not have to pay out what they had acquired in recent years of prosperity.

It is a common impression in Wall Street that the public consists of every person except the one who is reading the item or listening to a conversation in which the public is referred to. The fact is that everyone who deals in securities, whether for investment or for trading profits, forms a grain in that great mass known as the American investment public.

Although among the few there is considerable thirst for investment knowledge, the vast majority of the public is still in the Dark Ages in this respect. Many letters that I receive show that the writers look upon the buying and selling of stocks as more or less of a gambling operation. They write, "The very wealthy people can buy bonds, but with our limited resources"—anywhere from $1000 to $50,000—"we feel more like taking a chance on something." And it is this desire to take a chance which leads so many of them into the hands of the bucketeers.

Investment involves the placing of money solely for income. Speculation requires the use of intelligent foresight for the purpose of making a profit from market fluctuations. On the other hand, gambling is the employment of funds without the use of intelligent foresight. That is the attitude of most people when they enter the market.

Having no intimate knowledge of the business of investment or speculation, or even of gambling in stocks, the public extends its large furry ear, as Elbert Hubbard would say, to the first suggestion which comes to it sounding plausible. Give such a public oodles of money as it has had during the past few years, then turn a gang of crooks loose on it, and one can readily imagine what havoc will result.

The average trader is governed by two emotions—cupidity and fear. His desire for gain leads him to take chances, and his fear of loss induces him to venture just as small an amount as he can up to the time when he begins to make some money in the market. Then he unbelts; his cupidity knows no bounds. He neglects his job, business or profession in order to devote his time to the market. Although one of the first principles in successful speculation is the limiting of losses and letting profits run, he generally reverses this rule, taking small profits and letting his losses run, pinning a hope on the latter in full confidence that though these trades are running against him the price will recover and he will get out at a profit eventually.

Juggling Penny Stocks

The bucketeer takes full advantage of these very human tendencies. He approaches his prospect with the offer to carry a large line of stocks on a small margin. Some months before the failure of a former member of a New York Consolidated Exchange house, an employe of that firm called one of my men and offered to buy 1000 shares of stock selling at something under twenty dollars per share on a margin of $400. The prospect of carrying such a large line on such a small amount of money would appeal to many people who did not know their business, but in this case all the solicitor got out of it was a cheerful grin. What he wanted to do was to make a book entry of the proposed transaction and then, when the stock declined three-eighths of a dollar per share, cross it out and pocket the $400. If after that trade was made he could induce the intended client to deposit more money he would eventually have procured for himself, by some of the ways which I will describe, the balance as well as the original deposit. He would have followed the well-known confidence-man method of building up an account, and then, in the parlance of the bucket shops, send it to the cleaner's—a process which I will also describe.

The public likes to buy a whole lot of shares—a big block—of low-priced stocks dealt in on the Curb at cents per share, because it is figured that in case of a rise the percentage of profit will be very large; but as most stocks selling below a dollar per share are worth very little, and as the majority of these issues are juggled around by one or more bucket shops so that such buyers eventually will be wiped out, one can readily understand how the public, in dealing in the penny stocks, plays into the hands of these pirates. Take a man who buys 1000 shares of such stock at sixty cents, on the recommendation found in a market letter which has been sent to 500,000 other customers or prospects, and out of which emanate orders for 50,000 shares of that cheap sixty-cent stock. When these orders are received the stock, which may have been one of the firm's own worthless promotions, is run up to seventy-five cents, and all or most of the orders are filled at that figure, the price being more or less fictitious. After this is done the price of the stock is worked down to sixty cents or fifty cents, and all those who are carrying it are promptly called for margin. If their original purchases were made at seventy-five cents, and the stock is now at the half-dollar mark, that is a shrinkage of 33⅓ per cent, or about the amount which is required as margin by houses that carry such "securities."

But the business of the bucket shops is only partially in these low-priced Curb

(Continued on Page 46)

THE TWIN-SIX

What is it in the Packard Twin-Six that has aroused in its owners an allegiance that any other car seems powerless to disturb?

The fundamental cause is of course the unchanging excellence of Twin-Six performance, but there are many other reasons than this.

If you will think a moment you will realize that you have never seen a Twin-Six body that was anything but tight and sound and plumb.

You will recall, again, that almost never have you seen a dilapidated Twin-Six fender, nor a Packard wheel but ran staunchly and true.

Twin-Sixes that have years of service and tens of thousands of miles behind them still hold the deep lustre of their enamel and paint.

Their doors "chuck" solidly shut; their controls work smoothly and softly; every item of equipment serves and looks as when new.

The rugged structure of the car—the great frame and the stout axles—remains rigid, silent and secure, seemingly immune even to abuse.

Such qualities as these in the Twin-Six underlie its increasing popularity, and continually reinforce the leadership this fine car enjoys.

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY · DETROIT

Motor Cars and Motor Trucks

The Twin-Six touring, $3850 *at* Detroit
The Single-Six touring, $2350 *at* Detroit

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

Have you Spring in your feet?

ARE your feet joyous and ready for a brisk walk through the fresh, spring sunshine, or are they crippled and sick with corns and other foot ills?

Do you know that at last you can get a smart, trim shoe that is fit for dainty feet and yet does not cramp and distort the bones? It's the Modified Educator. A shoe that "lets the feet grow as they should." Yet is stylish and in good taste.

This shoe is a boon to women who are on their feet a lot, yet do not like to sacrifice appearance to comfort.

See the Modified Educator. Note its graceful lines and then realize that this shoe can never cause foot misery. It's the shoe you have been looking for.

Your local TEL-U-WHERE Bureau will give you the name of the nearest Educator dealer.

Write for "*Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet*"—full of unusual foot information.

RICE & HUTCHINS, INC.
14 High St., Boston, Mass.

MODIFIED EDUCATOR SHOE REG'D FOR WOMEN

(Continued from Page 44)

stocks. Big plays for the public's money are made in New York Stock Exchange securities, and most of the so-called big fellows among the bucketeers—that is, those who do not bother with small fry—will not look at an account which contains an equity of less than $5000. That they consider as worth going after. You perhaps are a business man, a lawyer or a doctor in a city or town within a day's train ride of New York. You occasionally deal in stocks, but do not claim to be an expert. You have a leaning toward it, however, and when in your daily paper you note an attractive-looking ad in which E. M. Fillem & Co. offer to send you a Special Analysis of Bethlehem Steel showing some of its possibilities, you promptly spend a two-cent stamp and thereby let yourself in for a lot of trouble. You do not know Fillem & Co., never heard of them, but the advertisement looks good and the stock is one that appeals to you. You have read a great deal about Mr. Schwab, and you feel that if they paint the picture in the right colors you could be persuaded to become one of his business partners by purchasing some shares of Bethlehem.

Before twenty-four hours have passed you receive a telegram from Fillem & Co.: "Trying to get you long-distance phone. Call New York operator. Very important." Simultaneously, perhaps, you are informed by the telephone operator that New York is calling. You judge from this that it must be important or they would not spend $4.30 for a few minutes' conversation with you. Getting into connection you find a suave young man at the other end of the phone, with a sincere and hasty desire to be of service to you. His firm has received your request for a circular on Bethlehem Steel, and they are sending it. "There is no hurry about the Bethlehem Steel—it is in an excellent position and will undoubtedly rise," but what he called you up about was something that would not wait. In fact—and here he grows very confidential—his firm has an order to accumulate 50,000 shares of Studebaker, and he called you in order to give you an opportunity to get aboard before the fireworks start. Unfortunately there was some delay in his getting the phone connection, and in order to make sure that you were not omitted he has bought 200 Studebaker for you at 98. It is now selling at 99, so that without your having put up a cent thus far he has made an actual profit for you. If you will just forward a small amount of margin—nothing like the amount probably required by your local brokers—he will see that the stock is carried for you.

A Look Into the Kitchen

You forward a check for $1000, which, he says, will carry 200 shares, and the next day he calls you up again and says that Studebaker is getting along wonderfully; that they are picking up the stock and expect it will sell at $125 a share in short order. Have you any more money which might be used in making this wonderful clean-up? You have. You send $3000 more and buy another 400 shares. Perhaps one or two more telephone calls may be used to ascertain whether you have any more available money for margin. If not, the final call contains a very offhand request—oh, very offhand! In fact, he just happened to remember it before he hung up. The P. S. is this: "By the way, I expect they will rush Studebaker up very fast tomorrow afternoon, and if you want me to close that out at what I have reason to believe will be the highest price of the day, just drop me a line authorizing the firm to accept orders from me for your account and will attend to that little matter for you. Then I will send you a fat check and you will be thousands of dollars to the good."

You write the letter authorizing him to do the trick. In a day or two you find that not only has your Studebaker been closed out at the lowest price of the day's session, but that you have been put long of 1000 Mexican Petroleum at $125, and sold out at $120. You did not realize that in giving him such a letter you practically placed in his hands a power of attorney to act for you—gave him authority to trade for your account and risk at his own discretion—made it possible for him to send you to the cleaner's. For the transactions which result in the wiping out of the margin you have sent him, and leave you $1000 in debt, are duly recorded on purchase and sales slips with the name of the buyer and the seller in each case, except that if you were able to go behind the scenes you would find that the vital trades which resulted in such large and swift losses were fictitious transactions, and the broker with whom these trades were made did not actually buy from or sell to your broker this unfortunate Mexican Petroleum, but he was merely paid a fee of fifty cents or one dollar per hundred shares for permitting his name to be used in this fraudulent trade.

How Your Goose is Cooked

I realize that in thus taking the public into the kitchen and showing them how some of their meals are cooked I am spoiling their appetite for certain dishes. That is just what I hope to do. And I shall exert further efforts along this line until by one means or another I assist in inducing the American people to use common sense in their security-market transactions.

I feel sure that you, reader, would not intrust $5000 to a stranger who rushed up to your office or your home and on one excuse or another tried to induce you to let him have the money in order that he might buy any other kind of goods, commodity or piece of property for your account and risk. You would not do this with anyone but perhaps one of your most intimate friends. As for mere acquaintances, you would never consider such an action for a moment. Why, then, should you put your good American dollars into hands that go with a voice over the telephone—a man whom you have never seen, working for a firm that you do not know and never heard of until you saw their advertisement?

Legitimate stock-brokerage houses do not go to such extremes, do not excitedly urge you to open an account or to put your money in their hands; they do not solicit and would not accept discretionary authority from you, for they realize that it is not only a questionable practice but if persisted in would lead to expulsion from the New York Stock Exchange if they were represented thereon.

You cannot butt into the inner circles of Wall Street by long-distance telephone. But this is only one means of interesting you. There is the subtle correspondence, with its suggestions that you buy this or that. There are the telegrams which come along at frequent intervals, urging you to make your first venture. And last, but not least, there is the traveling salesman, who just happened to be out this way and dropped in to make your personal acquaintance. He also is a very smooth-talking gentleman, knows all about the market, tells you what a fine house he is working for, names some of the big transactions they have had, assures you that their operations are for some of the greatest financiers and that their confidential relations with eminent houses are of the very best. Personal acquaintance goes a long way; you feel that if the house is anything like its representative you would like to deal there, and perhaps you permit the salesman to carry away with him a check for your first deposit.

Why not take the same precautions as you do in your general business transactions? If you are a manufacturer and you are selling a line of goods to a house for the first time you have your credit men look them up. You procure commercial-agency reports, you request your bank to inquire of its New York correspondent, you ask the buyer for numerous trade references, and you otherwise satisfy yourself that if you sell him the goods you will eventually get your money. When it comes to dealing in stocks, why throw all these conservative business methods to the winds? There is nothing peculiar about a brokerage house which entitles it to more confidence than you would give to a commercial organization.

You are venturing in a business of which you know little or nothing. Would you do that in manufacturing or merchandising? Is it not better to venture in timidly at first, with very small amounts of money that you can afford to lose? Should not the same set of brains that guides you to success in your own field be employed for your protection and profit in the field of finance? I believe that it should, and that is my object in showing how the bucketeers of 1922 are able to part you from your money, why you owe it to yourself to learn something about brokers and securities before you go in. It is a business in which the richest, most powerful, most influential, as well as the shrewdest among the real financiers do not find it so easy to make and to keep money; hence your success depends not upon what someone tells you or claims to be able to tell you about the business, but, as in every other field of endeavor, it depends upon the knowledge which you seek, make your own and turn to your own purposes.

Symptoms of Bucketeering

Investment information is available from the best channels; it is invaluable to you in your present business or profession. It is especially necessary to you in your later years, during which such a large percentage of Americans find themselves in a dependent position. In other words, financial independence is something that can be studied and finally attained by any man intelligent enough to make a living elsewhere; but my word of warning is that in his pursuit of this form of knowledge he should not be guided by the pseudophilanthropists known in Wall Street as bucketeers.

I have shown in the foregoing some of the ways in which bucket shops may be identified and avoided: By the

1. Frantic efforts to secure your business, regardless of expense.
2. Munchausen-like stories which they tell you in order to induce you to trade.
3. Small amount of money which they require in comparison with that exacted by legitimate New York Stock Exchange houses.
4. Corporations with which they are identified and whose stocks they are trying to sell you.
5. Representations that they have previously bought for you a lot of stock which already shows a profit.
6. Their request for authority to trade for your account.
7. Inducing you to deposit your present holdings in order to purchase additional stock.
8. Representations that the firm is operating for pools or insiders.

There are a number of other earmarks of the bucket shop, which I will endeavor to explain in another article; also, what remedies I have proposed for the present situation, and what steps the stock exchanges, the state and Federal authorities are taking toward its elimination.

WILLYS-KNIGHT

At a low *new* price of

$1375

f. o. b. Toledo

A new, delightful motoring experience awaits thousands who are now able to own and enjoy the brilliant flexibility and luxury which has long made the Willys-Knight car a favorite with people of greater means.

YOU now can own a car whose life is measured by scores and even hundreds of thousands of miles, with coach and chassis built extra strong and extra quiet to avoid even those minor noises which the quiet Willys-Knight Motor would accentuate and make intolerable.

You can free yourself from the annoyance of motor repairs and adjustments; from valve grinding and from noise.

You can enjoy the surprising economy which only a Willys-Knight owner knows, for the Willys-Knight car combines its peculiarly low upkeep economies with the largest known gasoline mileage of any car of its power and weight.

Touring Car, *now* $1375 · Roadster, *now* $1350 · Coupé, *now* $1875 · Sedan, *now* $2095

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., Toledo, Ohio · *Canadian Factory*, Willys-Overland, Ltd., West Toronto, Ontario, Canada

The Willys-Knight Motor Improves With Use

Use PLATE Glass ©

For Every Kind of Motor Car Use

For the windshield and windows in your motor car no other kind of glass can take the place of plate glass. It gives clarity of vision that nothing else can equal. For it never deceives the eye or the wheel-hands.

For every car, large or small, open or closed, plate glass means certainty and safety in driving, beauty of appearance, and the firm knowledge that you are seeing things as they are and never distorted by waves and swirls that distort the view.

People cover their dining-tables with plate glass protection because plate glass is smooth, level, sag-free. For the same reasons, you need it for replacements when accidents break the glass in your motor car.

PLATE GLASS MANUFACTURERS of AMERICA

Nothing Else is Like it ©

Genuine PLATE GLASS MADE IN U.S.A.

Sense and Nonsense

The Strong Silent Man

TALL, heavily built, with deep-set eyes, a prominent jaw, and slow but deliberate of speech. There you have the typical strong silent man, to look at.

The impressions he makes on you are subtle. You can tell he has an iron will and a relentless determination to get what he wants in spite of every obstacle in his way. Note the tightly compressed lips. He is a born fighter. It is in his bearing. But he would give up his life for his friend, without even telling his wife about it beforehand. He would be as steady as a rock in a crisis.

The great strength of the strong silent man is his weakness; he has an enormous respect for women, and a heart that melts at the sight of a weeping child.

Before you are aware of it you are weaving a story round him. He is obviously a devoted son; but it is possible that until he has learned to understand his wife or, rather, she has learned to understand him, he would make an overbearing husband. Consider the beetling brows.

But there is a pathetic wistfulness about the strong silent man. He will marry late and, until then, lead a lonely life, in spite of his many friends. His greatest wish is to spend the winter evenings sitting by the anthracite stove, watching his wife darn his socks. He makes enormous holes in them. But it is some time before he finds a fitting partner, and so this wish is destined to remain unfulfilled until he is approaching middle age. And if he should make a mistake and find himself darning her stockings instead—that is to say, if he should marry a stronger and more talkative woman —— But, of course, he never makes mistakes.

That is the story you will weave round the strong silent man. But you will discover if you get to know him better that things are not wholly what they seem. The silence that has so intrigued your imagination is only one of his many moods. At times he unbends. When that happens he not only talks but jabbers.

You immediately lose the illusion of his mental strength, and though he appears physically strong he never takes any exercise. Losing also that illusion, you readjust your ideas, and begin to find that he is both clumsy and stupid. You had endowed him with qualities he doesn't possess.

He is neither strong nor silent. He is a big stiff!

Fishing à la Grand Cañon

AT THE Grand Cañon in Arizona it has ever been the custom of the Fred Harvey Company to employ an official and professional romancer whose duty it is to hang about and stuff the visiting Eastern tourist with weird wild yarns to match the weird wild surroundings. For years the principal entertainer was an ancient gentleman with long white whiskers whose fictions were almost as majestic and awe-inspiring as the cañon itself. Lately another aspirant has turned up in the person of a venerable retired prospector, and he is giving the incumbent a close race for first honors.

The newcomer has a natural sense of drama. He knows how to invest his creations with effective byplay and bits of local color. First he murmurs, "Excuse, please," then he squirts a stream of tobacco juice into space, repeats his apology, tugs at the ends of his long drooping mustache, gives the cowboy hitch to his belt and is ready to unfold a dream tale.

Here is a quaint bit of folklore which he unloaded the other day upon a guileless group of visitors from the Atlantic Seaboard. One of the party asked him whether there was any fishing in the turbid, yellow Colorado River, which they could see foaming over its rapids a sheer mile below them at the bottom of the cañon.

"Oh, yes," he said. "But I 'low I'm about the only man in Arizony who knows how to ketch them fish. Them fish is peculiar, same as everything else in this part of Arizony. One curious thing about them fish is that they always swim backwards."

"Why do they do that?" inquired one of the audience.

"To keep the mud from gittin' in their eyes. But it's easy enough to ketch 'em if you know how. Them fish is all plumb crazy over eatin' tobacco; so when I aim to go fishin' I take a club and a ten-cent plug of eatin' tobacco and I go down to the bottom of the cañon and I pick me out a nice shoal place where I can see the fish as they come swimmin' upstream tail first; then I take my pocket knife and I cut the plug up into little pieces, and I wade out a ways and spread the bait on the water. The fishes grab it and go down to the bottom and start chewin'. Purty soon they get to hankerin' to spit. Not even a fish can spit under water, so when they come up to the top to spit I haul off with my club and hit 'em over the heads."

WIMMIN IS WIMMIN

(Continued from Page 32)

woman going I could go along, and he couldn't say a word. He'd think I was looked after."

"Um —— Serve him right. Boston, eh? Hain't never been to Boston. Dunno anybody that has. Long ways off. Some woman, eh? These husbands is hell on bossin' their wives. Like to give one of 'em his come-uppance."

"You—you don't mean you'll go to Boston with me!"

"What's that? What's that? Who in tunket said anythin' about me goin' to Boston, eh?"

"But you—I thought that was what you meant And you didn't, and I'm disappointed"

"If you beller," said Miss Stiffler harshly, "I'll smack ye! Sure's thunder, I'll up and smack ye good! And why shouldn't I go to Boston if I want to? Tell me that! Got a right in Boston, I calc'late. No reason in the world fer goin', savin' and exceptin' teachin' your husband a lesson. When'll we go?"

"To-morrow," said Veronica promptly. "I'll—I'll pay all your expenses."

"Like the mischief you will! Now I've dug into that burial fund, I might's well git to the bottom of it. You come into the house."

In the little parlor Veronica saw the cheval glass draped in old newspapers. Quite evidently it had worried Miss Stiffler, and she had abated the menace of it. The glass was completely hidden.

"S'pose I'll have to wear that dog-gone dress," she said. "Hate to! Wear and tear! To git tempted into sich foolishness jest by spite! Couldn't afford sich clothes no more'n a rabbit kin afford a monkey's tail."

"But you're rich," said Veronica. "You can afford anything you want."

"Who? Me? Rich, nothin'! Keeps me poor payin' taxes. If I see five hunderd dollars a year, free and clear, I'm doin' mighty well."

The next evening at seven o'clock Veronica and the revised and expurgated Miss Stiffler took the sleeper to Boston. When they arrived Veronica took her companion in a taxi to the most ornate and expensive hotel the city afforded and secured adjoining rooms which blared with luxury. Miss Stiffler was somewhat oppressed and silent.

"If you want anything," Veronica said, "just ring that bell. They'll bring you anything in the world you ask for."

"Honest? And the's hot water ready to run all the time. And them men will fetch my meals up and feed 'em to me if I want 'em? Oh, my gosh! Hain't it silly? Me bein' waited on that hain't never had a hand lifted fer me in my life! Ree-dic'lous, I call it!"

Veronica wanted Miss Stiffler to sally forth with her to see the sights, but Miss Stiffler had other views.

"I'm payin' seven dollars a day for this here room, and, b'jing, I calc'late to git my money's wuth! Mebby this afternoon I'll go out and jam around, but this mornin' I hain't goin' to stir. I'm a-goin to be waited on."

She was as good as her word. When Veronica returned at twelve o'clock she discovered from a grinning bell boy who

(Continued on Page 50)

PAIGE

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA

Why You Can Buy a Paige for $1465

Since the introduction of the New Series 6-44 Touring Car at the reduced price of $1465 we have been frequently asked: "How is it possible to manufacture a five-passenger six cylinder car of such superb quality at such a low figure?"

There is but one answer: Automotive experience and manufacturing and financial resources. The New Series model represents the accumulated experience of Paige engineers to date. It is their last word in terms of modern designing and economical production.

Consequently this car, with its 50-horsepower engine and its 119-inch wheelbase, is a highly refined and perfected product from the workshop of men who have spent years in the development of high grade six cylinder cars at the lowest possible price.

The same reason—experience combined with resources—makes the 6-44 of today at $1465 a vastly better car than the 6-44 at its original price of $1965. It is logically the popular favorite because never before has it been possible to buy so much luxurious and economical motoring for so little money.

New 6-44 owners throughout the country are proving these statements to their own satisfaction in daily service. In the hands of these owners the car is giving practical demonstrations of its rare performing abilities and sound, sturdy constitution.

When speed and power are demanded they have them at instant command, while acceleration from 5 to 25 miles an hour in 9 seconds flat gives them the mastery of every traffic complication. Is it to be wondered, therefore, that the 6-44 at $1465 is one of the fastest selling light sixes on the market today?

The New 6-44 Prices

6-44 Touring, 5-Passenger	$1465	6-44 Sedan, 5-Passenger	$2245
6-44 Sport Type, 4-Passenger	1595	6-44 Coupé, 4-Passenger	1995
6-44 Roadster, 3-Passenger	1465		

All Prices F. O. B. Factory, Tax Extra

Cord tires standard equipment on all models

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ALMOND BAR

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The same luscious chocolate you get in the big red tubes of Zay-Tek Eatmors is used in Zay-Tek Almond Bars.

It's the chocolate blended to suit the American taste.

Zay-Tek Almond Bars are smooth as velvet and full of crisp, meaty almonds, selected for their rich flavor. Days of mixing the blended chocolate give it that delicious, creamy quality that distinguishes all Zay-Tek Chocolate Products.

You have to taste a Zay-Tek Almond Bar to realize how good this combination of blended chocolate and fine almonds really is.

Try one today. Ask for a Zay-Tek Almond Bar at the nearest candy counter. Its appetizing goodness will delight you.

PENNSYLVANIA CHOCOLATE COMPANY

Pittsburgh, Penna., U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 48)

was just leaving the room that Miss Stiffler's bell had been constantly noisy all the morning. She had been availing herself of service. A procession of boys had been ascending to learn that she wanted ice water and pots of tea and a clay pipe and a bag of gumdrops and a paper, and items of varying character and difficulty. Her imagination was near the point of exhaustion. She was dispatching the current bell boy for a box of twelve-gauge shotgun shells. When these came her orgy of service would be at an end for utter inability to think of anything else to send for.

"I sort of like it," she said. "Dunno but what livin' like this part of the time would be kind of distract.n'."

"Why not do it?" said Veronica. And then quickly, "We are going to a matinée this afternoon and to the theater to-night."

"There hain't nothin' I won't give one whirl to," said Miss Stiffler.

For the first time Miss Stiffler saw the inside of a playhouse, nor was she in the least shocked by the costumes of the show girls. She was hugely amused, and entertained quite two rows of the audience by her audible remarks and hearty laughter.

Next morning Veronica took her shopping.

"I've got to buy a few little things," she said, and went for them to the most exclusive and expensive store in the city.

"You might as well amuse yourself looking at some dresses while I pick out what I want," she said; and before Miss Stiffler knew what was happening she was in the hands of two expert psychologists, hired at reasonable salaries to exercise their mesmeric powers upon the women of the vicinage. A woman in such a department is as helpless as a rabbit in a constrictor's cage. Miss Stiffler was to discover she belonged to the sisterhood.

"I don't want to buy a dum thing," she said. "I'm jest amusin' myself."

"Certainly, certainly," said the blond hypnotist; "and now suppose you slip this on and see how it looks."

"You're wastin' time," said Miss Stiffler; but the hypnosis was at work, and she allowed herself to be hooked into the gown. Afterward she allowed herself to be incased in a suit, and other gowns and suits until she was quite bewildered and altogether under the power of the hypnotists. Veronica remained absent.

"This suit," explained the lady psychologist, "is of course imported. There is not another in America."

"You mean it wouldn't be possible for one of the Ladies' Aid to match it?"

"Utterly impossible. In this suit you can be confident of being the best dressed woman in your town"—and so on and so forth and in addition.

"I'd kind of like to show them cats a thing or two," Miss Stiffler kept repeating to herself. And then Veronica appeared.

"What? Selected nothing yet? Here, let me help you! This gray suit, now—it's wonderful. Yes, you'd better take that."

"How much?" demanded Miss Stiffler, but her question was promptly submerged and drowned.

"And this afternoon dress. You simply can't get along without that."

Miss Stiffler sat limp under the hypnotic eyes. She felt the impending calamity, but was powerless to avert it. Whither was she drifting? And how much was the drift going to cost? And how ever would she pay for it?

She was adroitly wafted to the lingerie department and to the millinery department and to the hosiery department and to the shoe department.

"But I got a pair of shoes," she protested.

"If you're going to show the Ladies' Aid you'll need at least half a dozen pairs."

"My Gawd!" said Miss Stiffler breathlessly.

It was dusk when they emerged from the store. Miss Stiffler had no idea what she had purchased, or for how much she was liable in dollars and cents. On the contrary! She was dazed and dazzled. Something had awakened in her. What was this thing that arose inside and demanded and urged her on to such idiocy? She did not know, but she knew she could not escape from it. She rather fancied she was going crazy.

The next day or so never did return to her distinctly. Veronica adroitly showed her the kingdoms of the earth and the comforts and pleasures to be obtained therein; and with the skill of a master she pointed out constantly how they might be obtainable by Miss Stiffler.

"Why," she said, "with an income of, say, ten thousand a year, a single woman like yourself can live like a queen in a fairy story!"

"Ten thousand what a year? Dollars? Whoo!"

"You could have a room in an apartment hotel and all the service you want and stay as long as you liked. Think how that would sound to the Ladies' Aid when you came home! 'Bede Stiffler lives in one of those hotels in Boston, and never has to lift her hand.' That's what they'd say. And they'd say, 'Look at her clothes and everything! And she owns her own automobile!' Why, they'd go crazy with jealousy!"

"Huh!"

"But the best of it would be the real pleasure and comfort you would get out of life. You're entitled to be happy and to be waited on, and not to have to chop your own wood and ——"

"Would I have to smoke cigarettes?"

"Of course not!"

Miss Stiffler sighed. "Never could fetch myself to do it," she said.

Then her purchases arrived with the bills attached, and she knew an hour of panic. They came to a total that bowled her over. It was more money than she handled in a year.

"Now I've been and done it!" she said. "All comes of gettin' into bad comp'ny." She eyed Veronica coldly. "This here's your doin's. Not but what I done my part. I was darn fool enough to be bamboozled into it. Huh! Ten thousand a year! Um ——"

She went into her room and slammed the door. Veronica sat down on the bed, pale, tired, quivering with anxiety, for she knew well the crucial moment had arrived. An hour passed—two hours. Then Miss Stiffler burst open the door and stamped to a point just before Veronica.

"Blame you," she said, "you got me into this here mess, and you got to git me out! You got me all het up to buy these dum fool riggin's and to git myself waited on, and hot baths and silk shimmies and sich. Now what ye goin' to do about it? I agree with ye. I'm entitled to as good as the next, and I've worked my share, and I'm entitled to be worked fer. But how'll I git it? Say!"

"Why ——" Veronica began, and paused, afraid to make a false move.

"I'll tell ye how I'm a-goin' to git it," said Miss Stiffler. "I'm goin' to sell that dratted timber of mine and be rich. By gosh, I'm a-goin' to have as good's they got the rest of my life! And you got to help me out. You got to find somebody to buy it off of me."

"I—I'll try," said Veronica. "I'll wire my husband right away. He'll know some way to do it. What is it—what is it worth?"

"My father paid eighty-six cents an acre for it, and he said that was a darn good price them days. I hain't no idee what it'll fetch now. You find out, and if I think you guessed right I'll sell. Alton offered me fifteen dollars an acre."

"It's worth more than that," said Veronica.

"You bet your bottom dollar it is! It's virgin. Tell ye what! A thousand dollars a month 'ud be about right—wouldn't it?—to live on good. That's 6 per cent on two hunderd thousand dollars. Git me that and I'll sell."

"I'll wire," said Veronica.

The wire was answered, and she showed the yellow slip to Miss Stiffler:

Offer accepted. Allow Miss Stiffler to draw whatever she needs to bind the bargain.

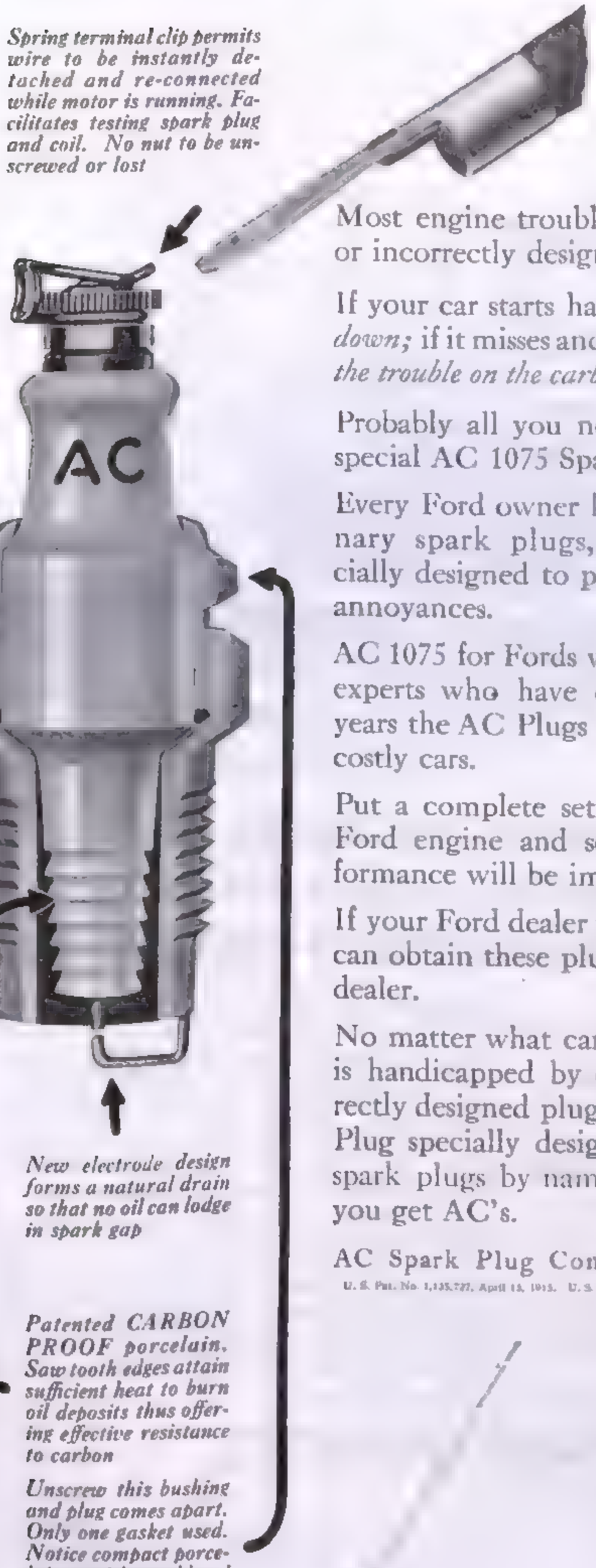
Bede Stiffler regarded the telegram with eyes which had grown shrewd. She turned from it to Veronica and peered at her.

"Um —— Young woman, you done it, didn't ye? You come it over me. Seen you could do it from the start."

"I did want the timber awfully badly," said Veronica; "but, honestly, I wanted you to get something out of life too. I did! I couldn't bear to see you living that way when you could just as well ——"

"—— live like a stuffed peacock. Um! Where you was wiser'n most, my dear, was in wearin' them little knee pants of yourn. It give you understandin'. You knowed all the time that it didn't matter a darn what she had on, but that a woman was always a woman. Wimmin is wimmin. Oh, my gosh, but hain't wimmin wimmin?"

Why Ford Owners Should Use This Special Spark Plug

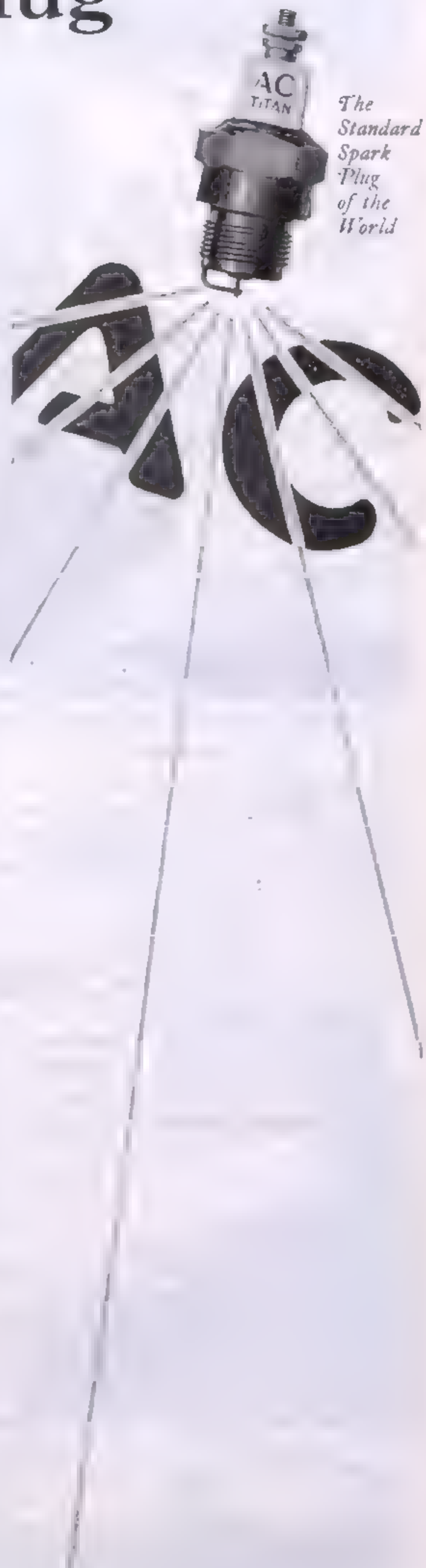


Spring terminal clip permits wire to be instantly detached and re-connected while motor is running. Facilitates testing spark plug and coil. No nut to be unscrewed or lost

New electrode design forms a natural drain so that no oil can lodge in spark gap

Patented CARBON PROOF porcelain. Saw tooth edges attain sufficient heat to burn oil deposits thus offering effective resistance to carbon

Unscrew this bushing and plug comes apart. Only one gasket used. Notice compact porcelain to withstand hard service



The Standard Spark Plug of the World

Most engine trouble comes from worn-out or incorrectly designed spark plugs.

If your car starts hard, *don't run the battery down;* if it misses and splutters, *don't blame all the trouble on the carburetor and piston rings.*

Probably all you need is a set of the new special AC 1075 Spark Plugs for Fords.

Every Ford owner knows the faults of ordinary spark plugs, and AC 1075 is specially designed to put an end to all the old annoyances.

AC 1075 for Fords was designed by the same experts who have designed and made for years the AC Plugs used by most builders of costly cars.

Put a complete set of these plugs in your Ford engine and see how much the performance will be improved.

If your Ford dealer will not supply you, you can obtain these plugs from any other good dealer.

No matter what car you drive, your engine is handicapped by old, worn-out or incorrectly designed plugs. There is an AC Spark Plug specially designed for your car. Buy spark plugs by name. Ask for and be sure you get AC's.

AC Spark Plug Company, FLINT, *Michigan*

U. S. Pat. No. 1,135,727, April 13, 1915. U. S. Pat. No. 1,216,139, Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending

CANADIAN PACIFIC

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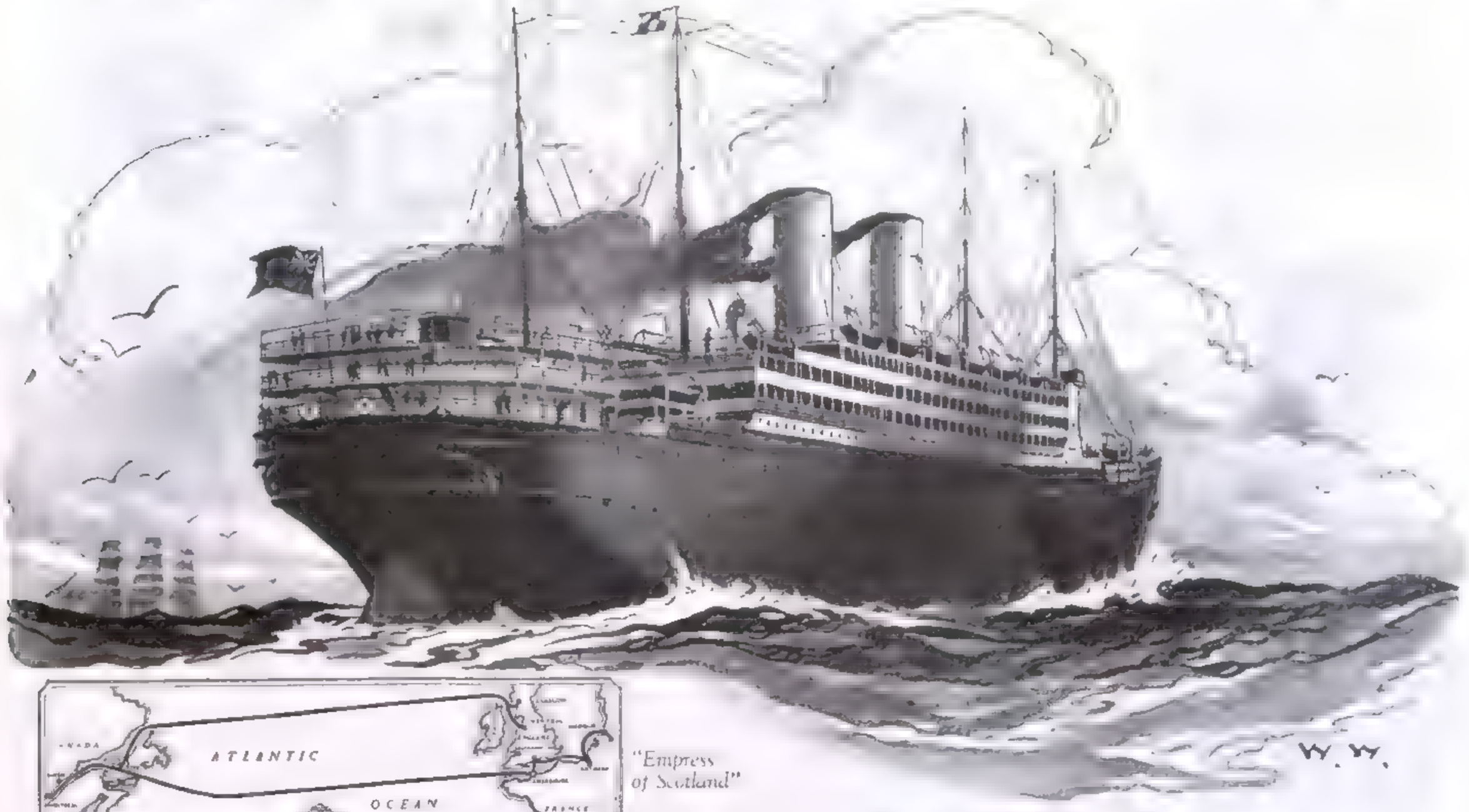
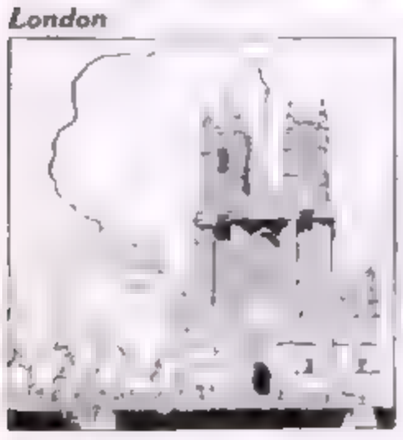


"Empress of Scotland"

London



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Berlin

Via Quebec *and the* St. Lawrence

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Old French Canada Montreal, the largest inland port in the world, with its historic Chateau Ramezay and alluring side trips.

Quebec, the "Gibraltar of America," with its Citadel, its Plains of Abraham and memories of Wolfe and Montcalm, with its old-world French quaintness and charm, and palatial Chateau Frontenac.

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Then the broad expanse of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, past Anticosti, the Magdalens, Cape Breton Island and Newfoundland to the open sea.

A Fresh-Water, Salt-Water Journey An "inland voyage" followed by four glorious days on the Atlantic. A fresh-water, salt-water journey on board one of the large finely appointed "Empress" liners from Quebec to Cherbourg, Southampton and Hamburg.

"Empress of Scotland" The "*Empress of France*" will be joined this spring by the new "*Empress of Scotland*," the largest liner on the St. Lawrence route.

This new queen of the Canadian service is a magnificent oil-burning vessel of 25,037 gross tons with every appointment for the comfort of the traveler. Twelve public rooms, including regally decorated ballroom, music-room, smoking-rooms, and palm garden.

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Canadian Pacific Offices All Over the World

KEEP TO THE RIGHT—DON'T SHOVE!

(Continued from Page 37)

in sections, transport it to the island by steamboat, rebuild it and repaint it. But it was an imposing-looking attraction.

As an unusual sop to the pleasure seekers admission was absolutely free. To the astonishment of the owners the battleship was a complete flivver. Nobody would go in it. Finally it occurred to one of the managers that the fault was in the free admission. This proved to be correct.

He put in a few stuffed animals, some naval souvenirs, a couple of automatic pianos and two dandy lecturers. The admission fee was fixed at eleven cents, including war tax, and they packed the ship. They are packing it every day now.

The attractions that I have classified are not engaged by the season at a fixed sum. Each show is an individual unit, usually working with others to make up a group. These groups or syndicates have become necessary, due to the inability of a single attraction to find a location all its own. A man with what he thinks a good attraction applies to a park of established reputation for space. He either pays a lump sum for rental or works on percentage. The man who runs his attraction on a percentage basis is called a concessionaire. The man who pays a fixed amount and gets all that he can make is a privilegee. It is pretty hard to get a concession unless you have a show known to be sure-fire. The chance-takers are privilegees.

These privilegees sometimes clean up, very much to the discomfiture of the syndicate-park manager. It is very hard for an experienced showman to tell what will go and what will not. He is very cagy about taking chances. It is a thing nobody can figure out.

A young fellow came to our office one day with what he claimed was a sure clean-up.

"It's a game of blowing up balloons," he said, at which the manager gave me a look out of the corner of his eye. We both thought him another nut.

"It's sure-fire," he insisted. "Didn't you ever see the excitement and suspense in a kid's face when he is blowing up a toy balloon, the thrill he gets for fear it will burst?"

"I'm afraid there's nothing ——"

"Oh, don't say that!" insisted the young man. "It's a winner. I've got a wireless apparatus that spits and sputters for the ballyhoo. Then I have a flat scene like an aviation field. On this I have a dozen or more toy balloons deflated and lying on the miniature field."

"Say, my boy, I'm awful busy. Now——"

"No, wait! In front where the spectator stands I have twelve small wheels like steering wheels—one for each balloon. By turning these wheels air is pumped into the balloons and they gradually inflate. But if you turn the wheel too fast the pump won't work. If it is turned too slow you don't get the air in fast enough."

Fun With the Pig Slide

"Well, what's the answer?" the manager impatiently demanded.

"Why, a couple of friends pay ten cents each for a wheel. They start pumping up the balloons. The one that bursts his balloon first wins. To a triple winner we give prizes."

The fellow was almost chased out of the office. The next spring he was back again with his pet idea. The manager finally agreed to give him a location for the season for twenty-five hundred dollars cash. He planked it right down. It turned out to be one of the best-paying games in the park. I have seen men and women stand there and spend as much as five dollars just for the thrill of bursting the little balloon. There is always a nervous scream of excitement from the girls as it pops.

The first day this young man took in one hundred and ninety dollars.

This year he will be a concessionaire—if he wants to be.

Another fellow came along one day with what he described as a pig slide. He also went away disappointed. But he wouldn't give up. He is now making good money. The pig slide is a ball-throwing game. When a thrower hits the bull's-eye in a curtain a little pig is released from a cage above, and with feet spread out, jumps on a slide just like those you have for the children. At the end of the slide the little squealer flips in the air and lights on a mattress. He then runs like the dickens to get back under the curtain.

We didn't believe this at first. But we were quickly convinced. That man is a pig trainer by trade. He knows the way a pig thinks and he says a pig never loses a notion once he gets it. The funny thing about this game is that the little pigs love to take the slide. It is the cute way they do it that delights children and old folks alike. There are twelve pigs in a row of small cages on a platform above the curtain. They actually squeal for the chance of sliding.

The Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals thought this was a violation and called at the pig slide one morning. They got there during rehearsal. The man was training new pigs. By a funny kink in a pig's brain he just naturally has to have his slide. During the off hours they were sliding voluntarily. The inventor of the idea showed the committee how he trained them. As the pigs run back under the curtain they are allowed a pull at the nipple of a nursing bottle. They soon know that to get milk they must take a slide. Once they have been trained—it takes about ten days—the nursing bottle is discarded.

The committee not only approved the game but stayed there for an hour to watch the little porkers' acts like small boys. It really is fascinating.

The man invented this combination animal act and ball-throwing game at Venice, California. He tells me he trains as many as a thousand pigs a season.

Popular Stand-bys

You never can tell who is a nut and who isn't. I suppose at first they thought the man who invented the scenic railway crazy. I know we thought the inventor of the Ferris wheel a bug. Those things are no longer novel. They are staple. In fact all riding games are good, sound stuff. Sometimes they get too dangerous and have to be closed for fear of damage suits. The public will always take a chance. It has been necessary for some companies to take out liability insurance on these thrilling rides to keep from going broke. The rate is very high. My scenic-railway neighbor paid eighty cents on the hundred dollars last year for protection against damage suits. A few years ago one concern at Coney had to face one hundred and forty-eight damage suits as a result of accidents—had to go out of business. But the games are pretty safe now.

The patronage at the riding games increases every year. An old scenic railway that has been running twelve years paid a bigger profit last season than it did at the beginning. The trick in making money at the rough games such as the human roulette wheel, the slide, witching waves, cave of the winds, and so on, is to make part of the spectators entertain the others. Many people go in to watch the customers more than the games.

One fellow thought up the brilliant idea of giving each girl a domino clown suit to keep from ruining her clothes on the more daring devices for fun. They could pull these on right over their dresses and then take all the rough chances they wished. It was a popular move. The place was crowded to see the show. I've seen girls there from all walks of life. Members of New York's smart set are not at all unusual, acting as clowns.

This idea, in addition to working as a drawing card, developed an unexpected source of profit. A deposit of fifty cents was required for the clown dresses, though no charge was made for their use. Eighty per cent of the revelers drop their dominos right where they take them off and won't bother about going back for the fifty-cent deposit.

Now that's what I call pretty good show business. The customers pay for admission for each individual game and then pay an additional fifty cents for the privilege of acting as entertainers for the rest of the spectators.

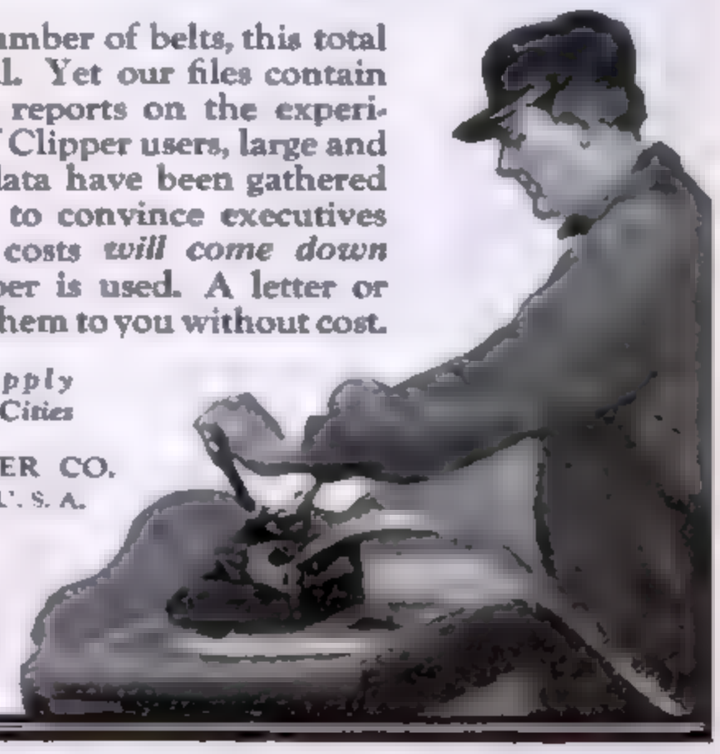
12½ MACHINE HOURS LOST

Each Time This Belt Was Laced By Hand

In a Michigan factory (send for the name) where 25 machines are driven from a single shaft, a broken belt means 25 idle machines. Lacing the belt by hand took 30 minutes and wasted 12½ hours. Now the Clipper method saves 10 of these 12½ hours.

Today one man and a twenty-five-dollar Clipper machine, instead of four millwrights, take care of the 1600 belts in this plant—light and heavy duty and high speed belts of leather and composition from 2" to 12" wide. Due to the speed of the Clipper method and the superior strength and longer life of the Clipper joint, the company's books show a *clear saving of $2500 a year over* the obsolete way of hand lacing.

Based on a large number of belts, this total figure is exceptional. Yet our files contain equally convincing reports on the experience of hundreds of Clipper users, large and small. Authentic data have been gathered from busy officials to convince executives that maintenance costs *will come down* wherever the Clipper is used. A letter or postcard will bring them to you without cost.



Sold by Mill Supply Dealers in Principal Cities

CLIPPER BELT LACER CO.
Grand Rapids, Michigan, U. S. A.

(11)

Anyone can lace a belt with the

"Clipper"

The new and lovely Hostess design

A NEW achievement in silver design is the exquisite Wallace "Hostess." So distinctive; so graceful, so irreproachably correct is this pattern that it promises to become the most fashionable service of the year.

Because this design is the embodiment of gracious beauty and refinement, because it so truly translates the spirit of hospitality into silverplate, it is called the "Hostess." And it is so well made by Wallace silver craftsmen that it is guaranteed without time limit.

When the Wallace Company recently found it possible to reduce its prices, this beautiful new design, as well as the ever-popular Athena and Alamo patterns, was included in the revision. The following prices are now in effect:

Teaspoons	that were	$ 8.50	a doz.	are now	$ 6.50
Dessert Spoons	" "	16 50	"	" "	12 00
Dessert Forks	" "	16 50	"	" "	12 00
Dinner Forks	" "	17 00	"	" "	13 00
Butter Spreaders	" "	13 00	"	" "	10 00
Salad Forks	" "	15 50	"	" "	11 50
Cold Meat Forks	" "	2 25	each	" "	1 75
Berry Spoons	" "	3 50	"	" "	2 75
Gravy Ladles	" "	3 00	"	" "	2 25

The "Hostess" comes in both flatware and hollowware, so that complete dinner and tea services may be obtained. It offers innumerable suggestions for gifts.

The Wallace Hostess Book tells by attractive pictures and text just what every hostess wants to know about correct table settings. Sent postpaid for 50 cents. Address: Hostess Department, Box No. 14

R. WALLACE & SONS MFG. CO.
Wallingford — Connecticut
SILVERSMITHS FOUNDED 1835

Though there is really little that is new in principle, we get many novel improvements on old ideas. For instance, they have recently revived interest in the Ferris wheel by a new trick. They have just erected one in Coney Island that not only goes round but takes dips. That came about in a funny way. A small delicatessen dealer in New York had been working for years on the old perpetual-motion gag. He thought he had found it in a Ferris-wheel model. He showed it to a greengrocer and the man got so interested that he sold out his store to go into the enterprise. All the money was sunk of course.

The inventor had an idea that by using an eccentric axle, a sort of cam shaft, he could cause a sharp dip when the wheel reached the apex of its revolution. This dip, he believed, would give the big wheel fresh impetus and cause it to keep going around.

"That's not perpetual motion," a scientist told him. "But that dip is quite a trick if helped along with engine power. It ought to give a thrill."

The inventor was discouraged at first, but the groceryman saw a fighting chance to get his money back. He made a canvass of all the storekeepers that he knew. His appeal was so strong that little investors kicked in from five hundred to a thousand dollars apiece until a company had been formed with a capital of one hundred thousand dollars.

Fixing the Damage

After two years of dickering and disappointments the delicatessen company, as the gang calls it, got a location and erected their wheel. It was passed by the board of inspection. You should have been there to see the first test! The little stockholders went crazy with delight when they saw the swings dip down and up again and then revolve evenly when the big wheel reached a certain point in its revolution. The eccentric axle had done the trick.

The delicatessen man will not go down in history as discoverer of perpetual motion; but he has his patents, and the little grocers and delicatessen dealers are going to get their money back—and more.

There is not the slightest danger in that wheel, and young people seem to like it. In fact I have never known of a Ferris-wheel accident.

Prohibition has saved many a show from going broke. I may have notions of my own about the principle of prohibition as a law, but I've got to admit that it is the biggest thing that has happened for the show business since I joined that medicine show out in Missouri. It was the drinking and carousing that made Coney Island a tough place. We are free from that now. The crowds have increased noticeably and are much easier to handle. The better class of people come out now without the old fear of running into rowdyism. Accidents are so rare that we don't even figure on them in most of the shows.

On account of my age I am frequently called in to settle some dispute between a showman and a patron. In the old drinking days I arbitrated many funny squabbles.

I'll never forget a drunk who practically wrecked a Jap's ball-rolling outfit—you know, the kind where wooden balls are rolled into little holes that are numbered, the prizes depending upon the largest number of points. I firmly believe my presence prevented that Jap from committing murder. His place, as usual, was decorated with an expensive array of hanging china plates, tea sets, idols, chandeliers, and so on.

The drunk had just come in from a whirl at the African dodger, where baseballs are thrown at a darky's head sticking through a hole. He bought a dozen balls from the Jap. Thinking it the same kind of game, he began throwing the wooden balls at the painted plates, teapots, dolls or anything that was suspended over the rolling board. You can imagine how near that Jap came to having apoplexy and how far the disaster had gone before the drunk could get the idea into his head that he was not having a whale of a time at the best game he'd seen all day. As arbitrator I fixed the damage at three hundred dollars, the drunk agreeing to pay half cash. He gave a note for the balance.

The people who have suffered as a result of prohibition are the motion-picture halls where admission was free but patrons sat at little tables eating sandwiches or hot dogs and drinking beer while the picture ran. The profit of course was in the sales. These halls are too dark and gloomy for any number of people to sit there and drink soda pop. They had rather be outside.

Though I am only seventy-five, I have noticed of late that the younger showmen don't look upon me as if I was one of them. They are beginning to regard me as a sort of patriarch, and I can feel it—keenly too. These newly hatched promoters call me hard-boiled, because they say I am always sniffing at their creative ideas. Believe me, I've got a right to sniff.

What do you think of a syndicate head telling me the other night how he had swelled the profits by conceiving the idea of grouping his shows so that a man couldn't get away from one without spending money at the other, even though he had paid a general admission for all?

"We pulled the trick," he said proudly, "by putting in special reserved seats for attractions that they were supposed to see free. They could see 'em all right, but it was a tough job. They fell for the extra dime every crack."

Now that was certainly good for a sniff. It is exactly the idea on which Barnum made his old place a success in the '70's. I worked for him then as a clown. He hired me, he said, because my comedy was clean and I didn't ring in so many saloon advertisements.

In the old days, you know, clowns used to come on saying, "I've just come from Casey's around the corner, where I got the best drink of whisky that ever ran down my gullet. When I see whisky like that I wish I was a giraffe. It would taste good for a half hour," or something like that. P. T. didn't like that kind of stuff.

A Floating Circus

Barnum had decided to put in a continuous show, as he called it. On the top floor was a freak outfit. The crowd, having paid general admission for everything—twenty-five cents—would be herded to the circus on the next floor down. They could see it through a crack and they could also see plenty of reserved seats for another quarter. At the theater below it was the same thing, and so on. Before getting out they had been nicked for a two-dollar note.

Now don't you think I was entitled to a sniff at this bright young man?

Then they come to me once in a while and tell me about some stupendous enterprise that has been planned and attempt to astonish me with the way they will take a chance on spending big money. It makes me laugh. Why, showmen are pikers in this day and time, comparatively speaking.

In 1859 and 1860, as a small boy, I worked for a gigantic floating circus on the Mississippi River. What do you know about that? A company was organized and built an enormous barge with a regular arena, reserved seats, gallery and everything. It had a seating capacity of three thousand. It was called the Floating Palace and represented an investment of over four million dollars. That was some money in those days. I guess the boys would think it quite a chunk to-day.

In that circus boat we manufactured our own gas for lighting purposes. We also installed the first calliope in the world. The idea of the calliope came from putting a few flourishes on the steamboat whistle, which always notified people that the circus boat was coming.

We had our regular advance agents advertising the circus just as they do to-day. We made regular stops at the landings and gave an old-fashioned two-ring show with all the trimmings. To show you that we knew something in those days, we had a clown who got in a big tub and floated around in the water drawn by eight swans in ribbon harness. From this tub the clown would give the ballyhoo to draw the crowd down to the water's edge and we would herd them on board.

That show was a tremendous success, and, I believe, would pay to-day if somebody had nerve enough to tackle it. Have they?

The floating circus was put out of business by the Civil War. We had landed at New Orleans, our last stop, when war was declared. The authorities immediately seized our boat and ordered us all out of the country. The circus boat was taken across the river and turned into a hospital. None of your smart young fellows has been game enough to revive it.

Now if you think me an old hard-boil with nothing to back up my sniffs just put that in your pipe and smoke it.

PRATT & LAMBERT
VARNISH PRODUCTS

Painted by Anita Parkhurst. Copyright 1922, P of L

HAVE you an old table or some other cherished piece in your garret? Making it new with "61" Floor Varnish, Mahogany or Walnut, is not only a gladsome task, but also a worth while economy.

The time proven wearing qualities of "61" Floor Varnish on floors are even excelled when "61" is used on furniture and other woodwork. It possesses a *combined* wear resistance and water resistance in every-day service, which can never be demonstrated by varnish tricks and stunts.

Let no overzealous claims for some varnishes dissuade you from making a comparative *time* test of "61" Floor Varnish. The beautiful, transparent "61" colors stain and varnish with one stroke of the brush. They flow on smoothly, without streaks, laps or brush marks.

Pratt & Lambert Varnish Products are used by painters, specified by architects and sold by paint and hardware dealers everywhere.

Guarantee: If any Pratt & Lambert Varnish Product fails to give satisfaction, you may have your money back.

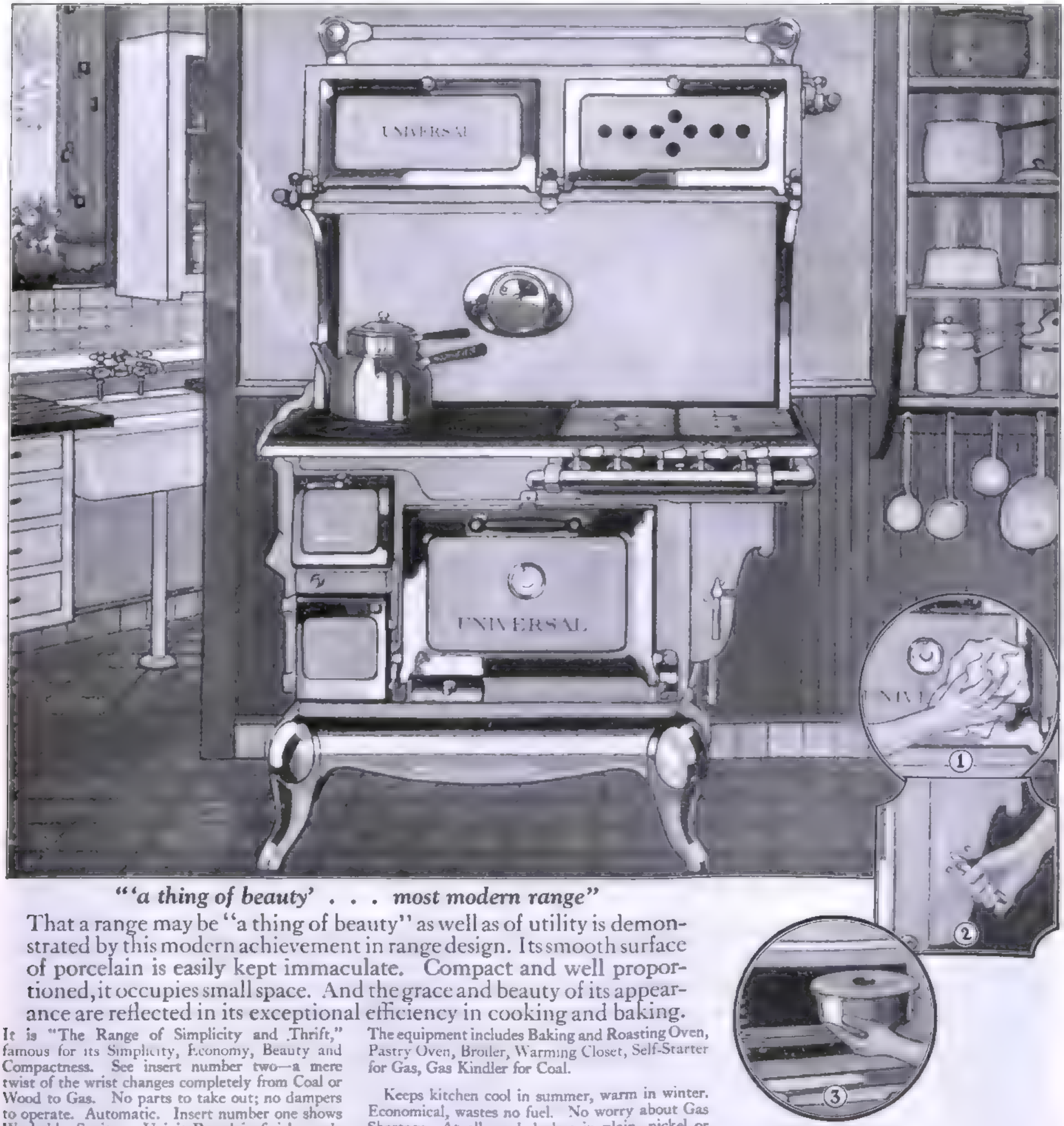
Pratt & Lambert-Inc., 83 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N.Y.
In Canada, 25 Courtwright Street, Bridgeburg, Ontario.

Send for Color Card, Sample Panel Finished with "61" Floor Varnish, and Names of Local Dealers

"Save the surface and you save all"

"61"
FLOOR VARNISH

Makers of Effecto Auto Finishes and Vitralite Enamel



"'a thing of beauty' . . . most modern range"

That a range may be "a thing of beauty" as well as of utility is demonstrated by this modern achievement in range design. Its smooth surface of porcelain is easily kept immaculate. Compact and well proportioned, it occupies small space. And the grace and beauty of its appearance are reflected in its exceptional efficiency in cooking and baking.

It is "The Range of Simplicity and Thrift," famous for its Simplicity, Economy, Beauty and Compactness. See insert number two—a mere twist of the wrist changes completely from Coal or Wood to Gas. No parts to take out; no dampers to operate. Automatic. Insert number one shows Washable, Sanitary, Univit Porcelain finish, made in Peacock Blue or Pearl Grey; durable, unbreakable. Insert number three shows Pastry Oven. The equipment includes Baking and Roasting Oven, Pastry Oven, Broiler, Warming Closet, Self-Starter for Gas, Gas Kindler for Coal.

Keeps kitchen cool in summer, warm in winter. Economical, wastes no fuel. No worry about Gas Shortage. At all good dealers in plain, nickel or porcelain finish—cash or terms. Dealer's name and illustrated booklet on request.

CRIBBEN & SEXTON COMPANY, 600–800 N. Sacramento Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Makers of Universal Stove, Range and Furnace

NEW YORK PITTSBURGH PORTLAND SAN FRANCISCO DENVER

Made in Canada under the name "SIMPLEX" by McClary's, London Patented in United States and Canada

UNIVERSAL COMBINATION RANGE

Burns Natural or Artificial Gas *and* Coal or Wood

THE GULF IMPOSSIBLE

(Continued from Page 13)

necessary animals of the farm, with no grain left for the teams. When this is the showing on the average farm, with nothing for fertilizer, upkeep, taxes and interest on the investment, it is high time for everybody to begin to ask what is really meant when the leaders of organized labor boast that they will surrender none of the advantages that were gained during the time when the country was in distress of war and was crowded to the wall for its very existence.

Under these conditions a mechanic with nothing invested and no risk can lie still half the time and make the full gross income of the average farmer operating a two-man farm, not to mention the vast mass that lie below the average and that must yet make a living for themselves and families if half our land is not to be deserted.

A miners' strike is threatened now because, according to the public press, the "average miner" gets "only $7.50 a day for a hundred and eighty-two days in the year." Yet this is $165 more than the renter's half of the average farm of a hundred and sixty acres, even if every acre were in wheat or corn, which is impossible; and the renter must provide teams and tools and extra labor, for a hundred and sixty acres is more than a one-man farm. On top of this difference, the miner gets his coal and light cheaper than does the farmer, and carries no risk whatever in the business.

The farmer's troubles began suddenly in May, 1920—almost two years ago—when prices of farm products dropped out of sight almost overnight, and he lost in a twinkling more money than it would take to pay the much-talked-of soldiers' bonus. He was suddenly confronted with world conditions following the Great War, with no protection against low prices save inflation of the currency, which no sane farmer would advocate with Europe's example before his eyes, and against which, fortunately, our financiers stood as a stone wall.

In the meantime everybody talked about the need of lowered price levels, but at the same time did everything possible to maintain high prices in his own particular field, with the result that in most lines there was for many months no perceptible change, and in some commodities the prices actually increased under the irresistible pressure from below.

This combination forced the farmer out of the retail markets except for the barest necessities, and the country called it a buyers' strike. There was no general buyers' strike, for then, and even until now, most of the people who have money or can get it are buying everything that is loose at both ends.

The Buyers' Strike

But the farmer was effectually out of the markets. He could not buy a self-binder and give half an acre of wheat for every day's work of the mechanic that made it, so he made the old one do a while longer. He could not carry oats enough on his back to buy a new necktie, so he tied his bandanna around his neck and went ahead. He could not burn dead animals without skinning and still pay ten to fourteen dollars a pair for shoes or twenty for boots, so he nailed on taps and went without. He could not buy rugs and furniture at prohibitive prices for the young married people, so he divided the household supply with them, and both got along. He could not buy fur coats for his family at ten to twenty acres of corn apiece—only laborers could afford these luxuries—so he turned up his collar and whipped his hands around his shoulders to keep them warm. With thirty-five-cent corn he could not pay the five dollars and board demanded by huskers, so he hogged down the crop and gave grain to starving Europe.

The American farmer is a good liver and progressive when he can afford it, but he is a past master also in the gentle art of getting along when hard conditions come his way. So like other people, he proceeded to dig in; and without analyzing what had happened, the people of the town called it a buyers' strike, without stopping to realize that one-third of the buying power of the country had been suddenly and effectually paralyzed.

No wonder the city thought that all the world had gone on strike when the farmers shook their heads and stayed at home. The little towns met it directly and understood it, but the large cities a thousand miles away have hardly yet begun to comprehend that a sizable corner stone has been pulled out of the very foundation of their business, for the effect is spreading to enterprise of every kind, even to that farthest remote from actual farming.

Following close upon the so-called buyers' strike came the somewhat wholesale discharge of employes and the sudden realization that we had a national problem of unemployment on our hands. The public in alarm called a country-wide conference and labor leaders cudgeled their brains for devices to make every available job support as many laborers as possible. Bills were even drawn taxing the land for the relief of unemployment.

It did not seem to occur to most people to connect this problem of unemployment with the gulf that had formed between the country and the town; and yet how could we expect to lose a third of our best customers for manufactured goods without the results being felt not only in reduced profits in business but in unemployment as well? The stream of goods quickly dams up when a third of the buyers stay at home, and manufacturers must shut down production or go bankrupt. Hence the unemployment; and it is just about in proportion to the ratio at which the farmer has been forced out of the markets.

Leveling Down Inevitable

Back of every farmer, or beside him, is a laborer making tools, machinery, clothing, building materials, furniture, automobiles and what not for the farmer and his family. As long as the farmer can buy these things the laborer will have a job, for the farmer is a good buyer. But when price levels become such that the farmer quits buying, then that particular laborer is out of a job, and he must either go hungry or else compete with other laborers in making goods for people other than farmers, and thereby force others out of their jobs or else force that portion of the public which is still in the markets to support two men for one job.

And that is what has happened now. Hence the large proportion of unemployment and the still larger proportion of overmanned industries that hang upon the neck of struggling prosperity like dead weights upon the feet of a drowning man. And this condition will continue until this gulf between the country and the town is in some way closed up.

It requires no argument to show that an immediate object to be attained is to get the farmer back into our markets, for neither the manufacturer, the tradesman nor the city laborer can afford to lose, for any considerable time, this third of their patronage.

The one absolute condition is uniformity of price levels and the total abandonment of the idea of advantage. Advantage means that the under dog must ultimately give up. This is strategy in war, but it is suicide in business.

Either the price of farm commodities must rise or else the value of manufactured goods and the cost of labor and transportation must come down, for the connection must in some way be made if healthy business is to be reëstablished.

With European conditions what they are, with thousands of American laborers out of employment, and with nearly every standard job overmanned until capitalized enterprise is loaded to the gunwales, it is only a fool or a knave who would talk about anything like a significant rise in the prices of farmers' commodities. The only solution is in leveling down, not in ignoring the situation by mere talk about leveling up. We have walked on stilts long enough. Now we must walk on solid ground and give over that age-old game of trying to get something for nothing.

The world lives upon goods, not upon money. Our civilization rests upon adequate food, upon sufficient clothing, upon comfortable shelter and upon fuel to heat our homes and drive the machinery of manufacture and transportation.

The farmer has produced the food in abundance, and it goes at whatever price

Here's a Dollar ... use it for

FYRAC *Spark* PLUGS

We have arranged with Fyrac dealers to present you with a certificate worth $1 on the purchase of a set of Fyrac Spark Plugs for your car.

$1

In Canada $1.25

A Type for Every Car

To get best results from *any* motor, we have always recommended that Fyrac be used in every cylinder. We make this offer to introduce Fyrac, in sets, to *you*.

You wouldn't match six men in a race, and weight down four or five with iron. Why handicap your motor by using ordinary one-point plugs in four or five of the cylinders? Your motor should run *uniformly* in *every* cylinder to get best results!

When you buy Fyrac, you are buying a big new idea in spark plug performance—One Inch Firing Surface. Instead of a *single* spark, Fyrac produces a *volume* of hot, fat sparks along its entire Inch of firing surface, igniting *all* the fuel vapor and giving each explosion its maximum power.

You will get new smoothness, new pep, new power and more miles per gallon when you use Fyrac in every cylinder! Go to the nearest Fyrac dealer. Ask him to demonstrate One Inch Firing Surface.

Ask him, too, to show you our certificate worth $1 on the purchase of a set of Fyracs.

FYRAC MANUFACTURING CO., *Rockford, Ill.*

Canadian Address: CAMPBELL AGENCIES
23 Richmond Bldg., Toronto, Canada

There is a Fyrac Plug for every motor built
If your dealer cannot supply you, write us

Just think!

—the GENUINE

Fairbanks Scale

500 Lb. Size $16.15

$18.90 for the 1000 lb. size

Both F. O. B. Factory

NEW YORK Broome and Lafayette Sts.

CHICAGO 900 So. Wabash Ave.

And Forty Other Principal Cities in the U. S.

FAIRBANKS SCALES

See it at Your local Dealer's.

the buyer is willing to pay, in full accord with the fundamental economic laws of trade.

But in the face of these conditions capital in many branches is seeking an assurance of profit regardless of what enterprise can pay. This is notably true in railroading, and the guaranteed income of railroad capitalists was no small element in putting the farmer where he is to-day.

Besides all this—and what is of even greater importance in the long run—those who make our clothing, those who build our houses, those who dig our coal and those who man our distribution systems—are all possessed of the fiction that high wages and short hours can be forced upon the world and in some way the consequences be avoided.

The result is that clothing is too costly for even those who made it out of wool that does not repay the farmer the cost of production. We are largely homeless because the builders refuse to work for a wage that either capital or the farmer can pay or to do enough in a day so that they themselves can buy the results of their own labor.

The consequence is that rents are prohibitive and families are homeless, while the building trade is practically destroyed and mechanics are haunting the streets for odd jobs at unskilled labor. Our mines are double manned, and miners are asking the Government to save them from starvation at the very time when the cost of coal has closed many factories and thrown other laborers out of employment, while a general strike is threatened among the miners to force a continuance of present conditions.

In short, the little that we do accomplish is at the expense of fearful inroads upon the capital of the country. In the meantime the farmer is driven more and more out of the markets and more and more back upon his own resources, tending to make permanent what ought to be merely a temporary condition in the early stages of reconstruction.

Much is said just now about the revival in agricultural business, due to the fact that wheat went up four or five cents a bushel the other day, and lambs a cent or two. Both settled back immediately, and are seesawing up and down. The real revival, so far as there is any, comes from the fact that sanity has replaced insanity in thousands of minds, and the well-to-do farmers are buying machinery and livestock cheap of their own neighbors who are being forced out of business—in other words, making money off those of their own kind who by force of circumstances are liquidating from farmers to floaters in selling out for what they can get.

The other element of stability lies in the fact that thinking farmers have given up hope and expectation that sanity will pervade the ranks of organized labor until the economic fallacy of force in business is further demonstrated. And they have settled down to the policy of doing the best they can under the circumstances until their partners in business are willing to produce in tangible goods, or render in honest service, the full equivalent of what they are getting from the farm. Until then there will be no real revival in business, because not until then will all idea of advantage be abandoned. Advantage means not production of wealth but transfer from one to another.

The farmer cannot prevent the advantage that is against him now, but he can largely prevent its operation, and that is what he is forced to do by remaining largely out of the markets until price levels will permit him to reënter on a business basis.

Labor will have to abandon its program of force to compel high wages and underproduction, capital will have to give over the principle of guaranteed income at whatever cost, and both must abandon the new device of passing it on to the consumer, for the farmer has largely slipped from under this impending avalanche and is getting upon solid business ground, such as it is, and more and more the ultimate consumer is the capitalist and the laborer.

Both these warring elements, capital and labor, will have to get upon a sound economic basis before they can again do healthy business with the farmer. He has dug in until these warring factors have settled their quarrels, or if not settled them have agreed to do business upon a scale which he can meet and upon which he can live. Both capital and labor must produce more for the outlay before they reach equal efficiency with the farmer, and not until then can the producer of our foodstuffs reenter the general markets of the country or business substantially revive.

TROUPING WITH ELLEN

(Continued from Page 7)

"Poor grandfather!" said the mother. "Lucky he didn't live to see me now. But I wish he could have seen you, Ellen. Indeed I do."

"Say, he'd be pleased. Me in the chorus!" Ellen laughed.

"He'd be pleased to know you wasn't satisfied with—this." The older woman made an aimless gesture about the shabby little room. "Well, are you ready? Crawl in, and I'll pin the covers round you." Her red chapped hands busied themselves over her favorite child. "It's good to have you home, Ellen," she said, and kissed her. Then she blew out the oil lamp. "Good night, Ellen. I'll tell them they ain't to wake you early in the morning."

"But, ma ——" Ellen began. Now, in the dark, she thought she had courage enough to mention the briefness of her stay. But she hadn't. "I want to get up early," she ended lamely.

"We'll see about that," her mother replied. The stairs creaked beneath her heavy, tired tread.

For a few moments Ellen Llewelyn lay awake. The sound of hoarse masculine snoring drifted down from the floor above and echoed through the tiny house. A soft white light from the snowbound outdoors came in through the one window and revealed to her again the poverty of the room where she lay.

It was always a shock, this coming home, this realization of the surroundings from which she had escaped: Main Street and the music store; the mills, whence came the few soiled dollars on Saturday; River Street; this house; her family. It made all her ambitions seem so impossible of achievement, all her efforts to learn from Lil and others and from books, to make something of herself, appear so hopeless. What was the use?

No, no! She clenched her fists beneath the worn bedclothes. She would learn, she would go on, she would be somebody in the end! Here in this tiny room she took the oath anew. A clock in the kitchen struck three. The sound of snoring grew fainter and fainter still. She fell asleep.

From his place over the tattered sofa the pastor of the dissenting chapel looked down on her approvingly. He was nothing but a crayon portrait purchased from a fresh young agent on the installment plan—but he managed it.

II

WHEN Ellen opened her eyes her mother was bending over her and the little room was bright with sunshine.

"I didn't like to wake you, dearie," the older woman said. "But it's nine o'clock, an' Dave an' your pa want to read their papers in here. They been walkin' the kitchen floor like caged animals."

"Nine o'clock!" Ellen sat up quickly. "Ma, you hadn't ought to let me —— Wow!"

"What's the matter, Ellen?"

"My neck. Stiff as a board."

"There! You wasn't comfortable here. I knew you wouldn't be."

"Why, yes I was, ma. Slept like a top. Only I guess I didn't arrange my neck like I ought to have before I dropped off." She stood up in her lacy negligée, an incongruously lovely figure for 13 River Street. "Nice an' warm here now."

"I was in an' fixed the stove at half past seven. You never heard me. Oh—here's your pa an' the children."

Evan Llewelyn, a stocky, slouching man with a thick black beard, came in. After him came Dave, collarless, clasping a Sunday paper under his arm. Then Mabel, flashy, overdressed in her cheap finery, determined to show her sister that she, too, was a woman of the world.

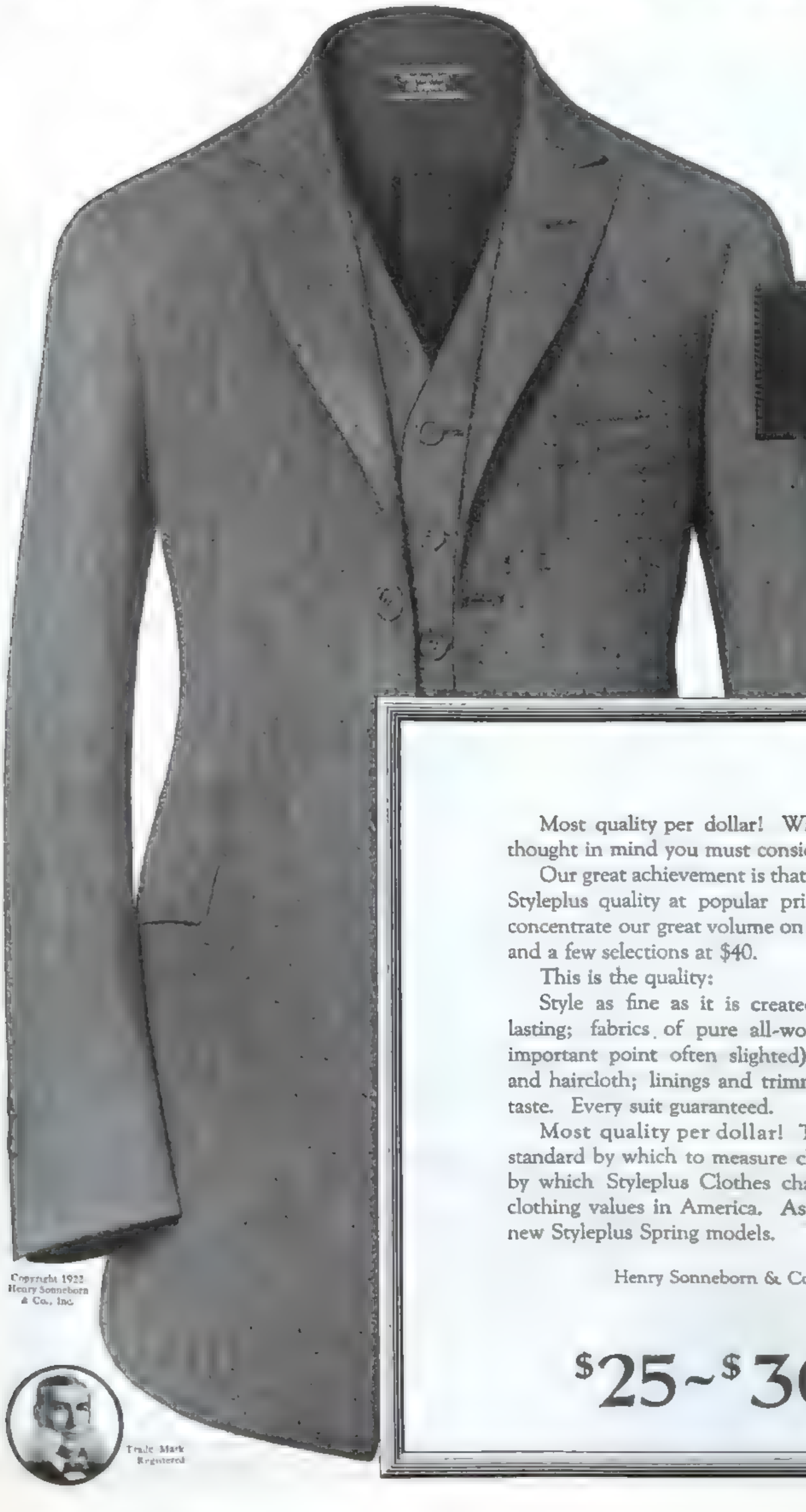
"Well, Ellen," said her father. He kissed her, then stood staring at her with his dull, expressionless eyes. "How are you?"

"I'm fine, pa. How are you?"

"I ain't so good."

(Continued on Page 61)

STYLEPLUS CLOTHES



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Most quality per dollar! When you buy clothes with this thought in mind you must consider Styleplus.

Our great achievement is that we can produce the exceptional Styleplus quality at popular prices, because we specialize and concentrate our great volume on definite grades—$25, $30, $35, and a few selections at $40.

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Style as fine as it is created; tailoring expertly done and lasting; fabrics of pure all-wool; understructure (this is an important point often slighted) of watershrunk linen, taping and haircloth; linings and trimmings of high quality and good taste. Every suit guaranteed.

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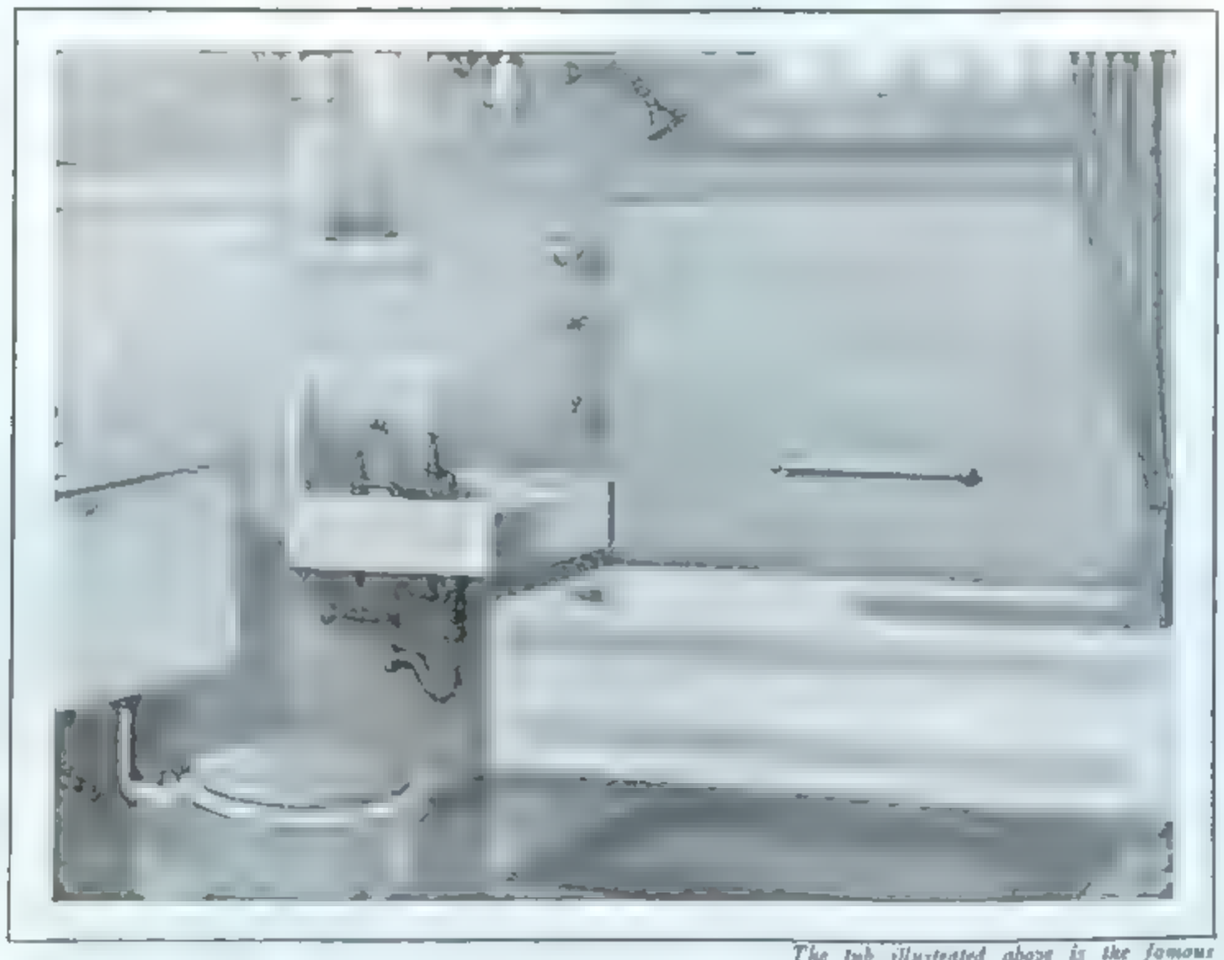

The tub illustrated above is the famous Kohler "Viceroy" Built-in Bath with shower

THE INDEX TO YOUR STANDARDS OF LIVING

THERE is one room in every home which is the key to the real standards of living of that household.

The furnishings in the rest of your home reflect, from necessity, the limitations of your income.

But whether this one room in question reflects your sense of refinement, your ideals of hygiene and sanitation, is a matter, not of money, but of pride.

For you can have a bathroom as finely equipped as those you have admired in hotels of the first class or in attractive homes, at a cost within the reach of the most modest purse.

Most people have a mistaken idea of what a fine bathroom costs. An attractive, modern Kohler bathroom such as that pictured above costs a surprisingly low sum.

There is a Kohler plumber near you who will be glad to give you an estimate of the cost of replacing your old plumbing fixtures with glistening, snow-white Kohler Enameled Plumbing Ware. Call on him now! He can give you much useful information.

You have always known of Kohler Ware—bathtubs, lavatories, kitchen sinks—as beautiful and durable. You know Kohler Ware is used in the world's finest hotels and in countless thousands of homes and apartments. You, too, can enjoy their beauty.

Send for interesting, free booklet illustrating modern bathroom, kitchen and laundry fixtures. It will give you many valuable ideas. Write today.

Every piece of Kohler Plumbing Ware is exclusively distinguished for (1) the snowy whiteness of its durable enamel 2 the uniformity of this whiteness in every fixture 3 the name "Kohler" in dainty blue letters inconspicuously yet permanently fused into the enamel for your protection

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BRANCHES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

MANUFACTURERS OF ENAMELED PLUMBING WARE AND KOHLER AUTOMATIC POWER AND LIGHT 110 VOLT D. C.

(Continued from Page 58)

"Hello, kid," said Dave with an airy kiss. "The pride of the family. Say, folks, get next to the lingerie."

"Still the cut-up," smiled Ellen. "Hello, Mabel. You're looking great."

"Thanks," said Mabel. Her envious, hostile eyes took in every detail of her sister's costume.

Dave drew a slender cane-seated rocking-chair up to the window and drew forth the sporting section of the Boston paper. He took out a cheap cigar and lighted it. Evidently, as far as the welcome was concerned, he had done his bit.

"Say—where do I dress?" Ellen wanted to know.

"You go right up to my room," her mother said. "It's pretty cold, but I got lots of hot water fer you. When you finish come down to the kitchen an' I'll give you a bite of breakfast. You'll need it—dinner ain't till one."

"One?" said Dave through the smoke of his cigar. "Why the hell do we have to wait till one? I'm hungry now. Oh, I see—New York manners. Ain't we the swells to-day?"

Ellen turned unhappily to her mother. "Ma, I got bad news for you. When I sent that wire I thought I could stay till Monday. But the old man—the boss—popped up in Albany last night, and he called a rehearsal in Boston to-night. So I—I—got to leave here at ten past twelve."

"At ten past twelve?" Her mother's tone was tragic. She sank into a chair. "Oh, Ellen—an' you away so long."

"Say, that's a good joke on ma," Dave laughed. "She was flying round wild last night after your telegram come. Gettin' ready for Sunday dinner—nothing she had for us was good enough. She had to comb the town for the lady from New York. Dug up money we didn't know she had and bought a chicken. Nothing too good for Ellen. An' now you're going before noon."

Ellen glanced at her mother's face, then quickly away again.

"A damn good joke," Dave insisted. "Give us some more of the white meat, ma."

"Shut up, can't you?" Ellen cried in a tone she had not used since her last visit home. "Where's my pocketbook?" She found it on the table, took out a time-table. "Wait a minute, ma. Yes; there's another train at 2:30—gets to Boston at 7:40. It's a close call, but I'll risk it. I'll stay to dinner, ma."

"That's nice, Ellen," her mother said. "I ain't got anything special, but I like to have you here. You go right upstairs; I'll bring up the hot water. Dave, you might carry her suitcase."

"That's all right, ma. It ain't heavy."

She went up to the cold bedroom where her parents slept.

A double bed, a washstand with bowl and pitcher, a horrible chromo on the wall—nothing more. Her mother came panting after her with a teakettle of boiling water. She filled the basin.

"There's more if you want it," she said. "I'll go an' get your breakfast ready."

Alone in the room Ellen stared about her. She went to the window, gazed out at the dreary back yards, the grimy sheds and outhouses, the row of neighbors' shacks beyond.

Three ragged children were making a snow man, and a memory of her own childhood flashed back to her. Without knowing why, she sat on the edge of the bed and cried, but noiselessly, keeping a cautious eye on the door.

Finally she rose, bathed her face and hands, put on the little blue serge dress. It was smart; it had an air—and only sixteen dollars at a sale on Fifth Avenue. Her spirits revived. She opened her pocketbook, counted out the amount of her fare to Boston, put aside a few dollars besides. "I can borrow some from Lil," she thought. The balance, fourteen dollars, she put in her stocking.

In the kitchen ma had an orange, some oatmeal, coffee. Mabel came in and sat at the table with her while ma busied herself with the chicken and rattled the drafts of the stove.

"How's everything, Mabel?" Ellen asked.

"How would it be?" Mabel wanted to know. "In the mill eight hours a day. A fine life, I'll tell the world."

"Ma says you have a good time—fellows, picture shows."

"She told you that, did she? She's always beefing. Wants me to come home here every night an' read the Bible, I s'pose. I guess after the day I got to go through I'm entitled to a little pleasure."

"A little—sure," said Ellen. "But every night—all the time ——"

"You got a nerve!" cried Mabel hotly. "I notice you didn't stay here an' work in no mill. No; you got out. You went to New York. You didn't stick in this hole like I got to. You went where you could have a good time, dancing on the stage, an' seeing the world, an' meeting lots of swell fellows. An' you come home once every two years for fifteen minutes an' try to tell me what I should do."

"I'm not telling you, Mabel," Ellen said. "Hush up."

"When I get ready," answered Mabel. The bitter envy in her heart urged her on: "It ain't fair. You got everything an' I got nothing. Nice clothes, a fur coat; an' I'm punching a time clock."

"Now, now, Mabel," her mother said, patting her shoulder. "I guess Ellen has to work fer what she gets. I guess it ain't so easy sometimes."

"You said it, ma. I'm sorry if you ain't satisfied, Mabel. I'd do something about it if I could."

Mabel stalked into the parlor.

"It ain't no use, Ellen," her mother said. "She won't listen. Don't you spoil your stay trying to do anything here. I'll get along."

Ellen reached into her stocking and produced the fourteen dollars. "Here, ma. You need coal an' things. Don't let any of them know you got it."

"Can you spare all this, Ellen? It will come in handy. I got to keep a little hid or we'd go on the rocks."

"If this show's a hit maybe I can send a little more. I'll try."

"Don't you stint yourself, Ellen. What you earn belongs to you first of all."

She left her mother and went into the parlor. It had been two years since they had seen her, but the three of them read on oblivious. She stood looking for a moment at her father, frowning above the news.

There was a rumor that he had been a handsome man in his youth, which had been spent in coal mines. Handsome but ineffectual, a drifter, satisfied with failure. Her ugly childhood, her unhappy memories—here was the guilty party, Ellen thought; the one responsible. Shiftless. How she hated shiftlessness! If only he had cared enough to fight!

She passed through the room, went upstairs and prepared the straw suitcase for a quick get-away. Already her heart was heavy with dread of the parting from her mother. She returned to the kitchen and spent the remainder of the morning there, helping with the dinner, setting the table—which stood in the center of the room—studying the mysteries of cooking. Her mother's spirits rose, they became merry over an ancient jest, their laughter rang so loudly that the readers in the other room stirred uneasily over the type, like sleepers dimly conscious of a world awake.

When they sat down to the table Ellen could have wept again, her mother's efforts at a bit of style were so pitiful, so heart-rending. Butter plates, for example. Dave waxed merry over the butter plates, pretended he didn't know what they were for, protested he would have to leave the table if things got any more elegant. He didn't leave, however; he stayed on, the most industrious diner there.

Ellen's wrist watch kept her alive to the hour without any painful show of interest, and at five minutes past two she suddenly broke in on a long story of her mother's.

"Well, ma, I hate to eat and run."

Her mother's stricken face appalled her. "Is it time, Ellen?"

"I'm afraid so. You know how it is with us woiking wimmin." She sought to be light and airy. If only her mother would follow the lead!

"Pa, you an' Dave go to the station with her." Ma was on her feet, all energy. "I'll stay here an' do these dishes. Now, Ellen, do take care of yourself. Where's her coat? Mabel, get Ellen's coat."

There was a great bustle, Dave and pa seeking their overcoats, Mabel running up with Ellen's belongings. Out of the corner of her eye she saw that ma was bearing up well.

"Now, Ellen—you're not to stay away so long again."

"No, ma, I promise."

Pa and Dave on the porch, waiting somnolently after their gorging—and then

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Fresh or Salt Water
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Resists the Weather and the Wear
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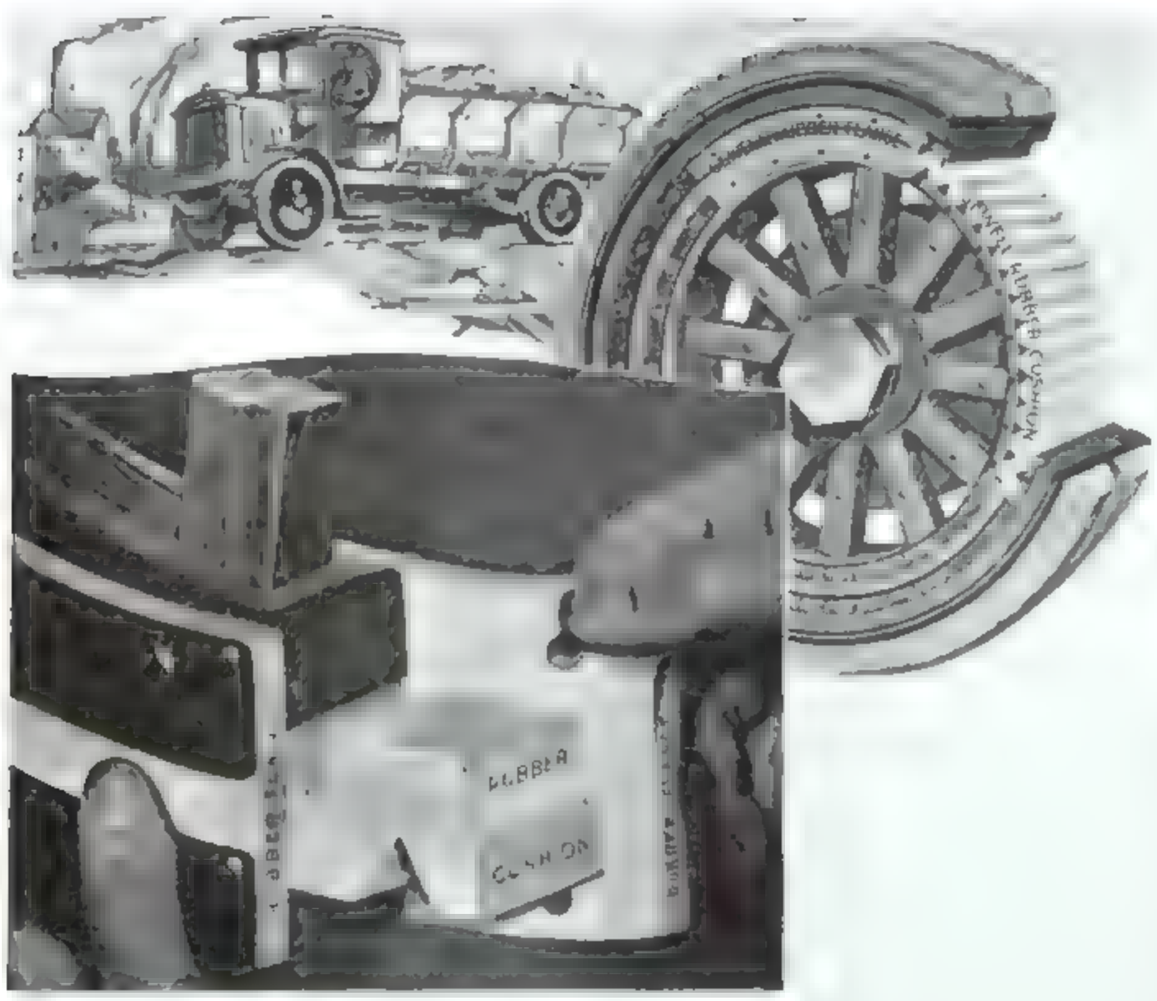

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Experienced motor truck owners now demand protection for their trucks against road vibrations—the direct cause of expense, delays and trouble. Each year thousands of these same experienced owners demand the Sewell protection—"The resiliency built in the wheel."

In the Sewell Wheel these owners have found not only the desired protection, but permanent protection. This permanent resiliency is only made possible with the Sewell flange principle, used in 80,000 Sewell Wheels adopted 14 years ago.

This exclusive flange construction, together with its application, is responsible for one-half the efficiency in Sewell Wheels. It permits the use of a soft rubber cushion, and keeps it soft for years of service.

Write us, or one of our 125 distributors for descriptive matter on the flange type of Sewell Wheels for motor trucks.

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Sewell Cushion Wheels

The Resiliency is Built in the Wheel.

ma limp in her slender arms, sobbing, sobbing. "Ellen—don't forget me—come home—come home."

"Yes, ma. I got to rush—miss the train. Good-by, ma dear." She pushed her mother away almost rudely and was out on the porch, then back for another kiss. Then out again, her cheeks wet, her eyes dim.

"Look out fer that last step—the board's rotted away," pa warned.

She never saw the step, but passed it by a flying leap and was out on the sidewalk hurrying after Dave and pa, and waving her hand to the dumpy little figure on the porch. Then the corner was turned, and ma lost to sight.

"Pa—you ought to make it easier for her," she said, catching up.

"What kin I do?" he wanted to know.

They hurried on, her tears drying in the sunshine.

At the station she learned that the train was fifteen minutes late, and her heart sank. Her job seemed so very important to her now. Pa took to pacing the platform, and Dave tried to borrow five dollars. She told Dave a few things for his own good, and he assumed a sullen injured air. She was relieved when the train came in, and leaped aboard as though it awaited only her presence to start on a mad dash for Boston.

"Good-by, pa. Good-by, Dave. Take good care of ma."

More than five hours of torture followed. Every stop drove her mad; her eyes scarcely left her watch. She saw the old man again: "The call is for eight, and one minute late means your job." And the train was losing—losing. She never should have chanced it—but there was ma's face.

Suppose she were fired—in Boston, in midwinter, three dollars in her purse? And with ma needing her help.

The train pulled into Huntington Avenue Station at ten minutes past eight, and she knew that all was over. The old man never failed to keep his promise in a matter of this sort. She debated whether she should go to the theater at all; it could only mean a humiliating scene. Still—there was just a chance—the old man might drop dead in a fit of apoplexy before he could pronounce her doom.

She squandered one of her precious dollars on a taxi, and by 8:20 she had reached the alley leading to the stage door of the theater. As she jumped out and seized her suitcase a stocky little figure loomed up in her path.

"Andy! What's happened?"

"For God's sake, Ellen, get in there on the stage! It ain't dress—go on just as you are. I'll give you five minutes."

"What do you mean—you'll give me five minutes?"

"I knew you wasn't here, so I haven't showed up myself yet. They can't start without me. The old man's out front calling my ancestors some pretty rotten names, but he's forgot all about you. He'll never know you was late."

"Oh, Andy—you darling!"

"Thanks. Five minutes."

"Three will do."

She dashed down the alley and through the stage door, throwing her suitcase into a corner. Another instant and she strolled lazily on the stage and took her place for the opening chorus.

"Where you been?" demanded the harassed Mickleson.

"Standing round waiting," she smiled. "Why don't we start? It's nearly 8:30."

From out in the dark auditorium came the shrill cry of the old man: "You fell asleep? The hell you say! Do I pay you to sleep? Eight o'clock, I said, and eight o'clock I meant. Look at that watch! Look at it, I say!"

"Yes, sir—I'm very sorry. It won't happen again," came Andy's reply. Good musical directors are scarce, and he knew it. He climbed into the orchestra pit and lifted his baton. "All right, boys," he smiled. "Let's go."

The boys smiled back and put a great deal of spirit into the first bars of the opening chorus. It was a pleasure to drown out the remarks the old man still felt called upon to make.

III

"ALL right," said the old man at last. The time was 1:30. For five terrible hours he had kept them at it, stopping them, denouncing them, starting them off, stopping them again. But now his own remarkable vitality was exhausted; he was willing to call it a rehearsal. "All right. I'm satisfied. I guess we're ready to open in a real town. You're dismissed."

Ellen Llewelyn sank down on a property chair. "Gee," she said, "I'm all in. Out last night until three ——"

"You better get to bed," Lil advised. "I got a room at the Occidental for the two of us. I've a date for supper myself if my friend hasn't beat it."

Ellen rose, and they went to the stage door. She took up her suitcase. Out in the alley a prosperous-looking young man in a fur coat came suddenly to life.

"Great Scott, Lil!" he said. "Thought you were never coming."

"Blame it on the old man," Lil told him. "Simon Legree, we work for. Say, Jack, you're a good sport. I never dreamed you'd wait. Oh—want to introduce my friend, Ellen Llewelyn."

"Nice name," said the young man. "Nice girl, too—I can see that, even in the dark. How are you?"

"Dead and buried," sighed Ellen. "The same to you, and many of them."

"Join us for supper?" he inquired, with no enthusiasm.

"Sure," she said—"any other time. Not this evening—this morning, I mean. Little old bay for mine."

"Ellen's done up," Lil explained. "Well, dearie, you run along. I'll be with you in no time. Ta, ta."

Lil and her friend disappeared into the calm dark of the alley. As Ellen turned toward her hotel the inevitable Andy fell into step beside her.

"Come again on the suitcase," he ordered. "Say, kid—you must be tired." The lights of an all-night lunch room—according to the sign, Dan's place—fell across their path. "Want to call on Dan for a cup of coffee?" Andy inquired.

"Thanks. Not to-night. I had a sandwich on the train."

"Have a good visit with the folks?"

"Pretty short. But it was fine to see ma again. Say, Andy—I don't know how I can ever thank you."

"Thank me for what?"

"You know well enough. Not showing up yourself till I came—risking your job."

"But you did thank me, Ellen. You thanked me plenty."

"When was that?"

"When you said that about my being—a darling. Was that on the level, kid?"

"You know it was."

They were at the door of her hotel. He put a hand on her arm. "Then it was the best news I ever heard, Ellen. I guess you know all right how I feel."

"Oh, Andy—I'm so tired. I'll have to say good night now."

"Sure—I understand." They went into the lobby, and he handed the suitcase over to a sleepy bell boy. "Well, pleasant dreams!"

She got her key, and as the smelly little elevator ascended she caught one final glimpse of his honest, adoring face. He loved her, she knew, and one of these days he would blurt it out. She must be prepared.

Sleepily, as she undressed, she thought him over. How different he was from many of the men she met round the show shop. He was decent, he pursued none of the girls with the idea of double-crossing them in the end. On the level, Andy; steady, dependable, always there when she needed him. But ——

Ah, that was it—but. So far as she could see he had absolutely no intention of ever being more than he was to-day. He dreamed at times of writing a popular song, but that was only a dream. He would never get round to it, he was too easy-going, too contented, too—yes, even too lazy.

She saw herself his wife, a tiny flat in Harlem, theatrical papers on the table. Sunday afternoon, a walk on the drive, a stop at a delicatessen to get the supper, some of the gang in, Andy with his collar off, dealing the cards. Working and flush, a good fellow while he had it; then, occasionally, bad times, no job, not a penny saved; worry and recriminations. The years passing, Andy getting fat and dull, standing still right where he had always been, waving his baton frantically, perhaps, but standing still while the great world went on.

"Not for mine," she said firmly as she crawled into bed.

Her decision taken she wasted no further time in thought. She slept, and Lil, tiptoeing in an hour later, was suddenly amused at her own caution.

(Continued on Page 65)

Teeth That Shine

Note how many you see today

Have you noted how many pretty teeth you meet with nowadays?

Millions of people are combating film—the film that keeps teeth dingy. Those whiter, cleaner, safer teeth show the benefit they get.

We urge you to learn how they do it, and try the method yourself for ten days.

Film destroys beauty

A viscous film forms on your teeth. You can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth, and stays.

That film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It often forms the basis of thin, discolored coats. Tartar is based on film.

When that film is left, it clouds the teeth. Some teeth are badly stained. The thin film coat becomes unsightly, not the teeth themselves.

Film is also the cause of most tooth troubles. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Millions of germs breed in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of many troubles, local and internal.

Now we combat it

Tooth troubles have been constantly increasing. So dental science has for years sought ways to fight that film.

Two ways have now been found. Able authorities have proved their efficiency. Leading dentists nearly all the world over are urging their daily use.

A new-day tooth paste has been created to comply with all modern requirements. The name is Pepsodent. These two effective film combatants are now embodied in it.

Two other benefits

Pepsodent brings, with every use, two other great effects. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth which may otherwise cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

These are Nature's great tooth-protecting agents. Every use of Pepsodent gives them many-fold effect. Thus it creates all-important benefits which are now considered essential. To millions of homes it has introduced a new era in teeth cleaning.

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A book we send explains each new effect. So you will see that new protection comes, as well as new delights.

If you are careful enough to brush teeth, learn how to clean them better.

Quick, visible effects

The Pepsodent effects are quick and conspicuous. No user can doubt its benefits. What you see and feel will very soon convince you.

Film is combated. Starch deposits are attacked. The teeth are highly polished. The mouth is left in alkaline condition.

Learn these results, then let your family enjoy them. Children need them too. This is the way to safer teeth.

Let this test show you what clean teeth mean, and you will always want them.

10-Day Tube Free

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So that *you* can ride on good roads

Thousands of men in our country have chosen as a life-work this endless job—to make rough roads smooth for you and me. It's an idealistic job, but very real and practical, full of hard work and obstacles to be overcome.

We are glad to be able to help in this work. We make culverts of "Armco" Ingot Iron—the rust-resisting iron. The men who make bad roads good know that "Armco" Ingot Iron culverts endure.

They know, too, that when they put an "Armco" Ingot Iron culvert under a road it is there to stay and will not need digging out again every year or two to repair it and cost the people—that is, you and me—a lot of money for "upkeep." The men who built the Dixie Highway know. These two "Armco" culverts, which were installed thirteen years ago, have seen three roadbeds come and go in great floods. What a tribute to permanency in culvert construction!

Roadmakers, contractors, taxpayers, town and city authorities, everybody interested in good roads, should know about "Armco" Ingot Iron culverts—should do whatever they can, when culverts must be used, to see that they are of "Armco" Ingot Iron—the rust-resisting iron.

For culvert information of any kind, write to the Armco Culvert and Flume Manufacturers Ass'n, Chicago, Ill.

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY
Middletown, Ohio

ARMCO TRADE MARK INGOT IRON

(Continued from Page 62)

"Cannon wouldn't wake her," said Lil, and threw her shoes noisily across the room.

It was noon on Monday when Ellen awoke, twenty again, and ready for life. She saw two slim white arms stretched from Lil's bed toward the grimy ceiling, and heard the last gasp of a yawn.

"Here we are again," she called.

"Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning," sang Lil. "Especially in winter—and in Boston. Ugh! Sometimes, dearie, I wish I'd turned gay and joined the Palm Beach crowd."

"No, you don't," said Ellen.

"Well, it's a dog's life, this is. Say, honey, put down that window and turn on the heat. Atta girl!"

Ellen knew from experience that this shivery task was up to her; Lil would lie there all day rather than face it. So she carried out instructions. Then, in her dressing gown, she sat on the edge of Lil's bed.

"Seemed merry and bright—that guy in the fur coat," she ventured.

"Jack Prentice? Dearie, he's a prince. Not many of them would wait until two G. M. just for the privilege of feeding a poor working girl. But he's a gentleman, Jack is. A Harvard graduate, dearie, with a nice little bond business all his own."

"Honest?" said Ellen, wide eyed.

"Well, he's kept out of jail at any rate," Lil smiled. She had listened to this joke over four hundred times in a show, and had pretty well got the hang of it. "And I'm for him—I'm for him strong."

They went to Dan's place for lunch. The proprietor himself was behind the desk. An old friend, he greeted them effusively.

"How's the show?" he wanted to know.

"They liked us in Albany," Lil told him.

"Don't mean a thing," Dan replied. "Well, I'll be there to look you over. Got two on the aisle, front row. I hope you're good." He rather fancied himself in the rôle of dramatic critic, and indeed his opinions were much more eagerly sought by show people than were those of the newspaper reviewers.

After lunch Ellen took a brisk stroll through the Public Gardens. She went alone, the very idea being repulsive to Lil. After that she tried a picture show. It was six o'clock when she returned to the hotel. Lil was waiting, dressed like something in a fashion magazine.

"Hurry up, honey!" she cried. "Get into your best. Jack just phoned—we're invited to dinner. He's on the way, and he's bringing a friend—a sort of a highbrow, he said."

"A highbrow?" asked Ellen.

"Yes—somebody he picked up at the club. Get that, dearie—he belongs to a club. Come on—take off your coat—I'll do your hair. I want you to look your best. This guy may be a live one, even if his forehead does bulge. We'll look him over anyhow. You never can tell. Hurry, Ellen."

"What—what'll I wear?" said Ellen.

Whatever she wore she looked remarkably sweet and youthful when she and Lil emerged from the elevator twenty minutes later. Jack Prentice came forward to greet them, all pep and ginger, for he belonged to that school of business men. With him was a tall, rather languid young man. His face was thin and aristocratic, his hair blond, his blue eyes kindly.

"Girls," cried Mr. Prentice, "meet my friend, Tony Winterslip. Anthony Winterslip, no other. The pride of Back Bay, venturing out into the world, taking a little nip at the flask of life."

Mr. Winterslip appeared somewhat embarrassed at this form of introduction. He smiled in a friendly way, and shook hands.

"Happy to meet you, I'm sure," he said.

"Be gentle with him, girls," went on the irrepressible Prentice. "It isn't often he escapes from the monastery. This is a big adventure for his unaccustomed feet. Smooth his path."

The adventuring one cast an annoyed look at his noisy friend, and they all left the hotel for the narrow sidewalk of Boylston Street. Lil and Jack went on ahead and Ellen fell in beside the tall blond youth.

"It's—it's good of you to bother," was all she could think of to say.

"Why—it isn't any bother," he answered in a surprised tone.

There was in his voice that faint suggestion of a lisp which may be caught issuing from the lips of Boston's best. He did seem rather wonderful, and Ellen looked up at him in awe. Her awe would have been increased a thousandfold had she been more familiar with Boston and the magic name of Winterslip. Winterslip feet had been among the first to tread these winding streets. Winterslip brains had helped to make their town the hub of the universe. Great statesmen, great clergymen, great educators hung in profusion on the branches of that family tree. For more than a century Winterslip aunts had looked coldly on the world from behind purple panes on Beacon Street.

To-day the Winterslip family had sort of tapered down to Tony. He was the end of it all, the ultimate Winterslip. He lived in the reflected splendor of the past, a quiet, rather bookish young man. Haughty and distant most people thought him. The daughters of the elect, walking of an afternoon along the promenade at the rear of the dignified homes on Beacon Street, would see him out in the middle of the Charles, rowing along determinedly in his single shell. And when they met him later at a dance it seemed that half the chilly river was still between them. That was Tony.

He had allowed Jack Prentice to drag him forth on this adventure, but already it seemed silly and futile to him. However, he was not the sort to let little Ellen Llewelyn see that. He cast about in his mind for some remark that would come within the narrow limits of her comprehension.

"It's rather a pleasant night—for February," he said.

"It's a fine night," Ellen agreed. No argument there.

In the brightly lighted dining room of the best hotel Lil and Jack carried things along at a merry pace, with occasional help from Ellen. Tony Winterslip said little. He had the detached air that the king may have shown toward the beggar maid—early in their acquaintance.

"Wake up!" said Jack Prentice as the dinner was drawing toward a close. "Show a little life, Tony. You're out among 'em, boy! You know, if it wasn't for me"—he turned to the girls—"he'd be sitting in the club library this minute reading some dog-goned book. At it all the time. Bad for the eyes, I say."

"He and Ellen'd make a good pair," Lil laughed. "Can't pry her loose when she gets hold of a book. I trail along with you, Jack. What's the use of it, I want to know. You can read books when you're eighty."

Tony Winterslip was looking at Ellen with a new interest. "You like to read?" he inquired.

She blushed. "Why—yes—I'm sort of fond of it. They all make fun of me, but you can learn a lot that way."

"What do you read?"

"Anything I can get. I've read most of Conrad. I was interested in him because once he didn't even know how to speak English—and the first thing anybody knew, he was writing it fine. And—and Masefield—I think he's great. And I've tried Wells."

Jack Prentice threw up his hands. "Ye gods!" he cried. "Listen to the child. Your affinity, Tony, that's what she is."

"So it seems," laughed Tony, and blushed.

When he dared he raised his eyes and looked again into Ellen's face. Was she telling the truth, he wondered. He rather suspected she was not; it seemed a ruse to gain his interest. Poor Ellen, most of them thought that.

But on the way to the theater he resolved to find out. "Where do you get these books you read?" he asked.

"It's not so easy," she told him. "I join a circulating library when I'm a long time in a town. But they don't have the kind I like best—and those cost a lot."

"What kind do you like?"

"Biographies—when I can get them. I like to read about real people—not just characters somebody has thought up. I like to find out how they made good, and how they did things—and all."

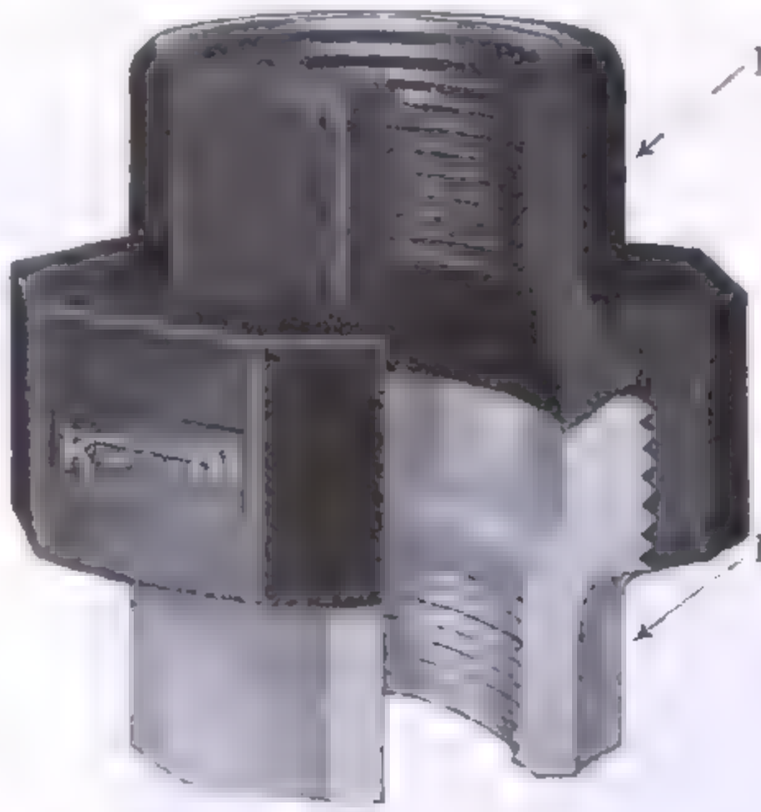
They turned into the alley. "I'm rather fond of biography myself," said Tony Winterslip. "And I happen to have quite a library. I wonder if you'd care to have me bring you some of my books?"

"I sure would. I'd take good care of them."

"All right," he smiled. "It's a promise. I'll drop round some night with an armful."

They paused at the stage door. A stocky figure came abreast of them and passed inside unnoticed.

The new Walworth Kewanee Union



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"That'll be great," Ellen told him. "Good-by—the whistle's blowing. I—I certainly had a dandy time."

"So did I," Tony Winterslip answered. "Good-by." He and Prentice walked away down the alley. "Gad," said Mr. Winterslip suddenly, "that little girl's a wonder."

"A new type to me," responded Prentice. "A reader. Pretty as the devil though. You noticed that, didn't you?"

"Yes—I noticed that," said Tony Winterslip.

Ellen and Lil ran gayly up the iron stairs. It may have been the climb, but Ellen's heart was beating wildly. In the dressing room of the leading man, where he had the privilege of a hook, Mr. Andy Owen was hanging up his overcoat. He bent low before a mirror lined with telegrams, slicked his hair, straightened his white tie.

"Never even saw me," he informed his reflection in the glass.

One Night in June appeared to meet Boston's intellectual needs exceptionally well, and when the old man lined them up on the stage after the performance he was in a mood of kindly affability that was a revelation to those who had never worked for him before. His sheaf of notes was surprisingly thin, and he let them go with the intimation that they would play the season out in Boston, reserving Broadway for the fall.

Ellen was, as usual, the first of the girls ready for the street, and when she came down the stairs Andy was waiting for her. His serious face was sadly out of tune with the joyous atmosphere back stage on the first night of a hit.

"Don't stop for Lil," he urged. "Come over to Dan's place. I want to talk to you."

Dan, his red face glowing with smiles, greeted them as they came in. "You got a knock-out," he said. "You're in for a run. I enjoyed every minute of it."

"Oh, well—wait for the papers," said Andy glumly.

"Papers, hell!" answered Dan, offended. "I say you're over. That's enough, ain't it?"

Andy led the way to a table in the farthest corner and handed over a rather soiled little bill of fare. "What'll you have?" he inquired.

"Oh—just a ham sandwich and a glass of milk," Ellen told him. "That'll be enough for me."

"Yeah—I should think it would. Had a good dinner, didn't you?"

"What if I did? It's no affair of yours."

"It ain't, hey? Well, suppose I make it my affair?"

"Here's the waiter, Andy. Gee, you're cross to-night."

Andy gave the order and remained silent until the waiter moved away. "Who was your tall friend in the overcoat?" he demanded then.

"Name was Winterslip," smiled Ellen brightly. "Nice fellow too. I always did like tall men, Andy. And as for the overcoat, what do you expect in weather like this—a Palm Beach suit?"

"Don't try to kid me."

"And don't you try to call me. What strings you got on me, I'd like to know—sitting there and taking that tone."

Andy bowed his head. "I know," he said; "I'm all wrong. Excuse me, Ellen. But but I'm pretty easy-going—but somehow, seeing you with that guy sort of got my goat. For a minute I was wild enough to kill."

"You still act pretty wild to me," she answered, but she regarded him with a new interest.

He leaned closer. "Look here, Ellen, I just been drifting along, but now I'm going to put all my cards on the table. I guess you know how I feel. I'm crazy about you—ever since you walked into Bryant Hall for rehearsals last December —— Let me finish. I ain't one of these four-flushers. I'm offering to marry you."

"Offering? Say, that's fine!"

"Begging, Ellen. That's what I should have said. Nobody's got any claim on me. I send my mother twenty a week, but outside of that I'm free. I ain't much on talk, and I don't read your books and never can, but I make fair money and I'll take good care of you. And I'm—I'm wild about you—honest I am. I don't know how to say it pretty, but I mean it, kid."

The soiled apron of the waiter suddenly appeared beside them. Quick service was Dan's boast. Their simple choice of viands came between them on the table. The waiter ambled off.

"Andy—I said ham—and that poor simp has brought cheese. Never mind—I'll eat it."

"Oh, damn your sandwich! Excuse me, Ellen—but I'm waiting. What you got to say? Will you have me, Ellen?

She looked across into his kindly, earnest face and saw in his eyes a fire she had never suspected. A thrill, not unpleasant, ran up and down her spine.

"Will you take me?" he pleaded.

"No, Andy," she said gently.

"Why not? Oh—I suppose the line's busy. If you think that tall guy ——"

"Don't be silly, Andy! I never saw him before to-night."

"Oh, well," said Andy bitterly, "I might have known. I'm all right just to hang round and carry your grip, but that's all. Good old Andy—the bonehead. I can't talk like a school-teacher."

"Nonsense, Andy. Talk doesn't matter. It's—it's more than talk—there's something wrong with you."

"What's wrong with me?" he demanded fiercely.

"You're satisfied. That's the whole story. You're satisfied with this."

"Why not? I'm making good money. Oh, I know—you want to marry the President, or somebody. God knows what you're aiming at. Nobody who troupes with you can move fast enough to suit you. Always going on—to what? Tell me that."

Ellen nibbled thoughtfully at her sandwich. "That day you began to rehearse us—in New York," she said, "you played over for us the beginning of a waltz. And a little snatch of a fox trot. Things you'd started—but never finished. Why don't you finish them, Andy?"

"Oh—I'm busy. I've got a lot to attend to."

"I'll say you have. You got to leave me in a few minutes and play pinochle with the gang for about five hours. Then, when you get up to-morrow around noon, there'll be the morning paper to read. By the time you get that attended to the evening paper'll be out. Then a nap, then dinner, then the show—and then the gang again. Andy, you're getting nowhere."

"I don't see it. I'm making enough to live on. The way I look at it is, maybe sometime I'll get round to composing, maybe not. For the present, musical directors ain't any too plentiful, and I'm pretty sure of work. I should worry."

"Yes, Andy—you should."

"You make me tired." He drank audibly from his coffee cup. "This is all a bluff anyhow. If you cared anything about me you'd take me, and that would be that. Oh, I'm not blind. You met a rich fellow to-night, and now your head's going round. Anything can happen. Why stop for little old Andy when there's a sea full of bigger fish?"

"Andy—that's not fair."

"Well, you've made a fool of me—the first girl who could say that, if it's any pleasure to you. But I'm through. I'll never ask you again."

He choked on his ham and eggs. Ellen sat for a long moment staring at him with a strange light in her eyes. "Got a pencil, Andy?" she asked suddenly.

No musical director is ever without a pencil, and he handed his over without a word. Ellen picked up Dan's bill of fare, a tattered, stained bit of paper that had lived through a hard day. Without looking at Andy she began to scribble hastily on the back. She finished and folded the paper.

"I wish I had an envelope," she smiled. Andy maintained a dignified silence, but he was still Old Dependable. He produced an envelope with the name of an Albany hotel in the corner. Ellen put the folded bill of fare inside and sealed the flap. Then she inscribed her own name on the outside and handed back the pencil.

"Finished, Andy?" she asked. He gathered up the checks and followed her to the desk.

"Dan, I want to leave this with you," Ellen said. She passed over the envelope. "Just put it in a safe place until I call for it. It's—it's a bet."

"Sure," said Dan. "I'll do that. Many's the stakes I held in the old days when my cash register stood up against the long mirror. But times is changed." He sighed. "High stakes, Ellen?" he asked.

"Seem high to me," she told him.

She and Andy went out into the alley. They walked slowly along. Andy's pride was hurt, his heart heavy. Dozens of things he might say to her flashed through

(Continued on Page 69)

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❦ ❦ ❦

For centuries lead's non-corrosive qualities have made it the favored metal for water-pipes. Lead gutters, pipe-heads and leader pipes have been used for hundreds of years to carry off the rain from the roofs of buildings. Such lead work is often very beautiful and ornamental.

Often you see a steel skeleton, a bridge, a roof, a railing that has been painted a flaming orange-red. This brilliant coat is red-lead, an oxide of lead. "Save the surface and you save all" is an imperative maxim where exposed metal surfaces are concerned, and red-lead is the most reliable protection against rust that has yet been discovered.

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❦ ❦ ❦

Civilization has found hundreds of uses for lead and its products, and of them all the use of white-lead in paint is undoubtedly the most important.

Paint is used to decorate and preserve almost everything that is built or made, and the principal factor in good paint is white-lead—made by corroding pure metallic lead and mixing it with linseed oil.

Most painters simply add more linseed oil to the white-lead, in order to make the paint they use. Paint manufacturers use white-lead, in varying quantities, in the paint they make. The quality of any paint is largely dependent on the amount of white-lead it contains, for it is the white-lead that gives to good paint its durability.

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Dutch Boy Babbitt Metals	Lead Wool
Dutch Boy Solders	Litharge
Basic Lead Sulphate—White and Blue	

(Continued from Page 66)

his mind, but no word passed his lips. At the door of her hotel, however, he spoke.

"Well, good night, Ellen," he said. "I'm sorry you think I'm no good."

"Andy—I never said that."

"I guess you meant it though. I can take a hint. Good-by!"

"Oh, Andy," she said with a little sob in her throat.

In her room she asked herself if she had done the right thing. Poor Andy. There weren't many so fine as he. Perhaps —— But suddenly through her mind flashed a picture of the house in North Readfield, of Evan Llewelyn, slouching through life, shiftless, devoid of ambition, beaten before he began. "Not for mine," she thought again. And after she had turned off the light and lay in bed she seemed to see in another flash the crayon portrait of the dissenting pastor. Nothing could stop him. He went on.

The Tuesday papers happily confirmed Dan's judgment on One Night in June, and when the girls went to lunch next day they saw a long line of customers at the box office of the theater. Thus encouraged they spent the afternoon locating a furnished apartment. They found what they wanted on Beacon Hill, and arranged to move in next day. Here they could prepare many of their meals themselves—or rather, Ellen could—and thus save precious dollars.

On Tuesday night after the show Andy Owen was nowhere to be seen. Lil had found another long-lost friend ready and willing to buy. Ellen went alone across the Common and ate a forlorn little supper in the apartment. Andy upstage? It made life seem sort of dreary.

All through the Wednesday matinée she tried to catch his eye, but failed. By night, however, his easy good-nature had returned, and after the show he was waiting for her just inside the stage door.

"Hello," he said. "Found an apartment yet?"

"Sure. Moved yesterday," she told him. "Where you been, Andy? I missed you."

"Did you—honest? Well—I been sort of busy. Come on over to Dan's place."

The door opened, and Anthony Winterslip stepped inside. He had a number of books under his arm, and he stood blinking about him with the air of a lost soul.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I'm looking —— Oh, there you are! Gad, what luck."

"Hello," said Ellen. "You didn't forget. About the books, I mean."

"No, indeed—why should I? I say, can't we go out for a bit of supper?"

"Sure," said Ellen. "I'm all ready. Well, Andy, see you later."

The door slammed in Andy's face and he was left there, his anger slowly rising. He was a mild man by nature and the thoughts of homicide that surged into his heart alarmed him. Jimmy Gray, the juvenile, ran blithely down the stairs.

"Hello, Andy," he said. "The bunch is coming round to my place for a poker session. Always room for one more, old dear."

"Oh, go to the devil!" Andy cried, and rushed into the alley. He stalked savagely toward his hotel. "Gad, what luck," he said through his teeth, in a sickeningly affected manner. "I say, can't we go somewhere for a bit of supper?" So that was the kind of creature Ellen fell for.

He walked along, the sour grapes bitter in his mouth. A knowledge of his own limitations weighed him down. What had he to offer? This new fellow of Ellen's was a gentleman, prosperous and cultivated—refined, as Andy put it. Why shouldn't Ellen prefer him to Andy Owen, the demon pinochle player, the graduate of Tin Pan Alley?

He entered the doorway of his hotel and walked briskly up to the desk. "Say, listen," he began, "I'm going to rent a piano and have it moved into my room to-morrow. No objection, I suppose?"

"Why, no, I guess not," said the clerk. "In the case of an old patron of the house like you, Andy. Only you can't play it at any late hours. Not after the theater."

"Mornings," explained Andy. "That's when I want to use it."

"Mornings?" repeated the clerk. He laughed loudly. "Say, I never knew you to be up mornings."

"I never have been," said Andy grimly, "but I'm going to try it."

Anthony Winterslip's air of boredom was nowhere in evidence as he leaned across the table and smiled into Ellen's violet eyes.

"These two volumes," he said, "will tell you all about Charles Dilke—he was an English statesman, a remarkable man. They're thrilling as a novel. And I brought you this Life of Queen Victoria—and the Recollections of the Empress Eugénie."

"That's fine," answered Ellen, her eyes sparkling. "I love to read about royalties, and all that kind."

"You do?"

"Sure. It's like I told you—I don't read books just to pass the time. I want to find out how things are done by people who know. So that if my chance ever comes ——"

"You're ambitious, aren't you?" he asked.

"Of course. Aren't you? Say—what do you do for a living, anyhow?"

He laughed. "Well, it isn't necessary to do very much. I'm a lawyer, in a sort of way—I manage our estate, and a few others. But the truth is, my ancestors worked so hard that there's nothing much left for me to do."

"Oh—I see. You got nowhere to go. You're there. But me—I got the whole distance still to travel."

"I envy you," he said.

"I don't see it," she sighed.

"Why, it's as somebody said I forget the exact words, but the idea was, the fun is not so much in arriving as in making the journey."

"Uh-huh—I bet he'd arrived when he said it." She was silent for a moment, pondering this new point of view. "I guess your people were pretty famous round Boston," she said presently.

"So it seems. Some of them made laws, and some founded schools, and some preached sermons. My great-grandfather was a bishop."

"Honest? My grandfather too—he was a minister. Only that was in Wales. He was a miner to start with, but that didn't stop him—he read and studied. We got his picture in the parlor at home. Everybody loved him, ma says. Just before he died he was moved to another—parish, I guess you call it—and when the people he used to preach to heard he was dead they walked five miles over a rough road on a bitter cold day, and five miles back, carrying him home to his own churchyard. You wouldn't catch people in this country doing that."

"No, I should say not." He smiled at her kindly. "He must have been a fine man, that grandfather of yours." Blood will tell, he reflected, looking into her sweetly serious face. "And he sort of explains you, doesn't he? I mean your desire to go on—to strike out for something better."

"I guess he does," she answered. "If anything explains me. All I know is I ain't—I'm not satisfied—I never have been. I'm only trouping now, but I'm moving on. And I mean to keep moving."

"That's fine," said Tony Winterslip. "You stick to that. And wherever you see a hand stretched out to help you—you take it, won't you?" He leaned across the table. "My hand is there," he said.

Ellen lowered her eyes. "You got nice hands," she said softly.

IV

FIVE weeks passed, five Saturday nights with a good gross reported by the box office and the old man correspondingly happy.

Ellen Llewelyn was happy, too, for never before had her education made such rapid strides. Evidently Tony Winterslip had been in earnest about that hand, stretched out to help, and he was proving it almost daily.

When the weather was fine he took her in his car about the surrounding countryside, where it seemed every other house had a history and a tablet of bronze to recall it. On stormy days there was the Museum of Art or Symphony Hall, and there was also Tony to talk on painting or sculpture or music—good human talk, lighted always by his rather bashful humor.

Once he took her across the bridge to Cambridge, and walked with her through the grounds of the university where Winterslips had studied or taught for a couple of centuries. He pointed out a few of his clubs, and the windows of the room where he had lived his senior year. He introduced to her several handsome boys with flapping arctics, led her into a drug store for a soda, and greeted the clerk as one beloved from whom he had long been separated. Ellen, through wide eyes, looked out on a world as new as Mars. At rare intervals there

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Delicious ice cream, ices and sherbets flavored with genuine Ward's Orange-Crush—also the companion flavors, Lemon-Crush and Lime-Crush—are now being made in nearly every principal city and town in the United States and Canada by one exclusively licensed ice cream manufacturer.

These are the same flavors, especially prepared for frozen products, which have made the drinks, Orange-Crush, Lemon-Crush and Lime-Crush, the largest selling citrus-flavored beverages in the world.

In some places special bricks of varying combinations will be featured. In other places, the "Crush" flavored ice cream, ices and sherbets will be obtainable in bulk. Watch for signs and local newspaper announcements in your community.

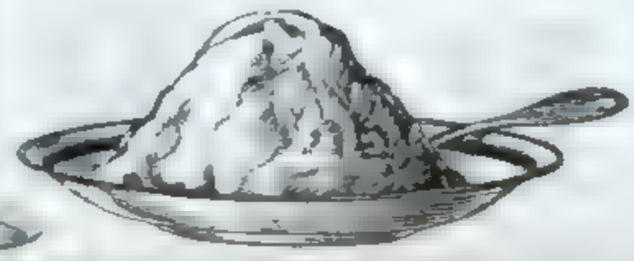
Although this is the first national announcement, frozen products made with these flavors have been sold in an ever-increasing number of places during the past three years. Perhaps you are already acquainted with them. If not, you have a treat in store for you.

The same first-quality ingredients used in preparing the "Crush" drinks are used in the "Crush" ice cream flavors. Fruit oils and juices from oranges, lemons or limes are delicately compounded by the exclusive Ward Process with U. S. certified food color and cane sugar. Purity is scrupulously guarded.

Serve and enjoy these differently flavored ice creams, ices and sherbets frequently this year. Ask any retail ice cream dealer for them. Write us for the name of the licensed ice cream manufacturer nearest you. Send for free booklet, "How Orange-Crush Is Made."

Ice Cream Manufacturers: Write for information about exclusive rights.

Prepared by Orange-Crush Co., Chicago, U. S. A.
In Canada: Orange-Crush Co., Limited, Winnipeg



NEVER GETS ON YOUR NERVES

YOU men who know the wonderful blend of the *new* Girard know also that it is a bigger, better smoke than ever! And—*for less money.*

Smokers who are not yet acquainted with the *new* Girard have a treat coming. Step up to the next cigar-counter, and learn the shortest road to smoke-contentment.

Take no detours—insist on Girards.

10¢ and up

15c size now 2 for 25c
Other prices reduced in proportion

Girard BROKERS
5½ inch perfecto
Formerly 15c
NOW 2 for 25c

ANTONIO ROIG & LANGSDORF
Established 51 years PHILADELPHIA

GIRARD
America's Foremost Cigar

flashed through her mind a vision of 13 River Street, of the grimy sullen procession filing past to the mills at dawn.

Each night, on the stage, she played her little part, took the requisite number of steps, smiled her best smile, though her mind was elsewhere. There was a man named Andy—Andy Owen, the full name—a man she had once known well, but he was a stranger now.

Eight times a week she saw him there in the pit, his baton raised, his round kindly face aglow with enthusiasm for his job. No sign passed between them. When they met in the wings he said hello, she answered; that was all. There was much gossip back stage of the rich boy Ellen had captured, but no one ever heard a comment from Andy Owen.

On a Saturday night early in April, Ellen and Tony Winterslip were walking home to her apartment after the show. For a long time the streets and sidewalks of the town had been covered with packed dry snow, and Ellen had ventured down to the theater at noon in a pair of flimsy pumps. Since then, however, a sudden warm turn had come in the weather, and now they sloshed along through an ocean of Boston's celebrated vernal slush. Ellen should never have dared that journey, but she was still too much in awe of Tony to protest, and as for him, he was too grand and lofty ever to notice anyone's footgear.

"It's great, isn't it?" he asked. "I mean, this warm night, and the stars, and all. I tell you, Ellen, spring is on the way."

"I guess it is," she agreed. "I love it too. Always makes me feel so full of pep—energy, I mean. Seems like there's nothing so big I couldn't do it. Don't you feel that way, Tony?"

"You bet I do. I've hardly missed a day on the river this winter, and it's kept me in fine trim—but I'm getting tired of it. Not long now, though—tennis out at Longwood, and golf."

"But—that wasn't what I meant." She hesitated; it had been a matter long on her mind, but she was timid about mentioning it. "Don't you feel you'd like to get out and—and accomplish something, Tony? Something big—have everybody talking about you?"

"Heaven forbid!" he laughed. "Sounds scandalous. Not in my line at all."

"But, Tony—you know so much—such a fine education. Are you getting anywhere? I don't want to be rude ——"

"I see what you mean. Success, eh? No, Ellen, the idea doesn't appeal. Not in this crude, bromidic country."

"The country suits me all right," she said warmly.

"Of course—of course. But what I mean—oh, well, you'd hardly understand. To get out, mingle with the mob—no, thanks; the rewards aren't worth it, really. Not over here. Now, in Paris—or almost anywhere abroad ——"

He went on to expound his viewpoint. Ellen listened, deep in thought. This was a new side to Tony.

At the door he took her hand: "Good night, Ellen. Look here—you're shivering. Are you cold?" He glanced down at her feet. "Oh, by gad—you're soaked. I never noticed I say, I am a fool. I'm frightfully sorry."

"'S all right," Ellen assured him. "I don't mind."

"You hurry upstairs and get into a hot bath," he said. "I'm afraid you've caught cold—and it's all my fault. Good night."

"G-g-good night," she answered.

He left her and walked down Beacon Hill, thinking about her. It was a tough job, for, as always, he didn't know what to think. Never before had he been interested in a girl. But he was interested in this one—decidedly. Her ambitious mind groping always to find the best, her eager feet restless to climb, her slim figure and delicate lovely face. She was a wonder, and he liked her immensely. But should he go further—he, a Winterslip? Her background was impossible, her possibilities infinite. He weighed things, pro and con. This side and that. Granted—but on the other hand —— He belonged to an old New England family, and he was a lawyer. Can that sort ever reach a decision on anything?

The hot bath availed little, and Ellen's teeth were chattering when she crept between the cold sheets. When Lil came in a moment later she was so weary she pretended to be asleep. She slept little that night, however, and in the morning her body was a furnace and her head pounding.

For a week she was too ill to see anyone save Lil and the trained nurse who miraculously appeared from the dim distance of the other room. Too ill to worry about her job, her salary, ma, her responsibilities. Which was just as well, for when the news of her came to the old man he callously counted her out.

"Sick, eh? That means rehearse an understudy and send to New York for a new girl. Well, the new girl stays. When Llewelyn gets better tell her for me she's out. Damn it, they've got no consideration for me—none at all. A pretty penny it'll cost me—railroad fare and all."

"Yes, sir," said Mickleson. He thought of the old man's millions, and smiled.

At the end of a week Ellen began to get better—and to worry. "See here, Lil," she whispered, "what's the idea of the nurse? I can't afford ——"

"Don't fret," said Lil. "The nurse came with a card on her—Anthony Winterslip's compliments."

"Oh—I can't take her! I mean, I don't want him to ——"

"Tush, my child! You have taken her. Don't you worry—get well. If you ask me, that lad is wild about you, and he means business. You're lucky, honey, and I'm glad of it, but jealous as sin. Seems I just can't meet a man who has the word 'marry' in his bright lexicon. I thought maybe Jack Prentice—but let that pass."

In the bare sitting room beyond, Ellen heard from time to time the kindly voices of her little world—Mickleson, panting from the stairs, the shrill laugh of one of the girls. "Kin I smoke in here. Say, it won't hurt her, will it?" Andy—Andy Owen: "Just put 'em in a vase by her bed—never mind who sent 'em." And the smooth even tones of Tony Winterslip: "How is she to-day? You know, I'm all broken up over this. It's my fault, really."

On the third Sunday the nurse announced that she could see one or two of her friends, and Andy Owen was the first to call. He entered the bedroom bearing a florist's box, and his anxious eyes sought Ellen's face. As he stood looking down at her his expression brought a lump into her throat.

"Hello, Ellen."

"Hello, Andy. I been sick."

"I'll say you have. You're better now, though, ain't you?"

"Lots, Andy."

"Say—that's the best news since the armistice. Here"—he stood the box of flowers against a table—"I brought these."

"I see you did. I saw all the others you brought too. What's the idea, Andy? Got a greenhouse somewhere?"

"Quit your kidding. Say, Ellen—I got great news for you. The old man nearly passed out."

"What do you mean—he nearly died?"

"Yeah—you ain't the only one that's been sick. Happened a week ago—I saw the whole thing. Those thin-legged chairs—you know, the ones the old man bought special—well, a stage hand dropped one of 'em and broke it. The old man saw him. He started for him like a wolf hound—you know ——"

"I know," said Ellen.

"I looked to see murder. But when the old man got up to this fellow his face went all gray and he pitched forward on the stage. We carried him into a dressing room and sent for a doctor, and after a while they took him to his hotel. Heart went back on him, the doctor said. Must have been right at the golden gates, where he could hear the angels sing."

"Too bad," Ellen said.

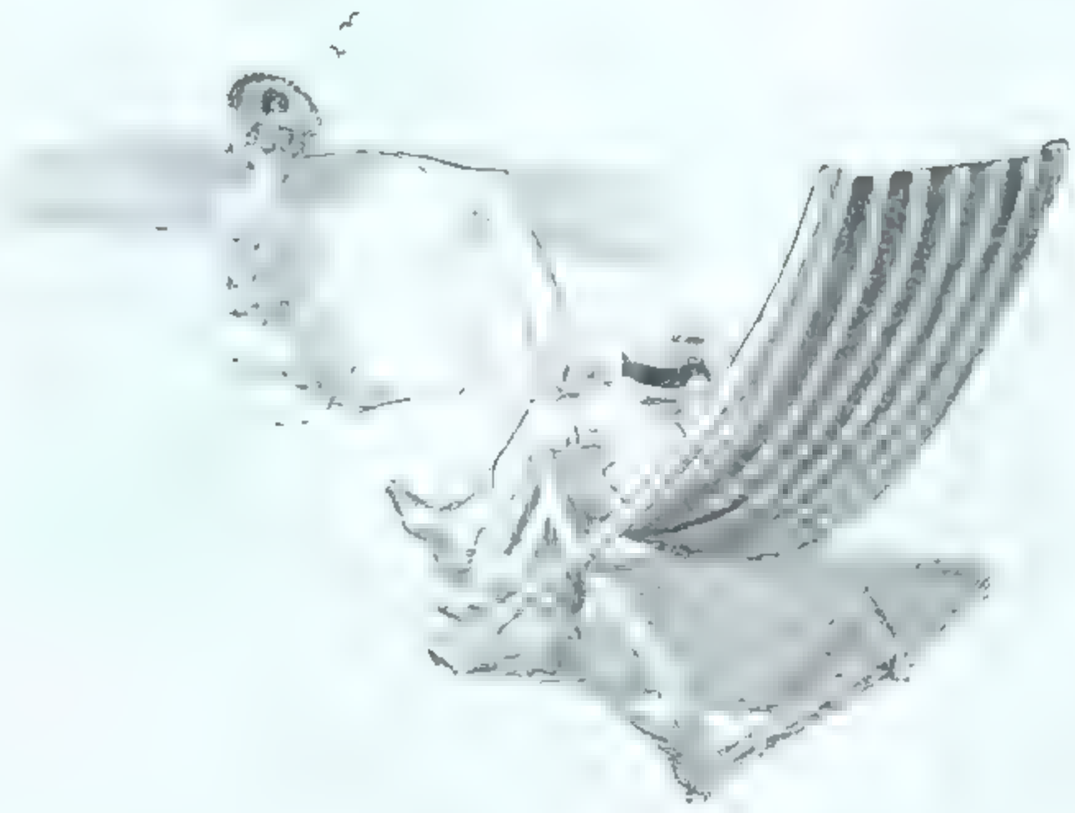
"Too bad, nothing! It's the best thing that ever happened in the history of show business. It's changed his whole character. I guess he got to thinking—anyhow, he's so sweet and gentle since he come back he's breaking everybody's heart. Though there's plenty that say they wish the thing had struck him in his cradle." Ellen laughed. "But the reason I'm telling you all this," Andy continued—"I guess you didn't know he canned you when he heard you was sick?"

"He did!" she cried, her face clouding.

"Wait a minute. When he showed up the other day after this spell I figured it was time to reopen the whole case. So I said to him: 'How about Miss Llewelyn? She's been pretty sick.' And he says: 'Too bad. I'm sorry for anybody that's sick.' He took hold of my arm and led me to the box office. Jenkins was sitting there. 'Mike,' says the old man, 'just give Andy Llewelyn's

(Continued on Page 72)

THE STUDIED EFFECT OF UNCONCERN



The raiment of a gentleman, like the frame of a rare painting, is rather to be sensed than seen. The beauty of each lies in absolute self-effacement. The less the frame is observed, the greater is the work of the master. The less a gentleman's clothes attract attention, the greater is the tribute to his fine discrimination.

A gentleman seeks habiliments that excite no comment. He strives to give the appearance of having given no thought to appearance. His vestments are planned to merge into the background of his personality.

So one remarks *him*—not the lapel of his dress. And yet, should one scrutinize that unobtrusive lapel, he would find it well-turned and of exquisite fabric. Careful carelessness is the subtlety of this art: It's a rare art to drape clothes that serve gentlemen as perfectly as does the frame of a masterpiece. Yet Hirsh, Wickwire Clothes have had this distinction for a score of years. Naturally they appeal especially to the man who is so sure of his appearance as to be quite nonchalant about it.

Hirsh, Wickwire Clothes are ready-to-wear—conservative, gentlemanly garments. But in price, they vie with ordinarily-good clothes. Your inquiry will bring you the information where you may purchase these clothes for gentlemen.

HIRSH, WICKWIRE CLOTHES

Tailored by Hirsh, Wickwire Company

CHICAGO NEW YORK

Storing Summer's Luscious Flavors

ALADDIN'S magic lamp brought him a garden of jewelled fruit. Your Aladdin sauce pot, flaring dipper and colander will help you have fruits, berries and vegetables worth their weight in gems next winter. So prepare by starting your Aladdin canning set now.

ALADDIN *Aluminum*

Made for THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS CO. 7911 PLATT AVE. CLEVELAND OHIO.

Also makers of NEW PERFECTION Oil Stoves, Ovens and Water Heaters

HOUSEHOLD CMP PRODUCTS

Enameled Steel

Three essentials of a canning set are the enameled steel sauce pot, flaring dipper and aluminum colander shown here. Each is scientifically shaped, moulded throughout with smooth rounded corners and possesses other exclusive Aladdin conveniences. The red Aladdin label identifies the enameled steel and the Aladdin quality mark the aluminum. At foremost hardware, housefurnishing and department stores.

(Continued from Page 70)

salary for the time she's been out. And, Andy, you tell her the place is open to her whenever she comes back, and in the meantime pay as usual.' I'll just put it here on the table, Ellen. Better not handle it yourself—germs on it."

"Oh, Andy—that just shows! There's good in everybody. Even the old man."

"Looks that way. But I'm glad you don't have to nearly kill most of 'em to bring it out."

"I'm certainly grateful to you, Andy. Seems like your kindnesses to me—they just grow and multiply."

"Why—I didn't do anything, kid. I just showed him his duty and he done it."

"Andy—you're a darling."

"Don't say that, Ellen," he pleaded. "Unless—unless you ——"

From the room beyond came the voice of Anthony Winterslip: "Hello—you promised I might see her. Just a moment, surely. That's great!" He came into the bedroom. "Ellen, child, you're better. Splendid!"

"Sure," said Ellen weakly. "I'm all right. Just pretending to be sick. Like to be waited on. Oh—excuse me. Mr. Winterslip, shake hands with Mr. Owen."

Mr. Winterslip graciously complied with this simple request. They exchanged greetings. He turned again to Ellen. "They wouldn't let me see you before. I hope everything's been all right."

"About that nurse ——" Ellen began in a whisper.

"What about her?" asked Tony, humorously whispering too. "Isn't she a good one?"

"Sure. But I can't let you ——"

"Now, look here," said Tony out loud; "who was to blame for this hard luck? Who walked you home in slippers through a mushy night? I did. I've cursed myself for it a thousand times."

"It wasn't your fault," Ellen told him. "I ought to have known better."

"It was my fault," he insisted. "And in the circumstances, anything I can do for you—well, I mean to do it. And I'd like to see anyone stop me. Which reminds me ——" He called the nurse, who came and stood in the doorway. "How soon can Miss Llewelyn be moved?" he asked.

The woman considered. "Well, that would depend on where you wanted to move her."

"Precisely." He turned to Ellen. "I've thought it over, and this isn't the best place in the world for you while you're convalescing. So I talked to mother and she wants you to come and see us. I'd take her out in a closed car," he added to the nurse.

"Oh, in that case I should say about Wednesday," the woman told him.

"Oh, no, Tony, I can't," said Ellen. "I'm going back to work this week. Andy just told me my job's waiting."

"Nonsense! You're not able. You spend this week with us. We've got a big place over in Brookline—give you a room where the sun comes in all day—a great room with an open fire and all the books you can read. Country air. That's what you need. Don't you think so, Mr.—er—Mr. ——"

"Owen," said Andy. He stood up, bravely smiling. "You're right, Mr.—ah, er—you're quite right. The country's a fine place—I've always said so." He turned to Ellen. "It's a great idea," he said. "You go—like he wants you to. It's the best thing you can do."

"Well—just for a few days," Ellen agreed.

v

ELLEN sat at Tony's side in the big limousine. Outside, the immaculate apartment houses of sedate Brookline were flashing by.

"Oh, Tony—I oughtn't to have come!"

"Nonsense! Why not?"

"Well, for one thing—I haven't got the clothes."

"Rot! You're an invalid, Ellen. You can dress that part all right. Besides, we don't think about clothes out at our shack. It's the people inside them."

She smiled at him sideways from under the crimson hat. How kind he was. He stepped on the gas, the apartments gave way to open country, where fine houses stood in groves of bare, gaunt trees. They turned in between two great stone posts. Up a neat drive bordered by white birches the car sped, and came to a stop before a beautiful colonial doorway that had been pictured in all the architectural magazines of the country.

"Here we are," cried Tony gayly. "Out you get."

A butler opened the door, took Ellen's suitcase. "Just a minute," Tony told her. "Mother!" he called. "Oh, mother—where are you?" He went through a door at the right.

Ellen summoned all her assurance as she stood in the big white hall that ran through the house and opened on a terrace at the rear. Tony's mother must not guess that she had never been in a home like this before. Nor must the butler, who stood there with the straw suitcase held like a hand grenade at his side.

Tony reappeared with his mother, a tall, smiling, gracious lady, young for her years. "This is Ellen," he said.

The woman held out her hand and gazed with interest at the curious guest whom the impetuous Tony had forced upon her. "How are you, my dear?" she asked. "I hope you're feeling stronger."

"I feel fine, thanks," Ellen answered. "But I—I'm afraid I'm making a lot of trouble. I didn't want to bother you."

"Not at all. Tony feels responsible for your illness, you know. It's really very kind of you to come; it shows you forgive him, and takes a great load off his mind."

"Oh," said Ellen, and looked at Tony's mother in awe.

How unerringly she said just the right thing, and how easily. Tony's mother smiled at her in kindly fashion. She was really a very fine woman, calm, serene, prepared for whatever the fates might send. Never in his life had she refused Tony anything, and there had been no inclination to be shocked at his rather quaint request that she open her doors to Ellen Llewelyn—a chorus girl. Ten years before the thing would have been impossible. But the world had changed, and Tony's mother remained young enough to change with it. Besides, she was rather curious to meet this girl who had caught Tony's fancy.

"We hope you'll stay with us until you're quite well enough to go back to your—your position," she said. "Wharton will show you to your room, and I'll send someone up to help you"—her eye fell on the suitcase, and the word "unpack" was instantly abandoned—"to help you in any way you wish."

Wharton led the way upstairs and left Ellen alone in her room. The bright glory of it took her breath away. She stood taking it all in—the gray paneled walls, the curtains of taffeta striped in mauve and ashes of roses, the old-rose brocade on the furniture, the soft taupe rug. Through four great windows the late afternoon sun came flooding in. A fire was blazing in the grate and—yes—there were shelves filled with expensive-looking books.

She sat down, a little weak, a little breathless. This was what she had been aiming for ever since she could remember, this was the room of her dreams. Always before it had been shadowy and unreal, but from this moment on it would be clear to the last detail.

"I'm glad I came," she thought.

She went to a window. There was a terrace at the rear, with steps that led down to a pool and, beyond, a miniature forest of glorious trees. Suddenly it seemed that she stood in her mother's room at 13 River Street, looked out on dreary shacks, on ragged children playing in the snow. She turned back to the room, half expecting stained wall paper, the blue-and-red chromo, a cracked pitcher and bowl. She gave a little gasp.

"It's real!" she said.

A maid knocked, but Ellen sent her away. Beyond an open door gleamed a white bath. She unpacked her bag, put on the little afternoon dress that must serve also for the evening. What next? She sat for a time before the fire. She wondered if she should go downstairs alone, or whether she must wait for someone to come and lead her. Her old assurance began to come back, an intense curiosity seized her; she went into the hall, down the stairs.

Dusk was falling as she came into a huge drawing-room, a grand stage setting upon which her timid entrance seemed to make no impression. A little old woman with snow-white hair under a lace cap was sitting before the fire. She rose when she saw Ellen.

"Hello, my dear," she said. "I'm glad to see you. Come over here and sit down."

Ellen joined her before the fire.

"Tony's grandmother," explained the old lady. She had a thin, eager face and black eyes that twinkled humorously.

"Yes—you're quite right—I'm frightfully old. Should have passed on long ago, but I hung on. Don't know why, I'm sure. No use whatever, except as a sort of link from the age that is past to the age that is waiting before. But there—you're not a Harvard man, are you?"

"No—of course not," smiled Ellen, somewhat mystified.

"Don't mind me. Weird sense of humor, but the best I've got. Hear you've been ill -well, this is a splendid place to recuperate. Nothing ever happens. Dull as sin. A backwater, my child. Life goes roaring by, somewhere beyond. We get the echoes after it has passed. Reminds me. Wharton"—she turned to the servant who was drawing the curtains—"has my Transcript come?"

"Not yet, madam," he answered.

"Echo's late to-night," the old lady explained to Ellen. She saw that the girl's eyes were on a portrait above the fireplace. "Ah, yes—can't very well escape him, can you? The bishop. Dead these sixty years, but still they bend the knee before him—these Winterslips."

"Why—aren't you a Winterslip?" Ellen asked, surprised.

"Bless you, no! I'm a Brooks. Married into this family fifty years ago, but I've kept my own identity, thank heaven. Wasn't much to keep, but I hung on. Well, my dear—we're quite stirred up over your coming. An actress, I hear?"

"Why, yes—I ——"

"Make your own living. No man's creature. Is that so?"

"It sure—it certainly is."

"Good for you. Often wish I'd struck out for myself when I was young. Have more to look back on now. Wouldn't have done though. Scandalous in those days. Well, times have changed, and I'm glad of it." She patted Ellen's knee. "Hope you'll stay for a time," she said. "Try and endure us. We're dull—dull as dishwater. Hearts of gold, however." The servant came in and handed her a neatly folded newspaper. "Ah, at last!" she cried. "Here's the echo. All nicely modulated, attuned to my delicate ear. Now, where are my glasses—I had them when you came in."

Ellen rescued them from a corner of the sofa. "Thanks," said Tony's grandmother. "I don't really need them; they've been forced on me. Want to make me look old, these people do. But if any of them should tell you I can't read a word without them, they lie, my dear." She spread out her paper. "Just make yourself at home, Ellen. I know your name, you see. Just pretend you live here."

"My home's—quite different from this." Ellen smiled.

"Ah, yes—more exciting, I expect. Well, some folks are born lucky. Fair and warmer. That's good. Revolution in Central America. I'm glad to know things are changing somewhere. It keeps me going."

Ellen turned to a table on which were books and magazines—dark brown magazines devoid of illustrations, and pale, slender radical weeklies. She selected one of the latter. In various parts of the quiet room lamps were glowing beneath shades of orange-gold taffeta, great chairs waited invitingly under each. Just fancy—more than one place where a person could read! She made her choice, and was soon deep in the rather startling discovery that America was crass and uncivilized. It was a strange place to find this out, here in this peaceful, cultivated room.

Tony came in presently. "Everything all right?" he wanted to know. "Did you meet grandmother?"

"Yes, I met her," Ellen smiled. "I think she's wonderful."

"Don't let her fool you," Tony laughed. "She's a profane, discontented old woman, no fit company for the innocent and young."

The old lady put down her paper and winked at Ellen. "Poor Tony," she said. "Got the Winterslip disposition. Can't help himself." She resumed her reading.

"Tony," Ellen said, "I think your mother's fine. So—so kind. And this house—it's lovely, and so homelike too."

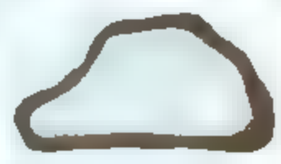
"You see that you get well then. But not too fast. We mustn't let you go too soon. Must we, mother?" he added as Mrs. Winterslip came in.

"Not too soon," she answered with her kindly smile.

Dinner proved a marvel of calm precision, with Wharton in his glory. Ellen was

(Continued on Page 75)

This is a cross-section of an ordinary chocolate coating showing how thin the chocolate coating can be made in order to keep down the cost of making.



This is a cross-section of a Johnston chocolate, showing the full, thick, rich chocolate coating which is characteristic of all Johnston chocolates

She prefers Johnston's

—his gift compliments her good taste and proves his own good judgment

A GIRL admires a young man for inferring that the Johnston candy is her favorite—the gift is not only a subtle tribute to her good taste, but the evidence of his own. It suggests that only the finest is worthy to be offered at her shrine. It shows that he knows the best—which is equally important.

Chocolates differ greatly. Johnston's are noted for the extra *thick*, rich chocolate coating. This coating costs more than the center. Hence makers are tempted to thin it.

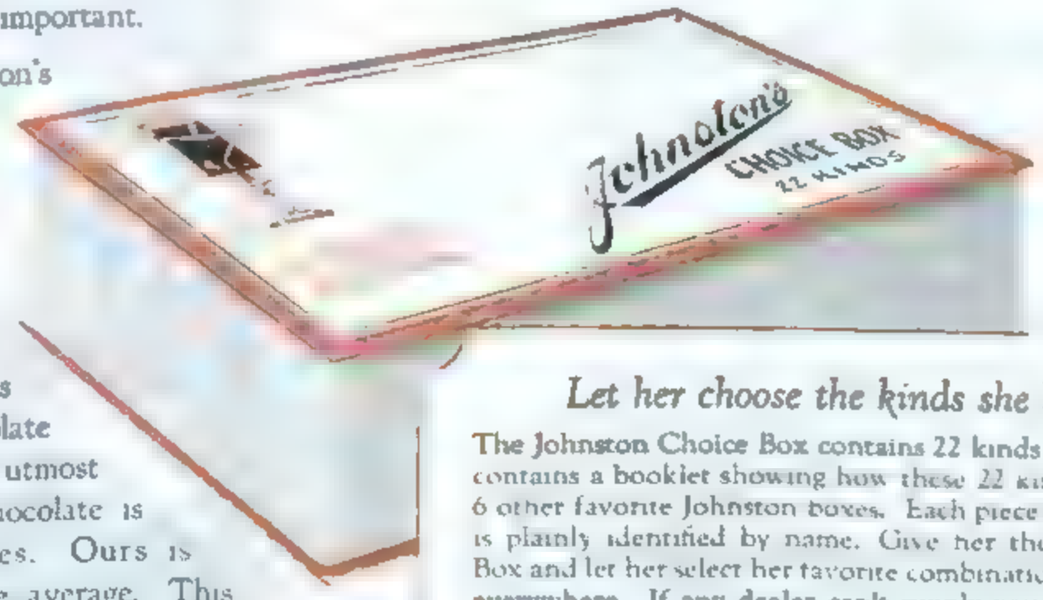
We make our own chocolate. Thus we control its quality. We use only the finest of the 110 grades of cocoa bean, from which chocolate is made. Every process gets the utmost in time and care. The longer chocolate is whipped, the better it becomes. Ours is worked four times as long as the average. This multiplies costs by four. But that is the price of perfection. A Johnston chocolate must be the finest that can be made.

To insure purity and exquisite flavor, we make our own syrups. Also our cream fondant—the inside of chocolate creams. We use nothing but the rarest Cuban cane sugar—finer than ordinary table sugar. We accept only whole nuts and fruits—never culls or broken nut meats. Thus we are sure of luscious fruit centers. Hence our nut centers are full-flavored and tasty.

We buy nothing already made up. We make everything ourselves. All our chocolates are dipped and packed in rooms where the air is washed.

For over 73 years we have been making fine candy. Many of our most famous recipes are nearly that old. In all this time we have never compromised on quality.

Now we ask you to try Johnston's for yourself, should you not already know them. Once you have tasted Johnston's, no others will satisfy. Note our introductory offer.



Let her choose the kinds she likes best

The Johnston Choice Box contains 22 kinds of candies. It also contains a booklet showing how these 22 kinds are assorted in 6 other favorite Johnston boxes. Each piece in the Choice Box is plainly identified by name. Give her the Johnston Choice Box and let her select her favorite combinations. At good stores everywhere. If any dealer can't supply you, send us the coupon.

This is not a pound box, but a special introductory assortment—22 kinds—of our finest chocolates and other confections.

Johnston's
THE APPRECIATED CHOCOLATES

JOHNSTON'S
Milwaukee

MAIL TO
JOHNSTON'S, MILWAUKEE

Enclosed find $1, for which send me a Johnston Choice Box.

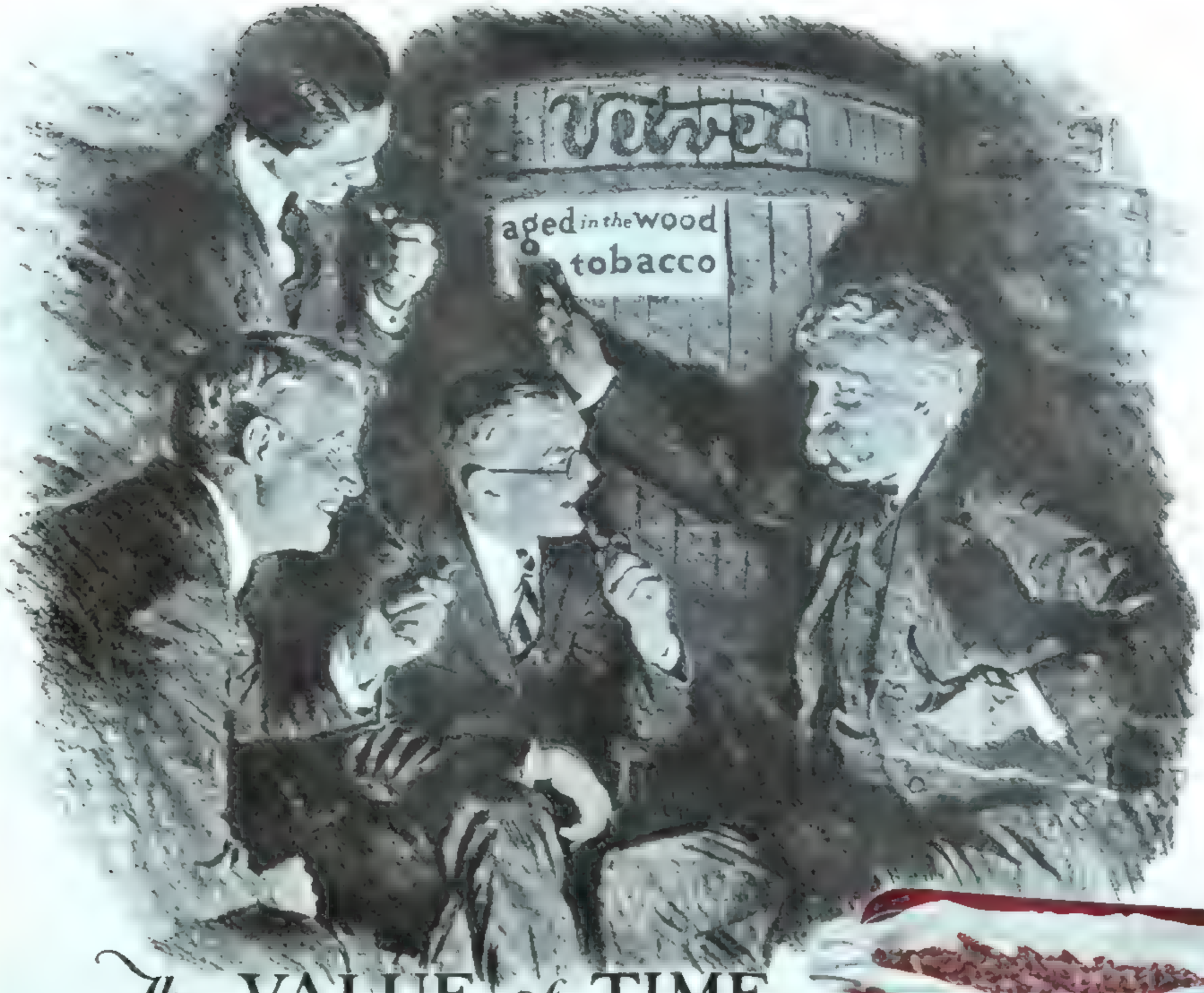
Name _____

Street No. _____

City _____ State _____

Druggist's Name _____

Street No. _____



The VALUE of TIME

for instance, in making good smoking tobacco

FOLKS, Time can be either a good servant or a hard master, dependin' on its use.

THERE'S tobacco, for instance. You can't crowd Nature when the tobacco's growin' an' you can't rush Time when the tobacco's agein'.

SO WE take that good ole Burley that ripened slowly in the Kentucky sun and we store it in wooden hogsheads for *two years*. Time makes it mild an' sweet as *nothing else* can.

PUTTIN' quick-sand in the hour-glass won't shorten the day's work, an' quick methods won't mellow tobacco. Stick to Velvet, the aged in the wood pipe tobacco.

Velvet Joe

© 1922, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co

(Continued from Page 72)

beginning to enjoy herself. The grandmother chatted brightly, and her talk, as Ellen told Lil afterwards, was as good as a show.

After dinner they had coffee in the drawing-room, and more talk, and then Tony at the piano. Then everybody took a book and chose a lamp and a chair.

Peace, perfect peace. A log fell in the fireplace, sending up a shower of sparks. Wharton appeared at once, the log was restored to its proper position, the servant vanished as noiselessly as he had come. A telephone bell rang somewhere in the distance, but was immediately silenced.

Suddenly Ellen stirred restlessly, her mind strayed from her book. Out in the hall a great clock chimed the hour of eight. Her thoughts wandered to the theater; she saw the girls straggling in, demanding their mail, climbing the iron stairs. She was in the dressing room, heard the babel of voices. Then, down in the wings, the last notes of the overture beyond the curtain, Mickleson pleading with them to get on—get on. She went back to her book.

At nine o'clock Ellen rose and said good night. Grandmother Winterslip thrust a fat volume into her hands. "Study it," she urged. "Teaches you how to play piquet. I need a partner. Want a battle now and then—got to have it. Keeps me going."

Ellen promised and went to her wonderful room. A single lamp with a rose-and-mauve shade glowed by the head of her bed, the covers were turned back invitingly. She had never dreamed that life could flow so smoothly.

When she awoke in the morning it was flowing on with never a ripple. A maid smiled down at her and announced that her bath was ready. The breakfast table stood in a flood of sunshine, everyone smiled and was pleasant. Tony ran off to his office, the uneventful day began.

With Tony's mother Ellen made no progress toward intimacy, but by noon she and the grandmother were old friends. They played piquet together, went for a drive after lunch. Another evening, cut from the same pattern as the one before, and then another day.

On Sunday morning Ellen went to the telephone and called Andy's number. A sleepy voice responded.

"Hello, Andy. Did I wake you?" she asked.

"Ellen—is that you? Say—how are you, kid? How are they using you?"

"Why, fine, Andy. I can't complain."

"That's good. Getting better?"

"I'm all right, Andy. How's the show? What's the news?"

"Everything's lovely. Sold out Monday night—how's that for a hit? Of course we all miss you."

"Do you, Andy? What I called up to say I wish you'd tell Mickleson to expect me back next Thursday night."

"Thursday—say, that's great! Are you strong enough, Ellen?"

"Me? I could troupe to Frisco. One-night stands."

"That's the talk! We'll have a party after the show. What say?"

"I'm for it. Give my love to Lil and all the gang. Thursday night, Andy."

"Red letters on the calendar, kid. Red fire at the stage door. Gee, I'll be glad to see you."

With the date of her departure fixed she felt better. Three more days slipped by, days just like the others, calm, uneventful. On Wednesday morning she announced the date of her departure. Her hostess received the news philosophically, but Tony and his grandmother were loud in their protests. Ellen, however, was firm.

"The old man—I mean, our producer—he's paying my salary right along. It wouldn't be fair not to go back just as soon as I can."

On Thursday morning Ellen and the grandmother gathered round the piquet table for a final battle. The old lady seemed unusually thoughtful. Suddenly, in the midst of a hand, she spoke:

"Sorry you must leave. Have a good time?"

"Wonderful," said Ellen.

"Yes, I suppose you did. We all enjoy a change. Me, I'd like a week in the chorus—kicking up my heels, smoking cigarettes." She laughed. "But I was right, wasn't I? Dull here. Dull as dishwater."

"Well, everything is sort of peaceful and easy," Ellen admitted.

"Exactly. I've been wondering—how would you like it as a steady diet? Quite a bridge between your life and this—chilly trip across—like walking to Cambridge in March. Still, you could make it, land safely, rosy cheeks. You're that sort. But what would you find when you landed? Stagnation. This." She waved a thin old hand about the quiet room. "Great race once, the Winterslips. I'm a Brooks myself, but I say it—wonderful men. Even the bishop, stuffy old bore, but—what did you call it?—pep. Sort of petered out now. Tony—lovely boy—last of the giants, and a pretty poor imitation. Only half alive."

"I think he's—he's very nice," said Ellen.

"Good word for him -nice. Colorless and ineffective. He'll end like his Uncle Charlie. Charlie flits about—Santa Barbara, Palm Beach, the Riviera, the White Mountains—like a fly on a hot griddle, always going somewhere, hunting something, doesn't know what. There's more in life than comfort, pretty chairs, soft carpets. There's knowing where you're going—and moving on."

"I guess you're right," Ellen said.

"I know I'm right. Think it over. Stagnation. You couldn't stand it. You're not that kind. See it in your eye. Well, what are you waiting for? It's your play."

At five o'clock that afternoon Ellen said good-by and Tony drove her back to the city in his little racing car, with her feet resting on the straw suitcase. The April air brought color to her cheeks and made her lovelier than he had ever seen her before; the warmth of her shoulder against his thrilled him as few Winterslips had been thrilled to date. A reckless mood came upon him.

"They're mighty fond of you—mother and grandmother both," he said. "But no wonder. Who wouldn't be?"

He turned and looked at her. April was urging him on. Ellen's heart stood still; she was no prophet, but she knew what was coming. They were in a shabby street back of a big factory, a street where the houses were all the same, unpainted, sagging, sad parodies of home.

"I was born in a street like this," Ellen said suddenly. "My folks still live there." A tired woman was leaning on a gate, watching two children sprawling in the gutter. "That baby, playing in the mud," the girl went on, "that might have been me, fifteen years ago."

A shiver passed down Tony Winterslip's fastidious spine. After all, there was time yet, time to consider, time to weigh. Early environment—he read books about it—it counted a lot. His whole life—he mustn't forget that.

Poor Tony. Cautious by inheritance, by training. One of those lost souls who see all sides.

"Glad to get back to work?" he inquired.

"I've had a wonderful time." Ellen smiled at him pityingly. "But I'll be pretty glad to get back."

When he stopped his racer before the door of the apartment Ellen reached into her pocketbook and took out a roll of bills. "Tony—I want you to take this."

"Nonsense. What is it?"

"It's the money you paid the nurse. I had Lil find out how much it was."

"Couldn't think of it, Ellen."

"But I owe you for—so many things. I'd rather there was no money in it, Tony."

"Rot!" He leaped out and carried her suitcase into the hall. "I'll leave you here, Ellen."

"Tony—please take it!"

"Don't be silly, Ellen."

"I wish you would. I guess you know, Tony—how I feel. You've been so kind."

"Nothing at all," Tony said. "I'll call you up in a day or two."

The door banged behind him.

She went upstairs. The apartment was deserted—a note from Lil pinned to a portière. "Welcome home, honey. See you at the theater."

She smiled happily, sat down at the little desk, took pen and paper. "Dear Tony," she wrote. The note finished, she folded the money carefully, put it inside, borrowed one of Lil's stamps. Then she went quickly downstairs, the fat letter in her hand.

The dressing room was ablaze with lights, the girls were screeching round her. "Hello, duchess—you back to the old life? What's the good word with the four hundred?" Lil, greatly excited, was hooking her in the back. From somewhere outside came the booming voice of Mickleson:

"Girls—for God's sake! Where are you?"

They clattered down the iron stairs and on the stage. Ellen took her old position for the rise of the curtain. Out front the last stirring notes of the overture resounded like a battle song. She shook her skirts, made sure of the pins in her hat—smiled. She mustn't forget to smile. The curtain rose on a clatter of seats, ushers racing down the aisles, expectant faces. Out there in the dark a new audience, a new adventure. Life was whirling on. The line of girls swung gayly down to the lights.

And there in the pit, Andy with the baton in his hand, smiling up at her again.

VI

SHE sat opposite Andy in the bright dining room of the hotel most favored for parties. They had a good table near the orchestra. Her cheeks were flushed with the joy of coming back to her little world, her dear world, the theater. In her ears rang a buzz of giddy talk, the tinkle of silver and china, the melodious lilt of a fox trot. Movement, color, excitement—what would life be without these things? Stagnation.

She saw the old man coming down the red carpet, escorted by obsequious waiters. He paused beside her. "Hello, Llewelyn. Glad to see you back. Don't leave us again." He passed on to his favorite table in a corner.

"What did I tell you?" Andy laughed. "Little Sunshine—that's what we call him now."

"Oh, Andy," she answered. "Everybody's been kind! I'm so happy—getting back."

"Honest, Ellen? Happier than you was out there in the country?"

"I'll tell the world I am!"

"That's the talk. Say, what happened out there, anyhow?"

"Not a dog-goned thing, Andy. Not one."

"Well, of course—it was the country. But what did you do with yourself?"

"I read, Andy. Take it from me, I've been through enough books to last me twenty years. I don't want to read about life any more—I want to live it."

"You've come to the right shop then, Ellen. The theater. Always something doing in our business."

"Ain't it the truth?" she laughed.

The minutes passed, and she told herself it was the happiest night of her life. How comfortable to be with Andy, someone who talked her language, someone who knew her world. She gazed at him serenely across the white tablecloth. His face was shining with pleasure and excitement. Really Andy wasn't bad-looking, not bad-looking at all.

"You never told me what you been doing, Andy," she said presently. "While I was sick—and before. All these weeks."

"Me? Oh—I've got nothing to report, Ellen. You summed me up once, and you was right, I guess. Just drifting along. Cards all night, sleep all day. That's me."

She smiled at him. "Andy, you're a bad boy," she said.

There was tenderness in her smile, and affection. The orchestra was playing a waltz now, a sweet old-fashioned waltz that suggested love, moonlight, crinoline. Her eyes blurred as she looked at Andy. Dear Andy—all the kind deeds he had done for her—what was this talk of his getting busy, making good? Was she a slave driver or a woman?

Life with Andy—she considered it. Why, it would be wonderful—color, excitement, thrills. A cheerful little flat in Harlem, shows opening and closing, rehearsals, first nights, failures and successes. Jolly parties, Andy with his collar off, dealing the cards. Hard times now and then, but you got to expect that in the show business. And Andy's good-nature, she knew, would never fail her.

She leaned across the table. The music was swelling to a gentle climax; it seemed to pull at her very heartstrings. "Say, listen, Andy—if you still want me—I'm willing."

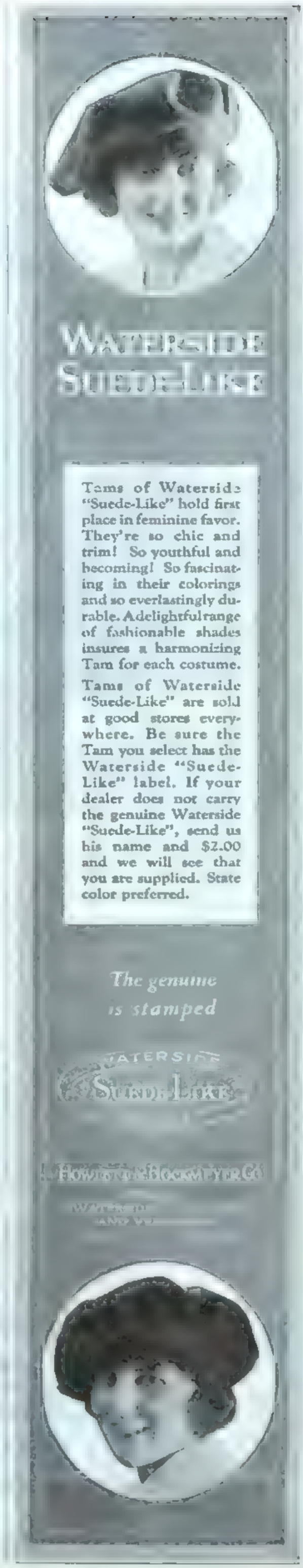
She framed the sentence in her mind. She spoke: "Say, listen, Andy ——"

"What's that they're playing?" Andy cut in. "A new one on me."

"Me too," she answered. "But isn't it beautiful, Andy?"

"Honest—do you think so?" he cried.

(Continued on Page 77)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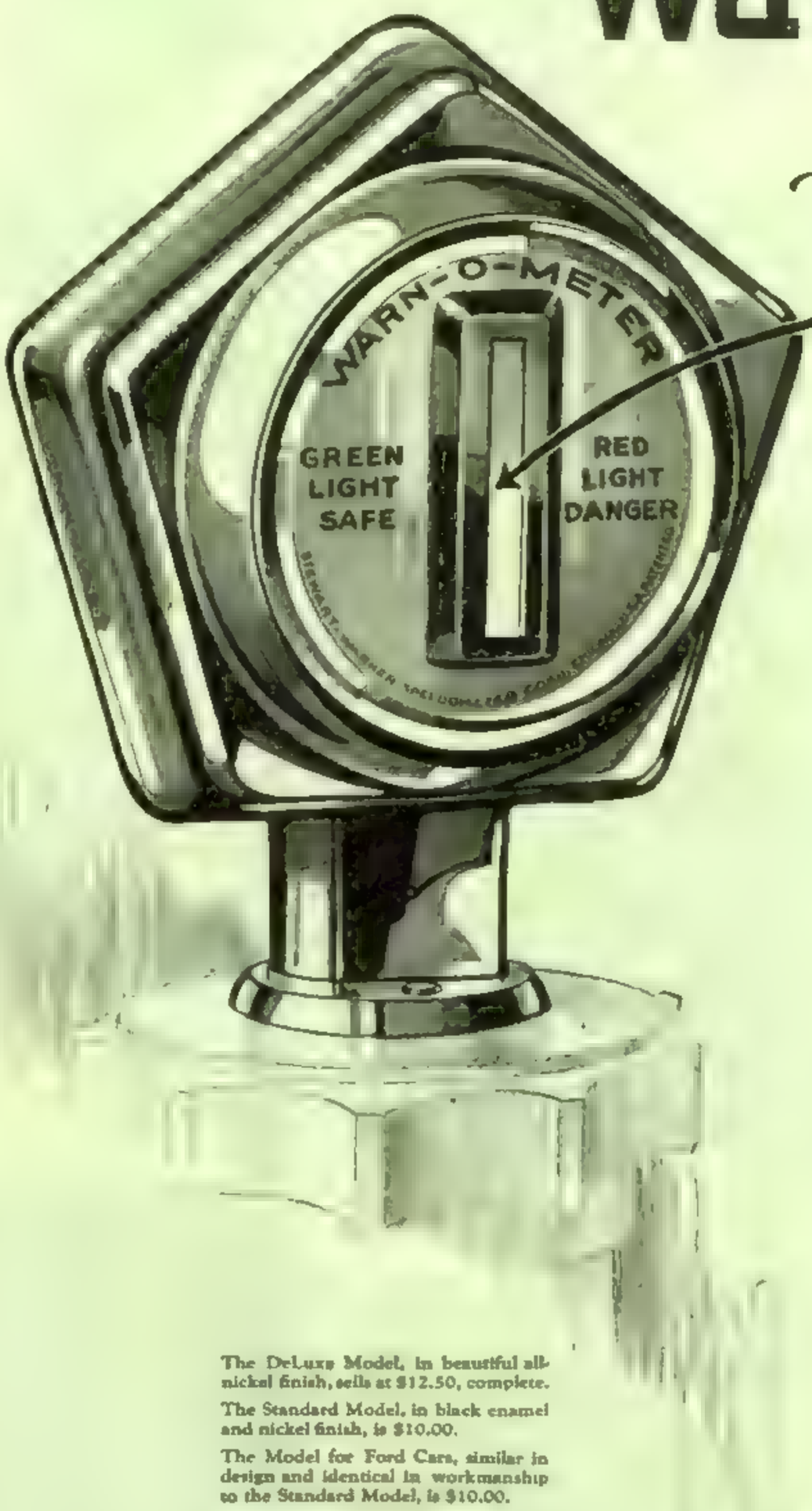

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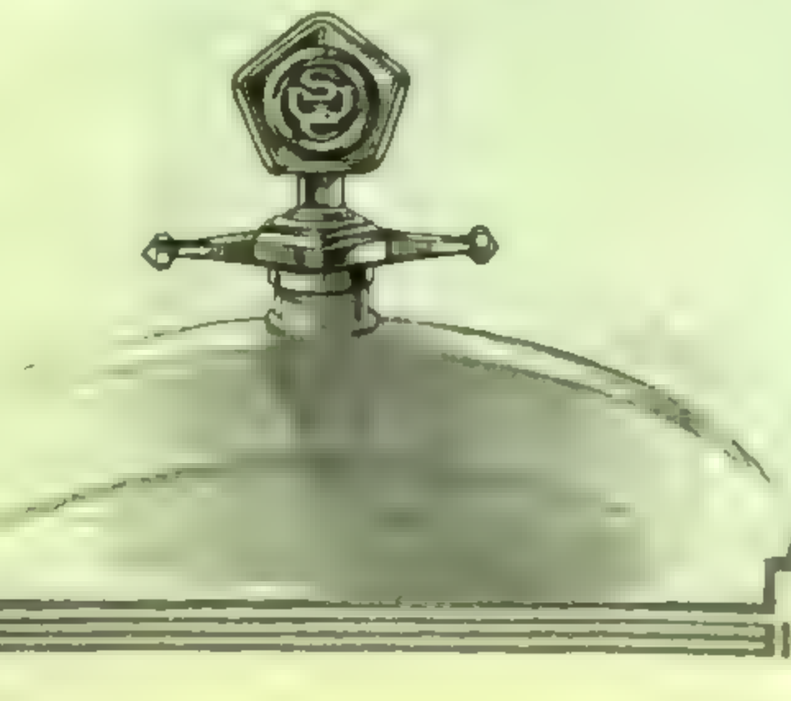

Stewart
PRODUCTS
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(Continued from Page 75)

A huge figure towered above them. Ellen looked up into the face of the old man, furious, contorted, terrible with anger.

"Damn it, Andy!" he cried. "What does this mean? I buy your music, I pay you good money—and I hear it bandied about where any fool can steal it. It's an outrage, and you're to blame! I hold you responsible."

"You better cool off," Andy remarked gently. "The last time I saw you this way was just before we called the doctor."

The old man sank into a chair and mopped his damp forehead. "You're right," he admitted. "I must cut that out. I must be calm. I am. But, Andy—my boy—this is dangerous."

"They won't play it again," Andy explained. "I'll get it from them in a minute. It was just this once—I arranged it as a surprise for Ellen. You don't mind that."

"Oh, very well." The old man's hard features softened. "You're taking a chance, but I suppose you figure it's worth it. I wanted to speak to you, Andy. Barton's libretto came to-day—it's great stuff—only don't tell him I said so. I wired him maybe we could make it do, with fixing. You and I better get together to-morrow and fit your numbers in. I've got a New York theater for Labor Day, and I want to open about the middle of August."

"Andy!" cried Ellen. "What's he talking about?"

"Why—don't you know?" The old man stared at her. "Hasn't he told you? Our young friend Andy is a rising young composer. Yes, my dear—he's coming. Of course his stuff's pretty crude yet," he added cautiously, "but it shows promise." He stood up. "Be sure and get your script back, Andy," he advised. "I wouldn't trust that leader. He worked for me once." He went back to his table.

"Andy—is this what you've been up to?" Ellen's eyes were shining.

"How did you like that waltz, kid? You said it was beautiful. Do you think so—honest?"

"Oh, Andy," she answered brokenly. "It just—it just seemed to get me."

"That's good. It's a little thing I've had in my head five years or more."

Ellen's lips trembled. For a moment she could not speak. She stared at him—at the head that had carried that lovely melody for five years. She thought of Tony Winterslip, sitting at the Symphony, discoursing on the history of music. Educated, polished, a gentleman, unable if his life depended on it to write a single bar of Andy's waltz or anything else that was beautiful and new.

"And you're doing a show for the old man, Andy?" Ellen said.

"I sure am, kid. You see, something somebody said—it might have been you—got me thinking. So I had a piano moved into my room, and I started in on it—mornings. I worked out a lot of stuff I'd been puzzling over for years. Then I went to the old man—it was just after his bad spell—and he pretended the stuff was rotten, but he was in an awful hurry to sign me up for a show."

"I always told you, Andy. I guess after this you'll listen to me."

"You bet I will."

"All my dreams for you, Andy—they're coming true. You're going to be a big man in the show shop. Won't you have exciting times—first nights with you in the pit, directing your own score. Then you'll go over to London, and do a revue there. Then maybe on to Paris ——"

"To Czecho-Slovakia if you say so," cried Andy. "Only—only, do I have to go alone, Ellen?"

All his soul was in that question. She looked into his eyes, considering. If only she had told him that she was ready to take him before the news of his success came along, take him as he was! But now it was too late now. She had never been so fond of him as she was to-night, but wouldn't he think her mercenary and calculating if she told him so? Not at the moment, of course. But some day, somewhere, the thought would come to him.

"Pay the check, Andy," she said, "and let's go along."

Poor Andy! "Oh, I see," he said. "Well, Ellen, I've made a good fight, but I couldn't compete, I guess. I'm not in his class—I don't trail with his kind at all. I—I wish you happiness, kid. All the luck in the world."

"Andy—please—hurry," she said.

While he was waiting for his change the orchestra leader came up with the script of his waltz. "It's great stuff, Andy!" he said. "Congratulations. If anybody asks me I'll say you've got the goods."

"Thanks," answered Andy grimly. He put the script in his pocket. "It doesn't matter now," he added.

They were out in the street. "Cheer up, Andy," Ellen said.

"Everything I wrote—it was for you," he told her.

"I'm proud of that, Andy. And you'll write even bigger stuff."

"Maybe. I don't know."

At a corner she took him by the arm. "We're not going home just yet," she said. "I want to drop in at Dan's place first."

"Dan's place? Great Scott, Ellen! You still hungry?"

"It looks that way, doesn't it?" she answered.

Dan was on duty. "Say, listen, Dan," Ellen began. "Some time ago I left an envelope with you. A bet. My name was on it."

"Sure," he said. "Here you are."

"Much obliged, Dan. Come on, Andy." She led the dazed Andy back into the alley, and halted him in the light that streamed from Dan's window. She handed him the envelope. "It's for you," she said. "Open it."

He took out the soiled bit of paper. "Dan's Place. Bill of Fare. February 21," he read. "Grape fruit ——"

"On the other side," Ellen explained.

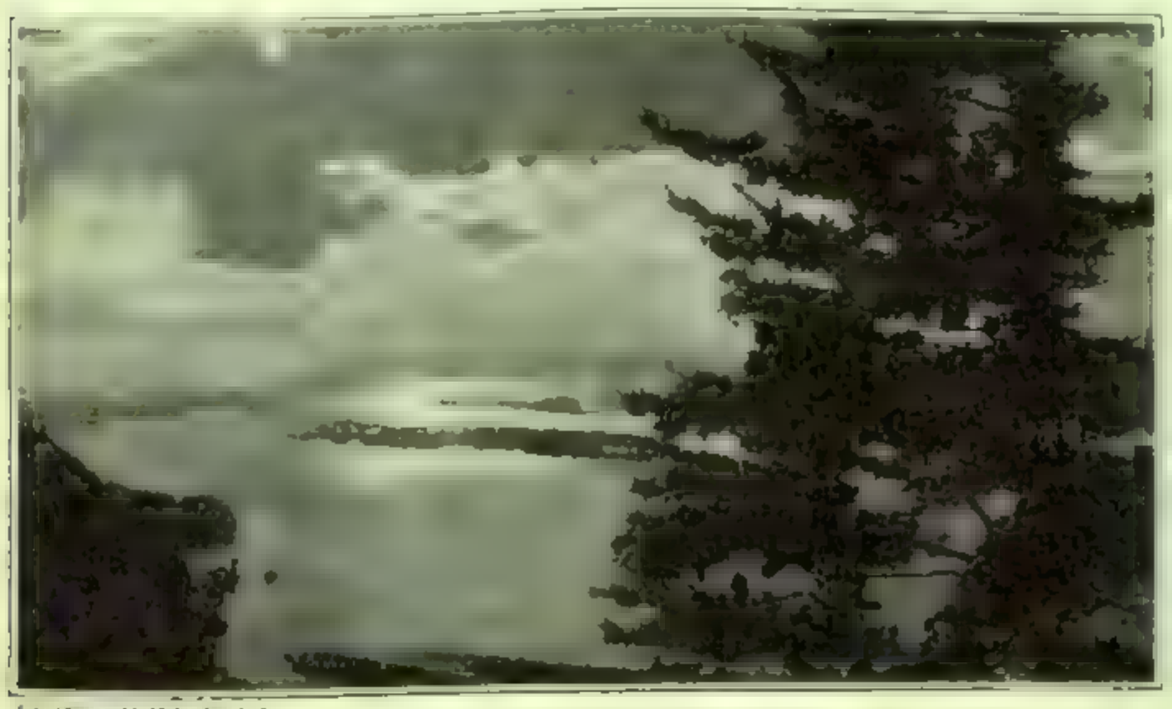
"Oh, I remember now." He turned it over. "Dear Andy: I'm making a bet with myself. I'm betting if I get you good and mad you'll wake up and deliver. Oh, Andy, don't disappoint me, because I'm terribly fond of you, and I'm afraid I'll have to take you whether you land or not."

He thrust the paper into his pocket and turned to her. "Ellen!" he cried. "Ellen!"

"Now you know, Andy."

"Ellen, darling. And just when I thought I'd lost you!"

"Not a chance," she told him. "I wouldn't get mixed up with that bunch, Andy. Why, they haven't stirred since the bishop died, and that was sixty years ago. But you and me—you and I, Andy—we're going on."



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COMMON HONESTY OF SPEECH

(Continued from Page 27)

the entire business interest of the community. Their boards of directors are chosen from four main groups—the leading retail stores, the industries, the banking and financial community, and the newspapers. Their power to handle cases depends upon the wide extent of their ramifications and affiliations, and upon the willingness of concerns in many branches of business to contribute not only money but information and assistance.

At first sight it is a curious and striking fact that these organizations, which in their origin and even now in their technical connections represent only the idea and force of advertising, are able to do for business what business cannot do for itself. Obviously advertising is only one part of business, and yet these offshoots of the advertising clubs have been able to rush in where the most powerful organizations of producers have feared to tread.

If a jeweler is misrepresenting his goods, if he says that a watch has twenty-three jewels when investigation proves that most of them are red paste or celluloid and not bearings for movable parts, it might seem as if the local retail or jewelers' association or the state or national jewelers' association should get after him. If a man who calls himself a dentist says that all dental work is rendered entirely painless by him, when of course such a thing is impossible, why does not the dental association of the county or state run him out?

The trade and professional associations do in numerous instances drive out the more obvious frauds and fakers. But there is plenty of room for outside organizations like the better-business bureaus, for a reason which is simple if not altogether obvious to the reader who has never had to give the subject thought. If one concern criticizes another in the same line of business, or even if the charge is brought by an association, it is so easy to insinuate that jealousy is the actuating motive.

"Of course the state jewelers' association is against me," says the man who is selling fake watches, "because they know I am selling better goods than their members are, for less money."

In the same way the painless dentist argues that the dental association is composed of members who are jealous of his skill. He insinuates that they are high priced, old line and hidebound. A similar argument is made by the crooked stock promoter who is criticized by legitimate brokers. There is nothing he likes better than criticism from such a source, for it enables him to point to the Wall Street interests, who he says are trying to destroy him. He poses as the under dog who is being attacked by the big fellow.

Methods Employed

Of course the faker's argument is largely bunk, but it serves his purpose. He always capitalizes the attempt of legitimate business to make him compete fairly. He is always looking for a chance to quarrel with legitimate business, and is dignified by its attention.

A remarkable illustration of this general principle is afforded by a case of the promoter who sent a representative to a small but legitimate broker and induced the broker to make a statement criticizing the promoter's financial reports. He then wrote a letter to the broker demanding a retraction, but the letter was written merely to build up correspondence upon which to base sensational advertising.

This little trick really gave the promoter his start, for then he was able to come out with a glaring piece headed Wall Street is After Me. It happened that the broker who criticized him lived in the Middle West, but it would have made no difference if he had lived in Portland, Maine, or San Diego, California; he would have served the purpose just as well, and would have been labeled Wall Street.

The promoter was later given a jail sentence, but not until after he had sold nearly ten million dollars of practically worthless stock to nearly seventy thousand innocent persons. For he sensed the prejudice that exists against Wall Street and cleverly realized that he could make a strong appeal with the unthinking investor by connecting up in his advertising any man operating in the financial field, with Wall Street. He was able to get right down to the dear public with a false but very telling appeal, substantially like this:

Now you may wonder why Wall Street is after me. I will tell you. For years down in Wall Street they have had a little inner circle, and when any great genius came out of the West with a money-making idea this little inner circle financed him by putting in a few hundred dollars each, and from this investment they realized millions. I, however, knowing that you had a few hundred dollars to invest, preferred to go to you in financing my company, and to give you the opportunity to make the millions. I did this for the very selfish reason that you would not only be able to finance my company but that your interest would continue perpetually and aid and assist me in selling cars in your territory when the company gets to production.

For that reason Wall Street is after me, but I have observed that boys do not throw sticks into empty apple trees, and I am complimented that Wall Street sees the future of this business as clearly as I see it. Now I have their secret and I am organizing a company which will rival and perhaps drive them out of business, and the only thing they are sore about is that I know you have got one hundred dollars and I am going to give you the chance to put it in and get rich, and they want it themselves.

Then of course he told how one hundred dollars originally invested in the Standard Oil Company or the Ford Motor Company is now worth several hundred thousand dollars, and how in his company the dear public instead of Wall Street would make the fortunes.

Now, the National Vigilance Committee and the local better-business bureaus do not represent any one branch of business, whether brokers, bankers, jewelers or dentists. They represent advertising, the common instrument of all business. Therefore they cannot be accused of jealousy or of a competitive motive. Their sole interest is advertising, and they are in the closest possible touch with its every form and branch, some forty in all—newspapers, magazines, posters, programs, moving pictures, direct mail and the like. No other organizations can so effectively detect advertising misuse and abuse. They can take a broad viewpoint, disinterested as far as any single industry is concerned, which is difficult for the faker to capitalize to his own benefit.

The question may be asked why anything like a serious diversion from truth in advertising statements should not receive the attention of the legal authorities, local district attorneys, state and Federal commissions, and the like. But the work of such public authorities is mostly legal, whereas the bulk of the cases handled by the National Vigilance Committee and the better-business bureaus is disposed of through means of educational propaganda, suggestion and moral suasion.

There are three separate methods employed to bring about honesty of statement. The first is suggestion, the second is publicity, and the third is prosecution. The last is rarely resorted to.

Out of two thousand five hundred cases handled in one city, only eight required prosecution.

If the Millionaire's Wife Wears a Sealskin Coat, the Working Girl Wants an Article That Looks Much the Same

It is remarkable what suggestion, if tactfully employed and coupled with general educational work, will accomplish. It applies to the business man who is legitimate, who is building for the future and who realizes the value of a good name. If something wrong is found in his business he is usually glad to be told about it and tries to prevent its recurrence. The local bureau calls his attention to the misstatement, saying that it is sure he desires to coöperate in the bureau's efforts to make the city's advertising as truthful as possible.

A newly organized automobile-tire firm adopted a trade name very similar to that of a house of long standing. The business judgment of the concern was appealed to, and it agreed to abandon the trade name of its old competitor in the interests of fairness. It is often found that where one concern encroaches upon the trade name of another it is sufficient to point out that the goodwill of both competitors will be jeopardized. Thousands of cases of this sort are settled yearly, and where the erring concern readily complies with suggestions no publicity results and the file is closed.

Publicity is almost as deadly as prosecution. Thousands of copies of a bulletin sent to newspapers throughout the country for publication is a dose that rarely requires repetition. Publicity is applied mostly to business men who are overclever, who want to be considered as honorable as the best, but who attempt to put something over every time they get a chance.

"There is but one thing to do with this type of man when we have definitely established his policy," says Richard H. Lee, director counsel of the national committee, "and that is to tell other business men of his methods."

Some time ago the National Vigilance Committee on request took up the matter of determining to whom credit should be given for first manufacturing a product which is now in common use and of exceedingly great importance. It had been hoped by the committee to adjust the controversy between two competing concerns without any publicity.

But while the investigation was still on it learned that both concerns contemplated running advertisements, each claiming that the committee had decided for its claims. Both companies were called upon to explain, and both promised not to run the advertising.

Cases for Prosecution

One of the companies kept its promise, while the other not only broke its word but used the truth emblem of the committee, which no private concern is ever permitted under any circumstances to employ. Whereupon the committee issued a statement to the newspapers reviewing all the circumstances, mentioning both companies by name and containing this scathing denunciation:

"The committee is forced to take the attitude that the X Company or its representatives, as the case may be, in publishing these advertisements, have been guilty of a breach of faith and a violation of confidence. They have sought to capitalize their relations with this committee in spite of their agreement not to do so, and have flaunted the copyrighted emblem of the association at the head of their copy in the face of an express prohibition and in bold indifference to ordinary standards of ethics."

Prosecution is used only when the committee or local bureaus are certain they are dealing with an absolutely illegitimate interest, "with the fellow who has no intention of making an honest profit on an honest product, who cares nothing about the building of goodwill, who has no interest in other individuals connected with his industry, who, if he were not engaged in misusing advertising, would probably be picking pockets, burglarizing banks or scuttling ships. The sooner he is removed from business generally the better it is for everyone concerned. His livelihood consists of defrauding the public, and of course he has no business future."

"Two men are picked up on the street, drunk," says Mr. Lee. "They go to the same police station in the same wagon and occupy similar cells. But one is an amateur and the other is a professional. The first is sufficiently punished by being shamed, by the reflection which is cast upon himself, his family and his friends. But there is only one thing to consider in the professional's case, the protection of society. You cannot appeal to his sense of fairness or honor. All you can do is to lock him up as long as possible."

Of course there are always persons who fear the disturbing and possibly destructive effects upon business in general of any vigorous attack upon commercial dishonesty. It might as well be said that a city which is infested with burglars should simply unlock the doors of every house and invite the thieves to help themselves. It certainly cannot be proved that confidence in business has been injured by the truth-in-advertising movement. Lengthy and detailed bulletins were issued by the national committee, describing the two biggest frauds in the sale of automobile stocks—one of them probably the biggest financial fraud in the history of the country—and these bulletins did not in the least influence the sale of legitimate motor stocks. Indeed, though the two frauds in question were put a stop to, largely by this publicity and by the efforts of the committee, I am very much afraid they have not prevented the sale of other dubious motor stocks.

When the first of the bulletins was issued brokers and promoters of legitimate motor stocks were much disturbed. They said it would destroy confidence in all motor stocks, but the committee decided that it was solely a question of method. On the Sunday preceding the publication of the bulletin the

(Continued on Page 82)

TEXACO GASOLINE

THE *VOLATILE* GAS

Volatility is the readiness with which gasoline gives up its power

BEFORE 1902 The Texas Company did not exist. In but 20 years the public demand for Texaco Products has built a business of immense size.*

This widespread demand is so insistent as to compel a continuous and rapid increase in production and distribution. The public shows its appreciation of *distinctive, uniform quality* in an unmistakable way.

This great demand for Texaco Products is final proof that the soundest scientific practice in the refining of petroleum, pays. Every Texaco Product is made upon this important principle.

Texaco Gasoline is a good example. More power and readier, was the universal wish. Texaco Gasoline gives it, through high and uniform volatility.

Texaco Motor Oil is another instance: the Oil famed for its heavy body and its refinement to a *clear, pale* color.

That Texaco Gasoline is the *same* wherever you fill your tank, is a vital point of its popularity. Touring in New England in summer, or beneath Florida palms in winter, visiting America's wonder-scenes such as the Grand Canyon, or the Rockies, or Niagara, or the thousands of less known places of unsung beauty, you find that the trail leads to the Texaco Red Star.

At these filling stations you always find Texaco Gasoline and Texaco Motor Oil, and the satisfaction of improved operation and upkeep.

*In the last ten years the consumption of Texaco Gasoline has increased from 100,000 to over 1,000,000 gallons a day.

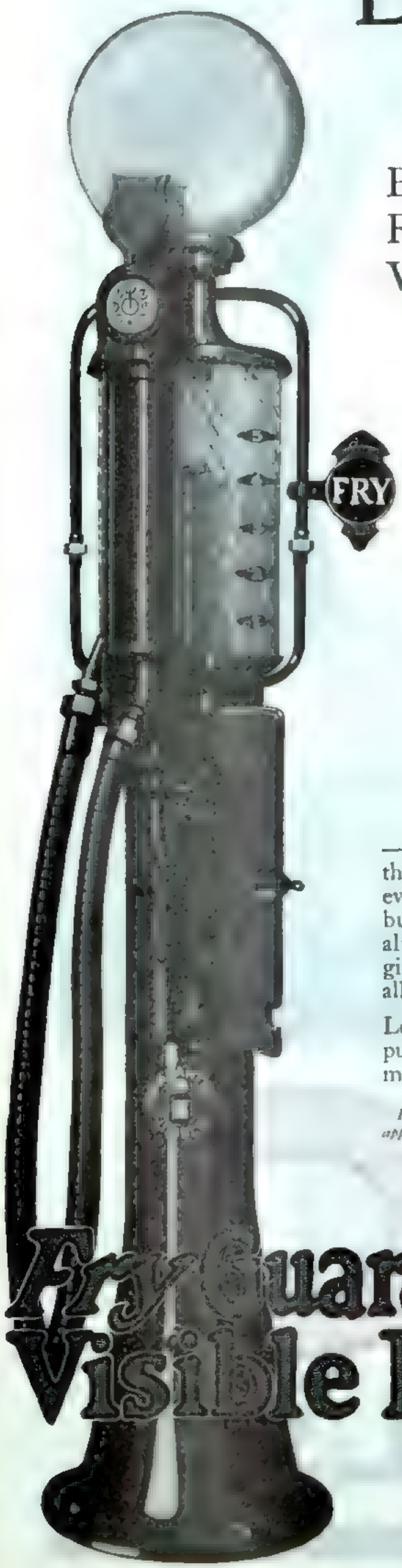
THE TEXAS COMPANY, U. S. A.

Texaco Petroleum Products

TEXACO GASOLINE

TEXACO MOTOR OILS

To All Gasoline Buyers



Much Can Be Said of the Fry Guarantee Visible Pump

—but suffice is to state that it is a pump which every maker, seller and buyer of gasoline can always depend upon to give full measure under all circumstances.

Learn to recognize this pump and patronize the man who owns one.

Fry Guarantee Visible Curb Pump, approved by Underwriters Laboratories

Some good territory open to live dealer... Write at once
Dept. S. E. P

Fry Guarantee Visible Pump

Guarantee Liquid Measure Company

Rochester, Pennsylvania

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leading newspapers of the country carried fifty thousand dollars of advertising of the worthless motor stock, but the Sunday following the receipt of the bulletin no legitimate newspaper would accept its copy. Finally the promoters were brought to trial and sent to prison, but reputable motor stocks continued to sell as usual.

The vast majority of all cases handled by the national committee or the local bureaus, however, have to do with misrepresentation of merchandise. Complaints come from both consumers and competitors, and the bureaus make independent investigations on their own account. In several cities a regular shopping service is maintained, detailed reports being made to the bureau and to the heads of the stores, not only concerning the price and quality of merchandise but as to the personal appearance, cleanliness, knowledge, courtesy and attentiveness of the salespeople. Often the bureaus manage to cause a shake-up between the head of a firm, who formulates its policy, and the subordinates, who do not always carry it into effect as constructively as they might.

Everything depends upon the enthusiasm, experience and judgment of the paid secretary or manager. Most of these are men under thirty-five. About half are lawyers, and among the rest are men who have had advertising, newspaper or merchandising experience.

They can accomplish little, however, unless they are willing to cooperate with other business organizations and with the local authorities. In some cases this cooperation has been carried to a point where the secretaries have been appointed special representatives of the state corporation or blue-sky commissions or of the local attorneys' offices. Though local methods differ in detail the more common procedure is sufficiently standardized, especially perhaps in regard to women's and men's clothing, shoes, furniture, musical instruments and certain other classes of articles, to be described briefly.

If it is suspected that there has been misrepresentation in the advertising of a lot of suits, one is purchased for cash by a buyer who of course is unknown to the store. All price tags, labels and other identifying marks are removed, and a number of different local authorities are asked for their opinion of its value. Care is taken that these experts are not told the price at which the suit was advertised.

Common Deceptions

If the average price arrived at shows a material discrepancy from the value as represented, executives of the store are at once interviewed. They usually accept the findings without demur. But if they object, the suit is sent to a bureau in a neighboring city for similar study. Frequently articles are subjected to chemical analysis to determine the percentage of wool.

So many forms of misstatement and deception are employed that it is almost impossible to classify, much less describe, them all in the space of an article. A minor but common form of deception consists in exaggerating the number of articles on sale. A store advertised tires at five dollars below the regular price. The statement was found to be perfectly true, but only one size was available. Here is another very common misleading statement: "$60 coats for $25." Investigation proves that in a given lot two or three coats of the higher value are selling at twenty-five dollars, but that the great majority are worth twenty-five dollars and no more.

The bureaus have frequently warned merchants against the practice of advertising small lots as if they applied to the general run of goods. The public has a right, it is held, to believe that all sizes in any given article where sizes are involved are obtainable unless the contrary is distinctly and unequivocally stated.

Another minor but common form of deception is the misleading use of cuts or illustrations. An advertisement should show on its face whether the accompanying illustration is intended to picture the specific goods advertised or merely the general class to which they belong. Thus pictures of children's wagons in advertisements sometimes look large enough for big boys, but when parents come to buy they find the wagons are too small for any except little tots.

The better-business bureaus have taken up many cases of the failure of furniture and musical instruments to conform to illustrations. A library table is advertised at thirty-five dollars, and a cut is shown of a table which upon inquiry is found to be a standard article selling at one hundred and twenty-five dollars. Merchants sometimes use standardized illustrations furnished them by manufacturers, regardless of what they have in stock, and discrepancies often occur in this way.

Another minor abuse which the bureaus constantly are fighting is the effort of unscrupulous merchants to convey the impression that they have somehow eliminated wholesalers and are therefore selling goods at lower cost than their competitors. Such phrases as "retail clothing at wholesale prices" and "direct from factory to you" are opposed as constituting unfair competition. Such phrases convey the impression not only that the wholesaler has been done away with but that even retail expenses themselves are eliminated. That of course is absurd as long as the goods are being sold out of a retail store.

The bureaus have even taken exception to the statement of a clothing manufacturer who advertised "no retail profit," on the ground that as long as the manufacturer maintained retail stores and salesmen his expenses would not admit of much lower prices than the prevailing level.

Extravagant Claims

A milk company advertised, "We own our herds, thus insuring purest product costing no more." But it changed its advertising when the local bureau discovered that the company produced only eight hundred gallons of milk a day and sold four thousand.

The element of unfair competition involved in the use of superlatives and claims which cannot be sustained requires constant attention: "I sell more made-to-measure garments than all other tailors in the city combined, and I buy and sell more woolens than all the tailors in the city." "Largest assortment in the city." "No store in the city twice the size doing as much business." "This article is the biggest seller on earth and has no competition." "Largest auto-parts house in the Middle West." "Save half on your clothes bills. It is a fact." "Our book on accounting at $2 is worth more than any higher college course up to $150." "If any store in the city can duplicate our work shoes at $3.95 at less than $6 and $7 a pair, bring them back and get your money." "We pay the highest prices for used articles"—when three or four other dealers advertise the same way.

The better-business bureaus have compelled merchants to discontinue the use of these and many similar statements, for the simple reason that they are either untrue or cannot be proved. In the case of the shoes it was found that the same make was on sale in other stores in the same city for about three dollars, and a much better shoe could be found in other stores for six and seven dollars. A store that advertised "greatest values in the Northwest" was asked to discontinue the statement, on the ground that the determination of value rests with the general public rather than with the advertiser himself. A dealer who advertised "$200,000 of shoes to be sold at once" was found to have only sixty pairs.

A man who claimed to have the largest shoe store in the city, when questioned as to whether he referred to the area covered, variety or amount of stock carried, volume of business or number of salespeople, had no answer. One concern advertised "ten thousand overcoats just arrived from our own tailoring establishments," but it was found to be only one of twelve stores sharing in a single factory's production. Even such words as "best" and "finest" are often objected to on the ground that they unfairly injure other merchants.

There seems to be literally no limit to the variety and ingenuity of tricky statements. "Liberty Bonds cashed" was the announcement made by one store. "If you find that you must use your Liberty Bond we will pay you $51 in cash for your $50 bond. Don't let scalpers get it away from you for a song, don't lose on it at all. Make on it by coming to us."

Investigation proved that a purchase of twenty-five dollars or more in goods was necessary before Liberty Bonds would be accepted—a perfectly fair arrangement, but not mentioned in the advertisement. In the same way a music store offered to sell

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Standing Invitation to Delightful Breakfasts

DO you know how good corn flakes can really be? There is a treat ready whenever you decide to "learn the Jersey Difference."

Great structures are devoted to producing the favorite corn flake of millions and *new* buildings are growing out of the appetizing goodness which is the particular appeal of Jersey Corn Flakes.

It's mighty satisfying to find nothing but large, wholesome flakes, appealingly flavored, so uniformly good and so crisp in milk — reason enough for their growing popularity.

Jersey Corn Flakes stand alone, inviting you to many delightful breakfasts — and most satisfying betwixt-meal lunches.

Your Grocer can supply you.

"I am your grocer, and I'm going to tell you about the Jersey Difference. Watch for me in this and other leading national periodicals and newspapers."

Grocers Will Read This

WE believe the story of Jersey Corn Flakes deserves telling in a big way,—so this is the beginning of a big, generous series of announcements in magazines and newspapers which will acquaint the public with what they always want to know, the name and quality of a better corn flake.

Over one hundred thousand grocers sell and recommend Jersey Corn Flakes. Their numbers and sales multiply as folks *taste* "the Jersey Difference."

The sooner you have Jersey Corn Flakes on your shelves the sooner you will be able to profit from the appeal of this extra delightful, ready to eat food. Jerseys are irresistible—the flavor entrancing and the economy pleasing. Delectable goodness rules the quality of each flake.

Why not stock Jersey Corn Flakes today?—your jobber has them. You can then say "Yes, we have Jersey Corn Flakes," instead of "Sorry but we'll have some in next week."

"Learn the JERSEY Difference!"

JERSEY CEREAL FOOD COMPANY
CEREAL, PA. MILWAUKEE, WIS.
Also Manufacturers of JERSEY ROLLED OATS and JERSEY PANCAKE FLOUR

This is the
"Neglected Inch"
—the inch between the
furniture and the floor

What is the Penalty for Neglecting that Inch?

YOUR divan weighs approximately one hundred and fifty pounds. Without casters or on the wrong kind of casters, your efforts to move it must be doubled. When casters refuse to swivel, but drag broadside across the floor, no wonder the end of a house-cleaning day finds tired muscles and wrenched and aching back—results of needless over-work and over-exertion—the penalty of the Neglected Inch.

And your furniture undergoes the same strain as your muscles. Your wasted strength, when the casters stick, pushes the top of the divan away from the legs, loosening screws, bolts and joinings. Rickety and wobbly furniture—also the penalty of the Neglected Inch.

Now is a good time to check the number of "Neglected Inches" in your home. And when you have found the many places where casters are needed, go to your dealer, tell him in detail about the furniture—whether it is light, medium or heavy in weight—and about the floor or floor covering on which it stands. He can give you or get you just the right Bassick Casters to meet any service conditions—casters which swivel and roll easy and freely—which eliminate the "Neglected Inch" from your home.

To save your energy as well as to protect your furniture and floors, hold a caster inspection day. In the future, whenever you buy furniture, look to the casters and make sure they bear the name, "Bassick."

© The Bassick Company, Bridgeport, Conn

Bassick Casters

THE BASSICK COMPANY
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

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the best grade of talking machines without a penny down, but failed to mention the fact that a certain amount of records had to be bought in the store and paid for in cash. One man advertised his establishment as being "The Main Store," a rather amusing statement in view of the fact that it was the only one he had.

Fake fire sales, "sample" stores, the old selling-out game, and so-called army and navy stores, a large part of whose stock never had any connection with either branch of the service—all receive constant attention from the bureaus.

It is very common for men who are caught in untruths to argue that their advertising is basically or technically true. A store advertised "Best brooms made, Saturday only, at 65c." It was found that the concern manufacturing these brooms makes several other better qualities, but the merchant put up a defense that he meant the brooms were the best that could be bought for sixty-five cents. His intentions may have been of the best, but the statement was capable of misinterpretation. The real question of course is what the public thinks an advertisement means, and the better-business bureaus work for advertising that is incapable of being misunderstood.

Nearly all the bureaus have fought the gyp or residential dealer. A professional dealer advertises in the newspapers from a residential address to create the impression that he or she is selling out personal effects because of illness, misfortune or the necessity of moving away. Gyp dealers concentrate on musical instruments and furniture, but occasionally they handle furs. Often goods are sold by these gyp dealers at much higher prices than in legitimate stores, although the purchasers are led to expect the greatest of bargains. A typical case is that of an old man in the Northwest who bought a cow from what he supposed to be a farmer on the representation that it would give five gallons of milk a day. But it gave only five quarts, and the pretended farmer proved of course to be a professional dealer in the poorest grade of cattle. A regular loan company advertised "Why don't you borrow money from me? Private party." When confronted with the obvious falsity of the words "private party" the president of the company could think of no excuse except that he did not investigate his clients at their places of employment. His explanation did not go.

One of the more serious forms of commercial misrepresentation has to do with the sale of seconds, or used articles. On account of the large number of rebuilt or reconstructed tire concerns which have sprung up all over the country—many of them without financial responsibility or good reputation—the vigilance committee has issued a special bulletin, entitled Earmarks of Deception in the Advertising of Cut-Rate Automobile Tires.

Substitutes Sold as Genuine

There is of course no objection to reconstructed tires as such. The makers of these casings serve a need and promote a saving of material that otherwise would go to waste. But unfortunately much of the advertising of this class of goods has conveyed the impression, to the sorrow of innocent purchasers, that the tires are a great bargain. Such expressions as "Tire bargains. 65 per cent off. Standard makes" are played up, and the word "reconstructed" or "reconstruction" is printed in very small type. A tire that is offered for 40 to 75 per cent less than usual is naturally as a rule worth no more than the cut price asked for it.

But perhaps the most serious and baffling evil which the truth-in-advertising movement has to contend with is the use of misleading trade names. The attempt to create an impression in the mind of the casual reader that substitutes and imitations of well-known expensive articles are the real, the genuine thing, is so common that only those who have given the subject close attention realize what a cancerous growth this has become in our industrial and commercial body. I do not think it is possible to exaggerate the extent to which far too large a section of American business merely trades upon, cheaply imitates and unfairly capitalizes the work of other business men.

Substitutes and imitations have important and valuable uses, and add to the comfort and well-being of millions. Often they represent the most brilliant conceptions of inventive genius. But that is no reason for giving them dishonest and deceptive names. I am no authority on fur and for all I know dyed rabbit may be as warm and beautiful as seal, but that is no reason for calling it French seal or Parisian seal or any other kind of seal. It is rabbit, not seal.

It may be possible even to manufacture a fabric out of wool or cotton or even from fiber waste which looks and feels like seal and wears as well. All hail to the inventive genius that devises such an article, but all scorn for the unoriginal, timid and servile mind that can think of no name for it except to combine a geographical name with the word "seal," when the fabric in question is totally unrelated to either!

There are hundreds, perhaps thousands, of substitutes, composition, fiber and synthetic articles of tremendous usefulness, but if they continue to multiply and continue to parade stupidly as something which they are not, they will threaten the ethical basis of our institutions. It is impossible here to mention all these articles, but probably the worst sufferer by the general practice which I have in mind is wool. Now there can be no doubt about the usefulness of cotton. It is probably of more benefit to the human race than either wool or silk or perhaps than the two combined. Why then in common decency and honesty must it be made so constantly to parade as wool?

In many cases the better-business bureaus have had goods that were advertised as wool subjected to chemical analysis, only to disclose the presence of a very small percentage of wool and a large percentage of cotton. In all such cases the advertiser is urged to change his copy to read "wool and cotton mixed" or "three-quarters cotton and one-quarter wool."

Deceptive Trade Names

It is unfortunate also that trade terms have not developed differently and more originally for what are commonly known as artificial silks. Of course silk is made only from the cocoon of the silkworm, and it is a thousand pities that the marvelous products of cotton and various fibers, pulps and other substances which are given a gloss and sheen to make them look like silk can not universally receive suitable, descriptive and distinctive names which place them squarely on their own merits. Nor is it any tribute to American business genius to connect some geographical name with the word "linen" as a trade name for an ordinary line of cotton goods.

Leather also suffers severely at the hands of its imitators. Leather is the skin of an animal, tanned or dressed, and it cannot by any stretch of imagination consist of a composition or manufactured fabric. In many cities the better-business bureaus have objected to the advertisement of moleskin leather or muleskin leather. This material, so the bureaus insist, should be referred to as moleskin fabric; not as leather.

In the same way objection has constantly been made to the combination with fanciful or geographic names such as "French" and "Parisian" of the old, familiar terms, ivory, shell, amber, jade and coral, in the advertising of composition products known as pyroxylin plastic goods. If the word "ivory" is used, truth requires a qualifying adjective like "composition."

When it comes to furs there seems no limit to the use of fanciful names. The fur of common animals, such as rabbits, dogs, goats and muskrats, goes by more resplendent names, such as sealine, Baltic seal, French seal, Australian seal and the like.

The National Vigilance Committee has been investigating several useful and wholesome artificial food compositions which are made as substitutes for highly popular natural products which are growing increasingly scarce. The committee takes the position that these substitutes are so useful and important that no business advantage is to be gained and much ethical advantage lost by exaggerating their similarity to the natural product.

Of course the public itself is partly, indeed largely, to blame for the widespread use of misleading trade names. People like to buy things that look better than they can afford or have any right to expect at the price. If the millionaire's wife wears a sealskin coat that costs several thousand dollars the working girl wants an article that looks much the same at a small fraction of the price. So she is given rabbit's

WINCHESTER
TRADE MARK
SKATES

1866 1922

BOYS

WE want you to own a pair of Winchester skates. They are good skates designed for speed, action and hard service.

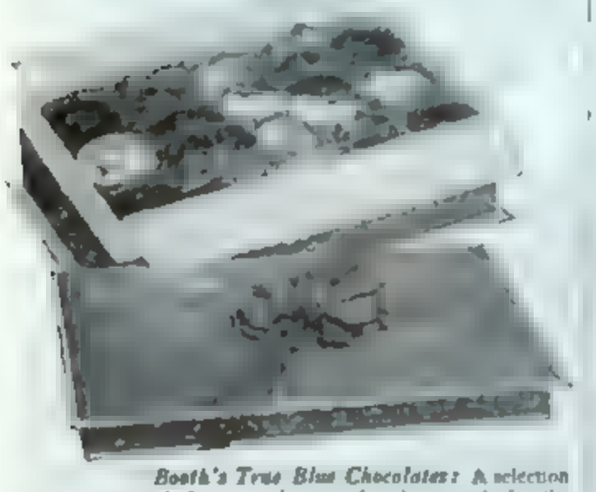
¶ The frame is supported by a bridge girder that strengthens and stiffens the whole skate. The ball-bearing rolls are light-running and especially hardened to give long wear on asphalt and concrete. We have had all sorts of boys skating continuously for days on these skates over rough pavements to test them out thoroughly before offering them to you. We believe they are right, and want you to own a pair.

¶ There are 4000 stores in the United States which sell Winchester Skates and the other new products. Look for this sign on the window: *"The Winchester Store."*

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

TOOLS • POCKET AND KITCHEN CUTLERY
FLASHLIGHTS • GUNS AND AMMUNITION
SKATES • FISHING TACKLE

Booth's
CHOCOLATES
Made For
Candy Lovers



Booth's True Blue Chocolates: A selection of the very choicest chocolates made by the Booth Candy Makers; every piece proves "True Blue." 20 ounces of Love-Food.

EVEN if we deserved it, we couldn't expect everyone to buy Booth's Chocolates; yet for 27 years we have been striving to make the Finest Chocolates, with the strictest attention to every detail. During these years a favorable public opinion has been created by the quality of the Chocolates.

Just buy a box of Booth's Chocolates. Why? Well, one reason is we use in our Chocolates fresh cream received daily from the Booth Dairy Farms.

If you like that Rich Milk Chocolate, buy a box of Booth's Butter Chocolates. They have met with approval everywhere. If you prefer the Good Old Dark Smooth Vanilla Chocolate, sit down by a box of Booth's Esther Chocolates, the box with the Rose Design, and enjoy real quality.

Booth's Billy Package meets the present-day demand for a popular-priced assortment of fine chocolates at a dollar a pound.

Our many other packages, beautiful in design, contain assortments of the most delicious flavors and combinations. Look for the name, Booth's Chocolates.

If unable to obtain Booth's Chocolates from your dealer, send his name and address and we will supply you by mail, upon receipt of the following prices: True Blue Chocolates, 20 oz., $2.00; Butter Chocolates, 1 lb., $1.50; Esther Chocolates, 1 lb., $1.25; Billy Chocolates, 1 lb., $1.00. Other sizes in proportion.

Good Dealers: **Write today for information regarding our special agency proposition.**

Wilfrid I. Booth, Elmira, New York.

skin, and to satisfy her pride and vanity the dealer calls it Australian seal. In other words the public is just as dishonest with itself as any class of dealers is with it.

The retailer says that goods are misbranded when they come to him, and that the elimination of deceptive names should be reached at its source. But on the other hand the retailer can strictly state the truth in his own advertising. The fact is that trade names can be made to conform with trade facts only by the combined efforts of the manufacturer and retailer.

Unless they combine to do it the first thing they know Congress will pass some "truth in fabric" law which will compel the stamping on all manufactured articles of the exact nature of the materials. Manufacturers have fought such legislation, but it will certainly come unless the abuse of trade names is discontinued. Already, however, a number of misleading names have been abandoned or properly qualified by makers, importers, jobbers and retailers, owing partly to the activities of the truth-in-advertising workers.

Comparative Prices

Unceasing effort is made also to induce new concerns to adopt distinctive names, labels, trade-marks and slogans, rather than merely imitate those of older and more successful competitors. The point is constantly made by the truth-in-advertising workers that it takes brains to market goods in an original way, and that even to tell the truth interestingly requires brains. "Why not show that you have some brains?" is the way they put it.

From the point of view of local merchandising the misuse of comparative price advertising and the abuse involved in comparative value advertising also call for unceasing attention. Unlike the use of substitutes and imitations, this practice involves only the retail merchant, but it is so common and so widely employed by business men of good standing that improvement is very difficult to secure.

Few women shoppers really understand just what is involved in comparative prices and values, and therefore misleading impressions are easily conveyed. "Skirts $10, former price $25." Now this statement may be true, but in a sense quite different from what the reader supposes. The facts probably are that the skirt did actually sell at twenty-five dollars a year ago, a little later for, say, twenty dollars; and still later for fifteen dollars. Now it is offered for ten dollars.

There is no objection to mentioning former prices if—and this if is very important—the date of the former prices is mentioned. If the skirt sold for twenty-five dollars a few weeks ago instead of a year ago, and is now selling at ten dollars it is probably a tremendous bargain. But because it sold at twenty-five dollars a year ago it may not be a bargain at ten dollars at all now, because of changing price levels and changing styles. In other words it is a question whether the merchant is justified in using the prices at which articles sold six months or a year ago if there have been intervening reductions. In the case cited, if the advertisement had read, "Skirts $10, former price $15," it would have been truthful in the strictest sense.

But the possibilities of misstatement and deception are much greater when merchants deal with values rather than with prices. A fur dealer was convicted a few years ago on the charge of advertising a one hundred and twenty-five dollar seal coat for thirty dollars, when its actual value was found to be precisely thirty dollars.

In this case the court said: "A coat with a valuation of thirty dollars was never manufactured to retail at one hundred and twenty-five dollars. The people, through the legislature, struck out against persons who victimize them through such commercial frauds as this."

Naturally, reputable merchants do not make such representations, and few cases that involve the use of comparative values are ever raw enough to take into court. But the evil is none the less great. "Suits $35, $50 values." What does this mean? The suit may have had a value of fifty dollars six months or a year ago, and may be wholly out of style to-day. Is it fair then to say that the article has a value of fifty dollars now?

A number of the better-business bureaus have attempted to enforce a rule that comparative values in advertising should be based on the price at which the same article is being sold in three or more other stores in the same city at the same time. They take the position that a representation of value or worth which is other than the current value is deceptive on its face. If in the case cited it is found that three or four other stores in the same city are selling the same suit for about thirty-five dollars, then the position is taken that by no stretch of imagination can it be described as a fifty-dollar value. Of course if the merchant had said "Suits $35, were considered to be worth $50 last spring when this model which is now out of style was all the rage," there could be no possible objection.

A number of stores have greatly modified the comparative feature in their advertising. Numbers of them no longer mention former prices or values, except to say "Reduced," "Under the normal," "Better quality than usually offered at this price," and other reasonable statements of similar character. Many merchants feel that comparisons are necessary to stimulate business, but on the other hand the store which advertises that a suit which is selling at thirty-five dollars to-day was priced or valued at fifty dollars six months or a year ago is more likely to be suspected of having profiteered in the first place than the one which avoids such comparisons.

Perhaps the most striking accomplishment of a number of the bureaus has been to induce merchants to correct or retract misstatements publicly.

In Toledo six large stores have agreed to publish corrections of any error called to their attention by the local bureau, the corrections to occupy a certain definite space in specified type in their newspaper advertising. Some of these corrections have been trivial, but in the opinion of the Toledo bureau each one tends to strengthen the confidence of the reading public in the honesty of business.

Published Corrections

One of the other bureaus has taken a strong stand against published corrections. This bureau makes the statement:

"If the practice were carried far enough it would, we believe, ruin consumer confidence in advertising. There is a human element in producing copy, and consequently it is impossible entirely to avoid errors or false statements. They are in most cases made by mistake. We, therefore, believe this system is absolutely opposed to the purpose of our work, and if it was not, it would be impossible to operate it practically by any commission in the country."

It is admitted of course that the policy of inducing reputable concerns to publish retractions is in its experimental stage. Personally, speaking as a mere man, leaving if possible all forms of shopping to my wife, a public retraction would increase my confidence in a store immensely, especially if my previous dealings with it had been satisfactory. "Why, here is an honest store," I should say. "They have the courage of their convictions. If they are willing to admit they are wrong now and then they must be pretty decent most of the time."

The psychology of the thing could be determined fully only by interviewing hundreds, perhaps thousands, of shoppers. But the reaction of the first woman whom I questioned on the subject was suggestive. She is a housewife, the mistress of a large family, and has had plenty of shopping experience.

"Of course it would increase my confidence to see a published correction," she said in reply to my question; "but, then, very few women believe the advertising of stores anyway. What difference does a correction make? If I go into a store and see waists selling at $1.98 with a big sign on them showing the figure $4.98 crossed out, I turn to my mother or whoever else is with me and say with a laugh, 'Of course they are not $4.98 waists; they are too sleazy for that. But they are worth $1.98 and I think I will buy a couple of them.'

"There are a few stores," she added, "which tell the truth. The sales at X's are real sales; and do you know why it is that I buy so many clothes for the children at Z's? It is because they advertise in large type, 'Three-quarters cotton and one-quarter wool.'"

"My goodness, woman!" I exclaimed. "It is just this lack of belief and confidence in the bulk of advertising which you so cynically acknowledge, that this movement I am writing about is trying to combat. It is the deception of this very system by which you are obliged to discount what you read that they are trying to abolish. Even if the articles you buy are worth what you pay for them it is just as deceitful in principle, if not in degree, for the merchant to claim that they are worth more."

"Oh, if that is the case," she concluded, "then I should think that a published retraction would be an excellent thing as a matter of course."

Leaders in the Movement

Not only do the workers in this movement believe that they are constructively helping honest business by relieving it from unfair competition that it cannot meet, but reputable concerns are often protected from unreasonable customers as well. Through typographical errors in newspaper advertising, goods are not infrequently offered at absurdly low prices, and the local bureaus undertake in these cases to persuade customers to withdraw their demands for such goods.

Perhaps the most active leaders in the truth-in-advertising movement have been Merle Sidener, an advertising man in Indianapolis, who was formerly chairman of the national committee and whose devoted voluntary efforts did so much to get the movement under way, and Richard H. Lee, formerly a lawyer in Cleveland and until recently the director counsel of the committee, and the man to whose fearlessness the country owes the elimination of many of its worst financial frauds. Actively associated with these two have been H. J. Kenner, who lately succeeded Mr. Lee as director, and W. P. Green.

Rapid and widespread as the growth of the movement has been, there are still a few large cities which have successfully escaped. Philadelphia has recently organized, Boston is organizing, and it is expected that New York will shortly follow. But there are a few other large cities in which the movement is badly needed, and also unlikely to develop in the immediate future because of the character of the newspapers. There are papers which seem to have no sense of responsibility to the public, and, unlike the leading papers of the country, regard themselves as nothing but billboards. It is impossible to operate or even organize a better-business bureau unless the majority of the newspapers in a city are fairly clean and willing to cooperate with the forces of decency.

THE SPIRIT THAT LENDS GENIUS TO THE TOUCH OF A GUILDSMAN'S HAND

PERHAPS you have seen in the museums of Europe or America, or pictured in some old book, fine examples which still exist of the work of the ancient Guild of Watchmakers. Scattered in tiny hamlets in the mountainous districts of Switzerland, without machines to aid them, these men produced watches so fine that their fame spread throughout all Europe and lasted even until today.

Something more than skill and a lifetime of experience enabled these old guildsmen to win for their work the admiration of the world.

Dominating their thoughts, guiding their hands as they worked, was the Guild Spirit. Under that spirit no man thought of his work as a task but as an art. No man was driven. No man thought to give less than the best that was in him, for the honor of himself and of the Guild.

Under that spirit the guildsman's hand took on the touch of genius.

In the Gruen Guild of Watchmakers that spirit lives again today, and under it descendants of these mediæval masters labor through unhurried hours to produce these modern masterpieces of the watchmaker's art.

To this, more than to anything else, we attribute that prestige which Gruen Watches now enjoy, for it would seem that there lies deep in every man, no matter what his work, a knowledge that every really fine thing he ever did was done in that spirit, and that he naturally accords, therefore, to Gruen Watches a degree of excellence which has set them quite apart.

You may see Gruen Watches at the best jewelry stores in each community, to which their sale is confined. Look for the Gruen Service Emblem displayed by all Chartered Agencies.

Prices: $25 to $750; with diamonds from $100 to $6,000

GRUEN WATCHMAKERS GUILD, Time Hill, Cincinnati, U.S.A.
Canadian Branch, Toronto
Masters in the art of watchmaking since 1874

How the Gruen Pat. Wheel Construction made an accurate

watch logically thin. It isn't a Verithin unless it is a Gruen

No. 41—18 kt. solid white gold, engraved, $85

No. 42—14 kt. solid green gold, raised gold numerals, $155
18 kt. solid white gold, raised gold numerals, $200

No. 43—18 kt. solid white gold, engraved, $75

GRUEN Guild Watches

Including the original and genuine "VERITHIN" model

© 1922, Gruen Watch Company

PATTON'S Sun-Proof PAINT

REG U S PAT OFF

Keeps Down Up-keep

EVERY brush stroke, not only transforms appearance but adds immediately to property value, and a scientific standardized paint like Patton's Sun Proof paint prevents property depreciation. The life of property is unlimited if kept paint-protected.

Patton's Sun-Proof grips into the surface and seals it with a tough, elastic, moisture-proof, protective film which is enduring against extremes of climate. It is most economical because it covers greatest square footage per gallon, and protects your property against weather-wear for greatest number of years

Sold everywhere by quality dealers and used by exacting painters and decorators.

Write for "Proof" booklet.

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO.

Patton-Pitcairn Division

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

"Save the surface and you save all"

PITCAIRN AGED VARNISHES

Proof PRODUCTS

INTER-INDUSTRIES OF THE

PATTON'S Sun-Proof PAINTS

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO.

PLATE AND WINDOW GLASS · MIRRORS · PAINTS · VARNISHES · BRUSHES · INSECTICIDES

TRAVELER'S REPOSE

(Continued from Page 9)

In the fall he was to become part owner of the garage, built of concrete, in Greenstream Village; he would probably move in from the place beyond the mountain; and Emeline and he would be the most devoted of couples. He was obliged to add, though, it was miraculous that she could care for him; she was so gentle, quiet and yet firm, and delicate. Her hands in spite of their labors were slight, with thin fingers; flushed with heat in the kitchen, she was still not untidy, with hair orderly and soft, her enveloping apron crisply blue. She didn't seem strong; once, thrilling him with the delight of her confidence, she had confessed a headache to him. But the facts contradicted any weakness. Her voice was always low, with a little laugh that was at once appreciative and half inattentive. There was so much, it seemed to say, for her to attend to, to make right.

Mrs. Graham alternated with her husband in a conversation to which Jalan contributed little; his thoughts were divided between Emeline and his project of peace. Elias Graham, as though conscious of the latter, had something to say about progress—he was very contented with the vigorous spirit lately exhibited by the county. A number of the sick, who in the old days would undoubtedly have died under local treatment, had been sent to the hospital beyond the mountains at Stenton. Jalan suggested a hospital at home, but Elias didn't think it could be supported. What was the use, he argued, of an expense so largely unnecessary? Local pride, Jalan told him. Local fiddlesticks! Elias Graham did not enjoy contradiction; and it seemed to Jalan that Emeline made him a signal of caution.

"Progress," Elias repeated.

But Jalan had fallen into a silent contemplation of Emeline. She was like the shy fragrance of a flowery bank in spring, like the mountain streams, pure and clear and cool, and not easily found. She possessed exactly what he wanted the county to preserve and express.

Driving back he was obsessed by the possibilities of a place of rest held against all the uproar of the world. At first it had appeared selfish; but he began to see that the fame of Greenstream would go over the whole world; the world would be influenced, leavened by it. People would come to find out how such a haven had been made, and they'd go away full of emulation and hope.

Any aspect of the fantastic had vanished; it seemed concrete, imminent, now; he must bring it about. Inattentive to the road, the lurching clatter of the automobile, Jalan Heronbar found himself praying desperately, passionately, for the bounty of tranquillity, of a Garden of the Lord.

After this he was serious but happy; all the emptiness of his life was filled; or, rather, he saw that but for Emeline his life had been empty; and now it was that no more. He wondered if this were a call, and decided that beyond question it was. A call to him, Jalan Heronbar. What a dispensation of mercy!

He was happy, permeated by an inner glow, but grave rather than gay. The greatness of the inspiration that had enveloped him forbade lightness. He had never, though, been exactly light; wicked, but not the other. Neither was his undertaking, with which there could be no compromise, no half measures, easy. The attitude of Elias Graham showed him that. He'd have to go out into the mountains and lonely valleys, to the single cabins and straggling settlements on swift streams, and -and preach peace for Greenstream. Jalan was certain that in the end he could fire others with his determination. It would be like a sermon, a kind of Sermon on the Mount, and he would be a preacher.

When he began the following day at the store he spoke tentatively, and the gathering, waiting for the West Virginia mail, listened to him or not, as they felt inclined.

"Ever since I got back," he began, "I've been looking around as if it all was new here, as if I had never seen it before, and it's—it's beautiful. We get used to it. Forget. And we oughtn't to. Greenstream's made for a quiet and peaceful life; we have everything we want ——"

At this he was interrupted by a concerted demand of who had. Someone turned to the storekeeper and said that since they were living in a Paradise, could Peterton, please, sir, give him a pair of good shoes.

It was evident that Peterton couldn't; but it was suggested that Jalan intended to. Ask Jalan, the direction was offered. Jalan gazed around with a troubled brow. No one, it appeared, accepted what he said seriously.

"I mean it," he proclaimed in a resonant voice; "we have got to bring good will about and make this land a retreat from wickedness. Some of you didn't see what I did, and my experience was only a part, a little part, of what went on. I tell you the world is full of hatred and envy and malice; no one is filled or satisfied; it's like a quicksand sucking men down to death. But here we can stand firm, we have rock; we can put evil outside the ranges. Why it won't take any trouble at all, and it will change hardly anything. What we have to do is only to keep together, to be fair with each other, to be patient and tell the truth. That's all," he added wistfully. "If we'd just think a little it would be easy. Like putting up a barn in the old days—everyone helping."

This idea, a number agreed, was good; they were older men. The younger were no more than amused; and, but in a pleasant spirit, they begged Jalan to set up again the still in his parlor—like the old days, they echoed him.

"Can't you see what it must bring you?" he went on. "Can't you tell what honesty—yes, Christianity—would mean? No more bad blood nor killings; we'd keep that away from us; we wouldn't let any in. We'd let almost nothing in. Why should we when we have so much ourselves? We have fruit and cattle and corn and water, wood for fires; we've a printing press. What do we need from the world like it is? Nothing."

Jalan Heronbar stopped, looked at the men before him. One was ordering coffee at the counter; another getting his mail; two were leaving. It would be hard, but he'd do it, bring them in spite of themselves the blessings in his heart. The West Virginia mail was approaching and he was deserted; no one but the storekeeper, with the locked government sack, returned.

"Jalan," he called, "stop a minute. That scheme of yours, it sounds right good. I can see that you've studied it out." Jalan Heronbar turned back eagerly. "If there's anything to be done I'll help you with it. We could get up a campaign—Greenstream for Greenstream! I'll tell you confidential that since the automobiles have run into Stenton, them and the mail-order houses, my business here ain't what it was, not by a big meadow.

"See here"—his hand was on Jalan's shoulder—"as I understand it, you want to hold everybody here at home. Well, if you can influence them, if I see it on my books, I'll allow you—in trade—five per cent."

Jalan was so charged with fervor, with the excitement of having announced his supreme purpose, that at first he missed the storekeeper's intention. When it grew clear to him his face was grim. A bitterly angry resentment confused his brain; but he held it in subjection. Jalan conquered his resentment.

"I don't aim to make out of it," he explained temperately. "It's different from that. It came over me suddenly, sitting on the porch last night, the evening and the mountains were so pretty." The word didn't satisfy him. "So grand," he substituted. "And I thought maybe people here could be like that."

The other was puzzled almost to the point of irritation. "If you're just against improvement," he commented, "why, I can't be with you on that. Let me give you a little advice: go soft with Elias Graham or you'll make a muss of it with Emeline. Elias is great on improving the county. Why, it's him, to some extent, through his brother, North, who's bringing a moving-picture company right here to make a mountain story and show the world Greenstream scenery. He's been keeping it quiet, afraid it would come to nothing, but I hear it's fixed for soon as possible."

Jalan gave that but little thought; he was too much absorbed in his undertaking to be concerned by the fact—he saw it as remote—of a moving-picture company. His intensity, his conviction, increased daily; he devoted himself entirely to it. The county to its farthest limits grew familiar with his insistent hope. Usually he was met with humor; Heronbar's Paradise became a phrase attached to his tireless efforts. Often he was argued with, contradicted; a mess of practical detail was produced to show the folly of his scheme. A few people, long past youth, and a preacher or two agreed with him. He stopped men on the steep roads, on foot, in automobiles, on horses or droving cattle. To them all he proclaimed the peace to be settled on them.

At the Grahams', however, he had so far said nothing. The storekeeper's warning, Jalan recognized, was sound. And Elias had not yet opened the subject of Jalan's project. June had become July, and July was half gone when, sitting through the evening on the Graham porch, Jalan Heronbar was aware that Elias was about to speak. He caught a quick, fluttering glance of warning from Emeline, a supplication for him to be quiet, as her father deliberately laid aside his pipe.

"What's this, Jalan," he demanded; "what's all this I hear about your trying to pen up the county?"

Jalan explained.

"Nonsense!" Elias asserted; his brown cheeks already darker with opposition. "You want to choke down progress, that's what it amounts to. How can you keep the world, as you say, out? Who wants to? Nobody, I reckon, with any property worth considering, with interests. We want enlightenment and education and improvement. Why they tell me you want the women to go back spinning; you want us to have only homespun and such. You don't take the young folks into consideration. I'd like to see you get Ellery, here, into clothes his mother made for him."

"There isn't any enlightenment to be got from the world," Jalan said; "it's only to be found in your heart, in a quiet heart like the mountains around us. And what does the education come to? Dissatisfaction and doubt. Nobody believes anything any more, nobody has anything to tie to that won't corrupt and crumble in their hands. Or, perhaps, they have parts, little bits, of so much that they have nothing right."

"Stuff!" Elias Graham interrupted.

"And this improvement," the other continued; "what good is it against what it costs? Isn't content, happiness, better? You asked me why I rode up on a horse this evening. Well, it's better riding a horse than driving the way I did, from here to there and nothing between. You can't see anything in an automobile, you can't think slow enough or fully."

"Then there won't be any automobiles in this—this Heronbar's Paradise," Elias snorted angrily. "You're a plumb fool, that's what. I always said—I told Emeline over and over—you lived alone too much. It's the Heronbar blood in you flowing back upstream. I like you, Jalan; and I'm speaking for your good. That's not right—Emeline likes you and I'm

(Continued on Page 92)

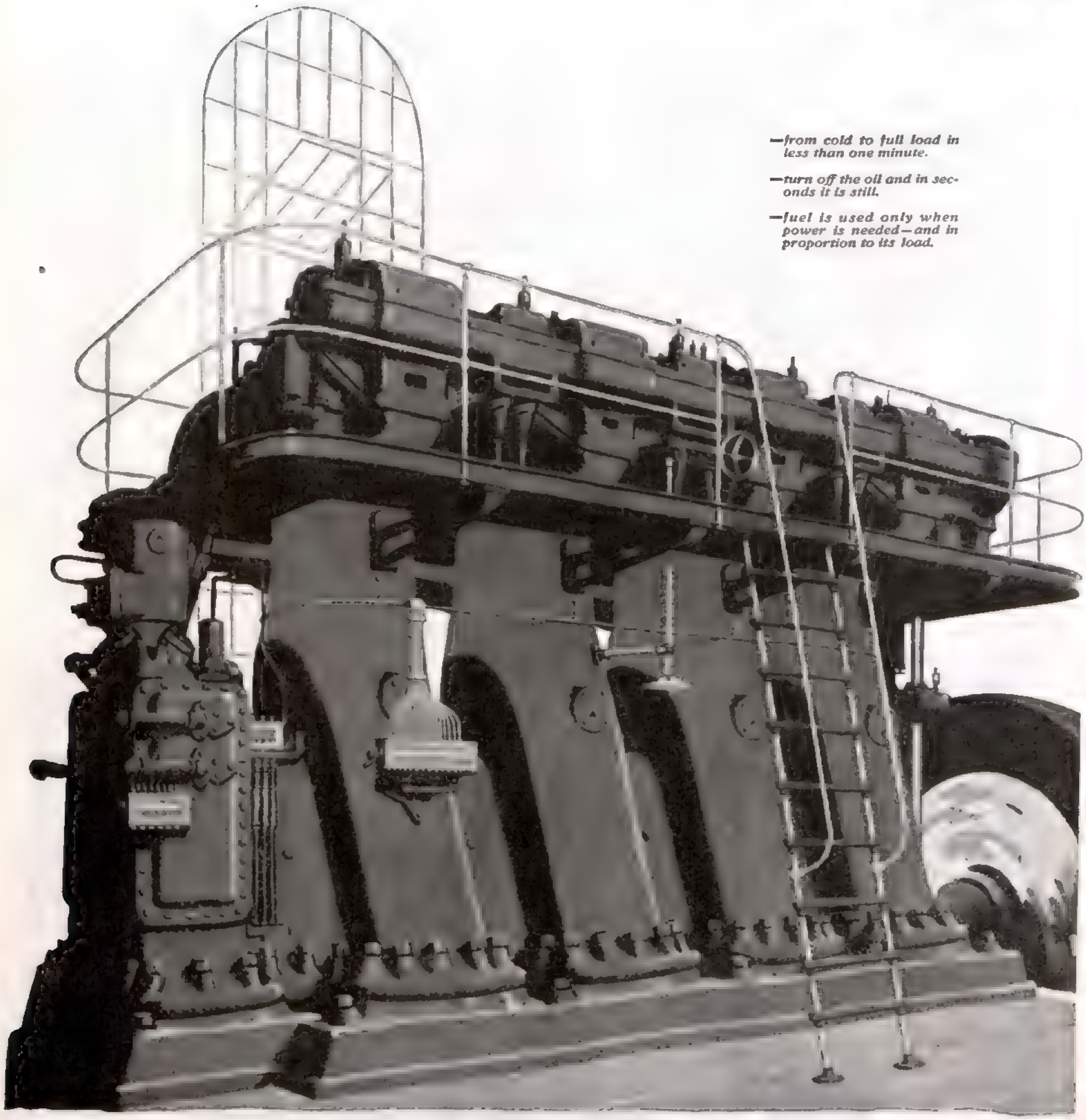
The Director Struck Him Swiftly on the Side of the Jaw, and Jalan Stumbled Back. He Swayed From the Shock of Concussion, and Pain Filled His Mouth

To cut

—from cold to full load in less than one minute.

—turn off the oil and in seconds it is still.

—fuel is used only when power is needed—and in proportion to its load.



FULTON

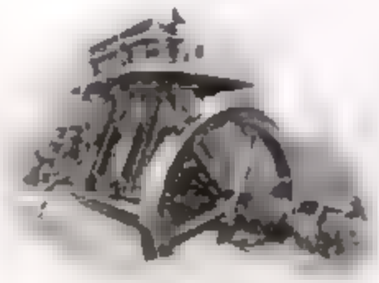
the appalling cost of power waste-

The Fulton Diesel meets the pressing need today for lower power cost. A perfected stationary engine using low-grade fuel oil in internal combustion.

Its operation requires about one-third of the fuel that must be burned under boilers to furnish corresponding power. It consumes fuel only when in use, and in proportion to its load. One engineer runs it. All troublesome, costly problems and hazards connected with coal supply disappear—strikes, delivery, storage, deterioration and handling. No investment in boilers, stacks, condensers and other auxiliary steam plant equipment is called for.

Not since Robert Fulton applied steam power to water transport has there been so important a development in stationary power production as the Fulton Diesel. It embodies the experience of 70 years of successful engine building. Ten years have been concentrated on developing the Fulton Diesel to its present high state of mechanical excellence. Tested under varying and exacting conditions of service, the Fulton Diesel has proved to be the most efficient and economical stationary engine known to the world today.

Fulton Diesels in a Central Station.



Fulton Diesel on Oil Pipe Line

Fulton Diesel in Flour Mill.

Fulton Diesel in Ice Plant

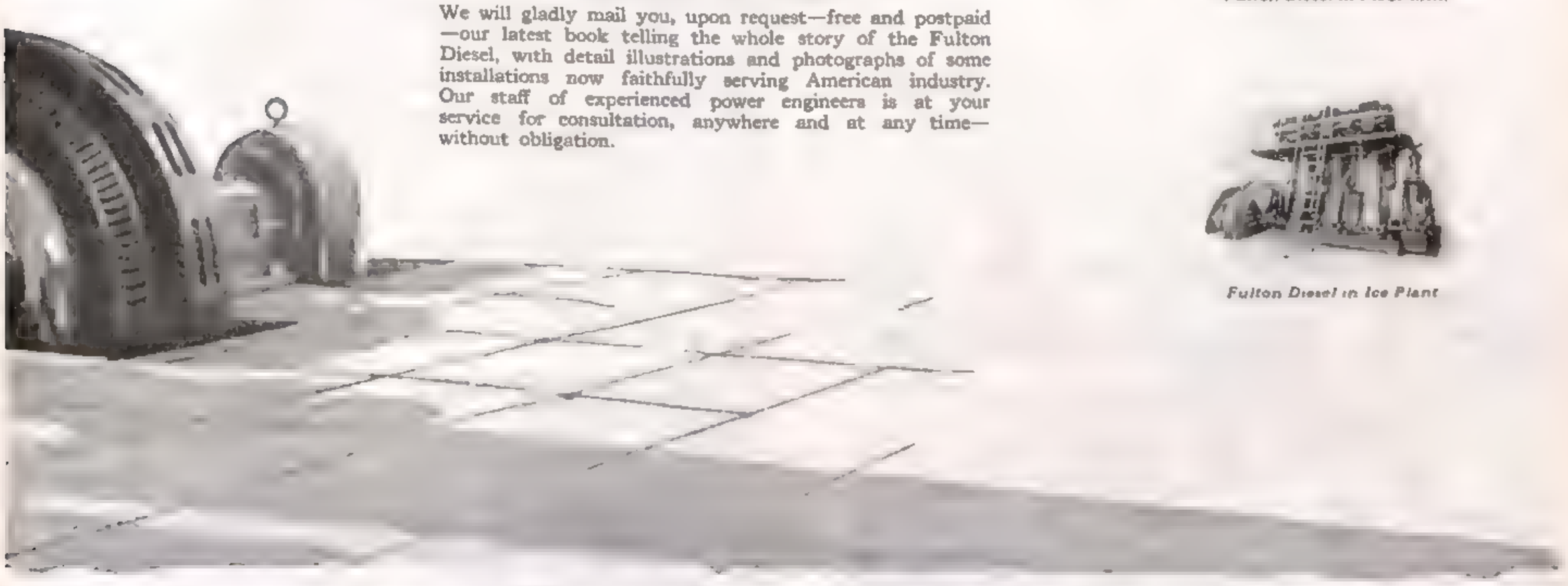
FULTON IRON WORKS COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

Successful Engine Builders for 70 Years

Branch Offices: New York—82 Wall St. Havana, Cuba—401–402 Banco Nacional

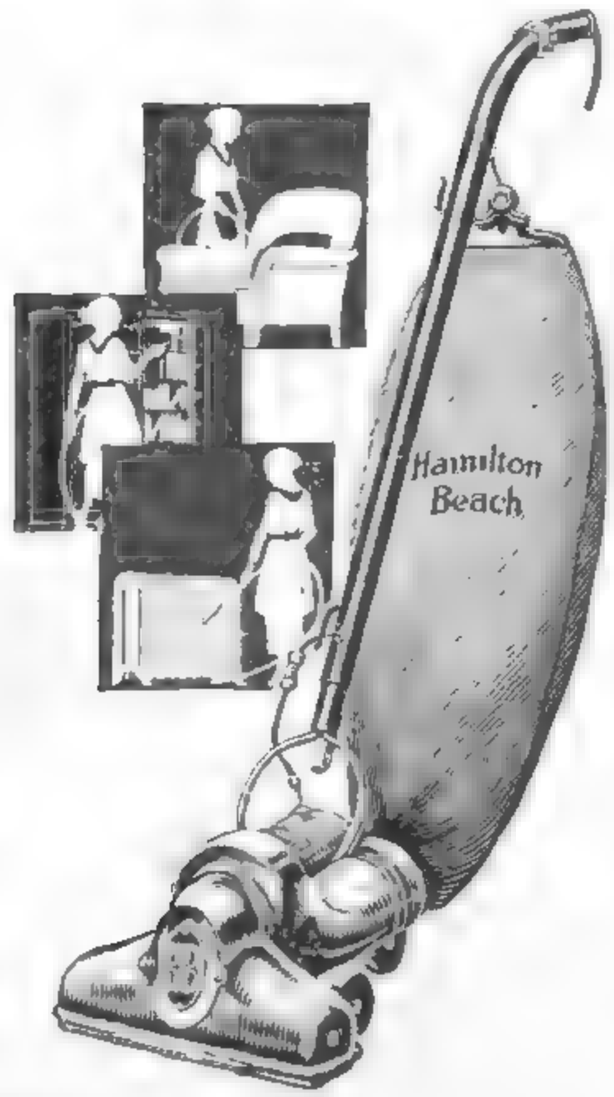
To Executives and Engineers

We will gladly mail you, upon request—free and postpaid—our latest book telling the whole story of the Fulton Diesel, with detail illustrations and photographs of some installations now faithfully serving American industry. Our staff of experienced power engineers is at your service for consultation, anywhere and at any time—without obligation.



DIESEL

Note how air sweeps the surface, besides cleaning through the rug



We have added

Super-suction to the Beating brush

The vacuum cleaner sensation of 1922

Leading cleaners are of two types. One class relies on good suction alone, the other uses a beating brush.

But we have always felt that the ideal-type cleaner should have *both* strong suction and a beating brush! Strong suction to take up the surface dust and to make the attachments for cleaning and dusting everything in the house really efficient and tremendously worth while; Beating brush for instantly sweeping up clinging threads, hair, lint, and fuzz—and for shaking loose all deeply imbedded particles of cutting grit that are so destructive to the life of fine rugs. So we worked to this end.

Our efforts were rewarded by a gale of 219 cubic feet of air per minute! which not only cleans through the rug from the bottom, but also air-sweeps the surface, because the carpet is prevented from sealing the nozzle. And besides this double air-cleaning action, we had the beating brush. We had merged the advantages of other cleaners in one amazing machine with multiplied cleaning power. So now you can have double efficiency in this marvelous cleaner, guaranteed throughout.

Hamilton Beach with suction alone

Same machine with the Beating Brush

Hamilton Beach Vacuum Sweeper

We believe you will be satisfied with no other, once you see the Hamilton Beach. It is a shining servant that is doubly thorough, though doubly swift From corded bumper to handle tip, every detail points to lastingness and quality. No desired feature has been overlooked. Yet you can obtain its 30 superiorities for less than comparable cleaners cost. It is unrivalled value for the money. Dealers are glad to demonstrate it in your home free and to name convenient terms. Write us for FREE FOLDER and the name of nearest dealer. Ask any questions! Absolutely no obligation. Write TODAY for full facts.

See this striking demonstration of the effectiveness of our Beating Brush.

Hamilton Beach Drink Mixer
Now $18.75
Was $29.50

Tremendous quantity production permits this startling price reduction in the big No. 2 Drink Mixer. Write for booklet.

HAMILTON BEACH MFG. CO., *Racine, Wisconsin*

(Continued from Page 89)

speaking for her. I'll admit to you that often when you were coming here I wished you'd break your neck on the mountain. That ain't Christian but it's natural. I managed to get over that, though; I was almost agreeable to you when this came up.

"I waited, thinking you'd come back to your senses, but you haven't, and I'll get finished with what's in my mind. Why"—he became so exasperated that he stuttered, his face grew crimson—"what'll happen to the garage, tell me that—what?" He paused, but for the moment Jalan made no reply. "I sort of thought the county was playing a joke on you, but it's not; things are worse than I heard; you are a joke."

Jalan rose; but he faced Emeline and not her father.

"Emeline," he addressed her gravely, "you have heard what I said and how your father answered. It seems to me you know how we both feel. I didn't think it would come in this way; I hoped it would be happier, but I don't see a choice. I've got to go on until Greenstream understands, till it agrees with me—for itself. I was happy enough before, reckoning about you; it's for the others, Emeline, you must believe that. Well, will you join with me? Will you marry me, Emeline?"

She smiled confidently at him, and was rising from the step when Elias Graham thrust himself violently between them.

"I'll answer for her!" he almost shouted. "I'll tell you about that. She won't! Do you think I'll have my daughter, Emeline Graham, living in rags in a backwoods cabin with the last crazy member of the Heronbar family? Do you? Not while Ellery and me are alive. I was against you at the first and I'm stronger against everything about you now."

"Will you, Emeline?" Jalan said again.

"No!" Elias shouted.

"Emeline," Jalan Heronbar said again.

Elias Graham suddenly lost all trace of his excitement, his eyes were narrowed, his gaze was hard and level. "I told you last and for all time." His voice was thin.

"Mr. Graham," Jalan protested, confused, "I can't fight with you. There was to be no more fighting here, nor misunderstanding; that mustn't be. Not ever again."

"You can dodge it," Graham replied curtly.

"It isn't right for you to answer in Emeline's place," Jalan protested. "You oughtn't to hold her in like that. She must have a chance to speak out. I won't take it from you."

Elias stepped back. "Tell him, Emeline," he said briefly.

She gazed at her father, and, meeting no assurance there, half raised her arms to her mother, sitting still and cowed in the gloom.

"Tell him, Emeline," the cold, sharp voice repeated.

Then Emeline advanced a step toward Jalan. She moved forward but then she stopped, her eyes widely opened and dark against the pallor of her face.

"Jalan," she said, "Jalan."

Whatever her resolution of speech, of action, had been, it failed. The silence that possessed her was alive with suffering, with an inner wrenching agony and struggle.

"Don't worry, Emeline," Jalan said presently, slowly sounding the words one by one. "Emeline, don't worry. I know how it is, how it has always been—and good-by"

He turned sharply away and retraced the course by the corner of the house, over the cut grass, to the iron fence where his horse was tied The horse's hoofs made no noise crossing the pasture, but on the hard piece of road below, the steel shoes rang out. They could hear them from the porch, Jalan knew; Emeline would listen to them going along, going out of her life.

Flooded with pity for her, governed as she was by her father, he had no atom of condemnation in his mind It had always, with the Grahams in Greenstream, been like that. Emeline was a good girl, but she wasn't a girl any more, she was a woman, lovely with the quiet fragrance of May. He had lost her! This came to him with the shock of an unexpected bullet. Jalan swayed as though from the shock of an actual deep blow. Emeline had been taken from his life.

No apparent change took place in Jalan; his life, the pursuit of an object as close to his heart as Emeline, continued unbroken. He was more serious, his voice had a new insistent ring; that was all. His speech, he noticed, had drawn away from commonplace, surrounding things and words; he spoke, he thought, in parables. The attention he had first roused, a humor perceptibly touched, at least, with serious consideration, faded; the valley of Greenstream, the clearings on the mountain slopes grew used to him; men listened to him when they were not busy, at supper and through the late summer evenings. He was regarded as a kind of preacher addressed to the good of the world, and treated with regard; Jalan was pressed at the houses and lonelier cabins to stay for whatever meal might be following, for the night, as long as he desired.

The young at times sharply opposed him, but mostly they held him to be harmless. And this concerted attitude of a kindly inattention was more difficult, obdurate, than an aggressive opposition. He felt that he was thought of as a character, peculiar and admirable and local, but nothing more. Before his door, with a stout hickory chair canted back against the house, he dwelt upon his task. A new phase in the past few days had fastened upon his ardor; he became angry at the stupidity and blindness about him. His outreaching hand, as it were, was filled with gold, gold that might be had for the asking; but nobody wanted, no one, it seemed, could realize that it was there.

Still, he wasn't discouraged; the fire of his desire hadn't slackened; he would work harder, never linger on the road, fail in argument. His attention to the order of his house had grown mechanical; there were omissions, knives and plates out of order. This he no longer noticed; he noted very little of all that he had once fully seen and weighed. His guns had been broken, his powder deliberately spoiled, the lead in bullets melted. Jalan Heronbar would kill nothing, and when he heard a shot in the woods or in a purple buckwheat stubble he would force a way through the underbrush and remonstrate with whoever held the gun. Sometimes it would be an old man, quivering with indignation at Jalan's interference; sometimes it was a grinning boy, or a man, a friend of Jalan's, who would invite him to share in a stew of boiled pot.

The regard with which he was treated left him increasingly alone. People, he began to see, were superstitious about him. They were reluctant to open a casual conversation with him; the children were often frightened at his approach and ran to familiar and saving interiors. This at first disturbed him, then he failed to notice that too. His resentment at the county, he found, increased; from begging them to accept his gift of peace he changed to periods of rising scorn. In this, as well, he was freely indulged; he had a hopeless sensation of trying to grasp the water of a swift-flowing stream, of hoping to dam it with his palms and fingers. What he saw, the possibility he held out, was as actual as though it existed, like a city on a near height, before his eyes. But he was baffled by the fact that he could show it to no one—to no one, that was, but a rare old man with his sight already dim to the world and filled with inner visions.

Twice, lately, he had seen Emeline; once descending the insecure steps from the store platform to the road. There were others, idle and curious, around, and so he had delayed at the crossing until she had gone. Then on an upper road, riding his mare, he had passed Emeline and Elias Graham in an automobile. They were both going slowly, and she smiled at him and said good evening, but Elias hadn't turned his head. Emeline! Beautiful and fragrant and tender. He had never blamed her. Perhaps Elias was right, and his, Jalan's, was no life for her to share. Another partner had been secured for the garage in the village; no Heronbar had ever successfully worked the rocky and steep acres which belonged to that family; and he was poor. There wouldn't be proper food for Emeline in the house.

That with, for, her he might have given up his present intention didn't occur to him; such a thing was an impossibility. Jalan and his project were inseparable, one. It was a call. His love for Emeline became a deep and impersonal admiration, a consuming sense of her perfection. Sitting in the dusk it seemed that she had no real existence, that she had never lived, but was a dream, a vision of perfection. It wasn't likely that gentleness like hers had a place

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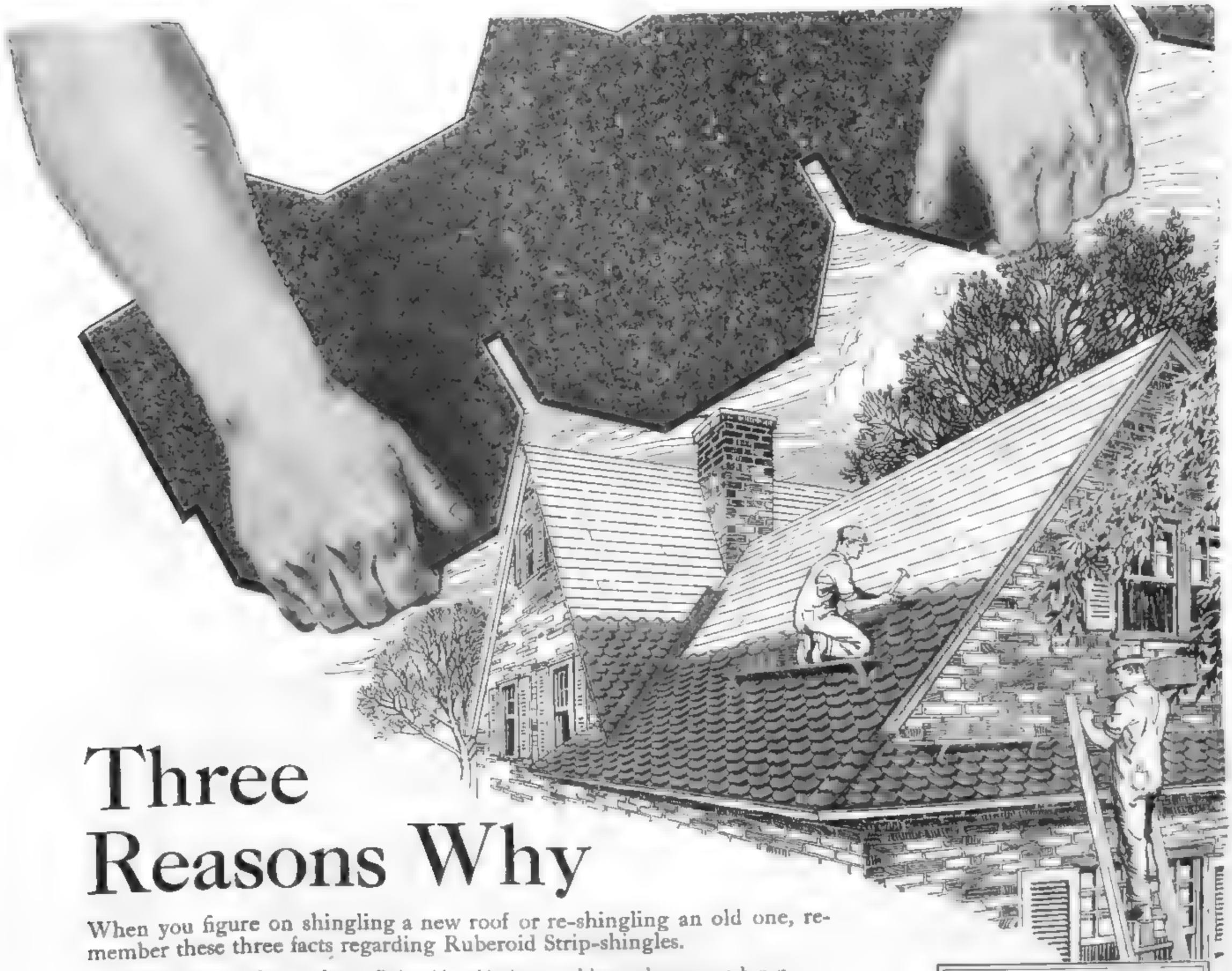

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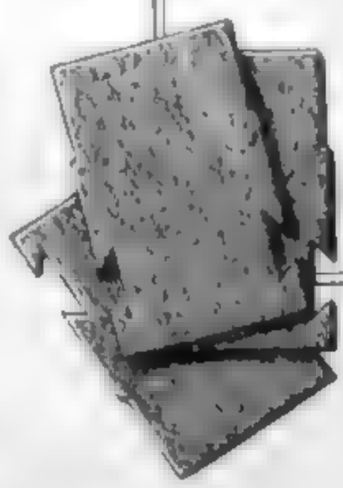

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(Continued from Page 92)

in the stubborn and vain and jealous world. Yes, he had imagined her—the lighting of her smile, her cool sweet voice brushed with amusement, the warming of her eyes.

He wondered what she thought of his efforts, what she heard about him. Probably that he was cracked-brained. But what would she think of it? Jalan had never explained himself to her; the one most nearly concerned, she could only listen to a sharp or a kindly scoffing, his hope distorted. Jalan hadn't tried to see her, to overcome her allegiance to her father; he might prevail with her, but the chances were enormously against him. If Elias, if he, Jalan, were firm, Emeline was quietly firmer. Nothing could turn her from her purposes, her conceptions of duty. If she had been younger, again, it might all be different; but she was thirty and over; she had been in the service of her family for a comparatively long while. And then he didn't want to hurt or tear her delicacy of spirit; he didn't want to bring back to her eyes the suffering he had seen in them on the Graham porch.

Still, he wasn't unhappy; he recognized that of himself. Emeline and the past were dreams, everything around him was insubstantial but his passion to keep Greenstream apart from the bitter unhappiness of life. He couldn't be certain that he was not gaining ground, belief, in his hope; that he couldn't see it didn't prove its absence. A planted seed and then the husbandry. He hesitated over that word—it was at once strange and familiar to him. Jalan speculated a little upon the old Heronbars and their black blood; was he so totally different from them or almost similar? In appearance he resembled them point for point, feature for feature—the dark face and clamped jaw, a drooping sweep of hair across a bony forehead, and eyes, an incredibly aged relative had told him when he was a child, blue like the waters of Scotland.

They had been men of intense resentments, brightly bad tempers, alternating between a cold sobriety and a colder drunkenness; they were cruel, even treacherous, with men, and scrupulous—contemptuously, really—with women. A vein of religion had run erratically through them all. Bad, he was forced to conclude. And here he was, the last, bent on a sort of Traveler's Repose that nobody wanted. No one around him now, except Emeline, could understand his determination; but in a flash he saw that his father would have comprehended. His father would have cursed his hopefulness and understood. The ties of blood were closer than any man knew.

Jalan stirred, rose from his chair and went to secure his mare. Riding, he descended the barren slope to the road. A darkness of spruce was surcharged with the throbbing cry of whippoorwills. The moon was up above the mountains to the east; there was a glimmer of silvery light, no more perceptible than a cobweb hung across the valley beyond. Pulling up the mare he raised his clenched hands in an agony of longing for the salvation of Greenstream.

In West Virginia, where Jalan had gone for a horse lotion, he fell sick, and was detained in a pine sealed room of an informal hotel, where he was subjected to the heroic treatments of a local doctor. When he rode back, ambling—for he was still weak—there was a visible trace of fall in the air. Some maples had already turned bright scarlet and yellow, and there was a haze, the odor of burning leaves. At his home he indifferently prepared the bacon of supper, and, immediately after, sank into a deep slumber. He woke late the following morning, stronger and refreshed, and determined to go to the lower border of Greenstream with his demanding message.

The road followed the base of a range; on the left a stream meandered through the blue grass, and he passed occasional prosperous farms. It was all pastoral, quiet, familiar; then, beyond a spur, he came abruptly on an incomprehensible crowd and confusion. He reined in, startled; and then independently his memory, a subconscious realization, told him that here was the moving-picture company whose coming to Greenstream he had been told was to be secured by Elias Graham.

Driven to the side of the road was an open truck filled with an incomprehensible mass of details. Jalan saw large squares with a brilliant silver surface that, when they caught the sunlight, flung out bars of intolerably bright reflections; there were loaded baskets, heaps of materials, coverings and clothes; square, leather carrying cases, tripods, lumber; a hundred objects, familiar and unfamiliar. Beyond the truck were strung out automobiles, two—no, three, four, of them. And before the old rugged cabins of Sim Levering, set above the road, were what he recognized as elaborate cameras, attended by sharp-visaged young men, in the shadow of a great umbrella, fringed and striped in red and white

Jalan Heronbar's instinctive feeling was antagonistic. He had been surprised, always an uncomfortable sensation, and his deep sense of privacy had been invaded, the secretiveness of the mountains had been broken into. Then a frank curiosity took the place of these, and he urged the mare on. At one side of the cameras a man under a broad shadowing hat was issuing orders from a comfortable folding chair, a group was on Sim's porch—they belonged to the moving picture—and beyond that there was a circle of silent, intent mountain people—women with babies, children fretful and fascinated, girls and awkward youths in rough clothes, and everywhere the uncommunicative men. They nodded variously to Jalan, calling others' attention to his presence. They seemed all to be intent upon him, as though they were waiting for something he might say or do.

A short vigorous individual with his sleeves rolled back on arms covered with designs in pale blue ink passed Jalan Heronbar with a tin bucket of drinking water. He nodded, friendly, and Jalan acknowledged his greeting. He went on carefully until he was stopped by a girl sitting squarely in the middle of the road. She was dressed, Jalan saw, in an imitation of the back-mountain dress; except for that, however, she bore little resemblance to the women among whom his life had passed. Her eyebrows curved in a single hard black line; her hair, with coppery glints in the sun, was cut short at the lobes of her ears; and her legs were thrust out with a careless disregard for exposure that no girl of Greenstream could have attempted. She was painting her face.

On her knees was a wooden box filled with thick colored pencils and gayly stained rags, powders and white and dark greases; the opened lid of the box held a mirror; and after she had made an application to her cheeks she critically examined the reflected result. Or, rather, she alternately painted her face and smoked at a cigarette deposited in busy moments on the arm of her chair.

"Well," she said, finally meeting Jalan's interrogation, "I'm here; you see me. It isn't the result of mountain dew."

The man whose voice had dominated the activities rose and approached. His gaze was rapid, sharp, and his voice, though pleasant enough, abrupt.

"Good morning," he addressed Jalan Heronbar. "I'm Dell Spannard, and I am making a picture in your country. We all hope you'll like it." He studied Jalan further. "Look here," he added; "I've tried making these actors look like mountaineers till I'm sick, and it won't, except with the best, come off. You're the best type I've seen, and you're on a horse. That's a blessing. I wish you would come and work with us. It isn't hard and you'd be well paid."

"Thank you," Jalan replied; "but I'm busy already."

The other broke in shortly.

"I know you are busy—for this country. The truth is you don't know what being busy means. I meant what I said about paying you well. You are really good. Twenty dollars every day you work, and that won't be less than ten days. Probably, if this cursed haze doesn't lift, more."

"There is something else I must do," Jalan repeated.

"At how much?" The demand had sharpened

"Nothing," Jalan told him; "I'm not after pay." He hesitated. "I want peace here."

The girl turned from her painting with an exclamation of mingled wonder and amusement, but the man standing beside her apparently lost interest in the figure on horseback.

"A religious crank," he said, but not offensively. Then he turned to the cabin. "Not like that!" he shouted, filled with a sudden energy. "Cut, Beitler. That's out. Marple, I went over this with you twice this morning, we wait an hour for the light, and then you die on your feet. Can't you understand the script? You hate and fear this man who is threatening your daughter, and you are making up your mind to kill him. To shoot him; can you get that? It's murder, even in the mountains. Now, again; quick, there's the sun. Camera!"

Spread before Jalan Heronbar, in an exaggeration that made it doubly hideous, was a vivid show of what he most detested, fought against—murderous hatred and revenge and killing. There were smears of simulated blood, the explosions of powder, actual cries and hoarse, desperate breathing. Beyond this loud ugliness the side of the mountain, the distant softened peaks, the gleam of shining water, were prettier, grander than ever before.

An impulse swept over him to force the mare up the slope of the bank and break up, smash the spell of evil on Sim Levering's cabin. The force of his anger must drive it all away—the clicking cameras and glaring umbrella, the gaudy woman with her defiled face; he would still that grating directing voice.

"Watch where you're going!" an exasperated camera man warned him. "You'll upset us. Keep out of the picture anyhow; off the lot!"

Jalan gazed curiously at him; but he was thinking more of himself, of the Heronbar blood. Why, he hadn't even a pistol, nothing but a thin willow switch. Still, that could leave a welt. Jalan saw just where it would lie, from above the right eye down and across the mouth. But that was in the past; it was the old Jalan. What confronted him, he realized, was too solid to be dismissed with a wave of the hand, a sentence or two, however burning. There was, in reality, nothing he could do now.

He rode on down the valley with a pinched mouth and somber eyes, losing every disturbance, every sound but the stream following the road.

He had now in place of a general effort without specific time or needs an immediate and disturbing problem. What he had planned to keep from Greenstream had come into it in a specially evil form. Jalan saw at once the effect of the moving picture all about him. The talk at the store, along the roads, was devoted to it; work was neglected, houses empty, and an increasing number of spectators filled the rocky hill about Sim Levering's cabin. Jalan stayed away from the actual operation of the picture, undecided in his ultimate attitude toward it; but he was kept very fully informed of its progress, the bloodiness of the fights was described to him, the shootings, and the actions of the girl with the short red hair and painted cheeks. As the surrounding idleness grew there were discovered fresh sources of mountain whisky; the fighting was not confined to the picture; there was an encounter in the village which promised to be serious.

Jalan Heronbar was often asked what he intended to do about this invasion of his scheme of quiet and peace. Such questions were pressed sharply on him; and they had an edge, a suggestion of mockery. Here, he was told, was his chance to bar the world from Heronbar's Paradise.

Yet this didn't bother him; it was all too serious in Jalan's mind to permit the mere irritation of assaulted pride. He couldn't see his way clear, he told himself over and over. At the same time he was again conscious that his anger was stirring, an indignation fired by the resolution not to be overthrown by any assault. He began to think of the moving-picture company as a direct and mysterious challenge to him; it had been sent, he told himself, to try him, to test the strength, the reality of his conviction.

Nothing was secured, saved, by witnessing publicly against it; that he had not even tried. The temper of the county was wholly opposed to him; there was an endless satisfied speculation on the beneficial results to be expected from a broadcast showing of the natural beauties of Greenstream. The state road probably would be widened and made safe, a large hotel go up in the village.

Jalan's opposition to every phase of this deepened; he began to see a perceptible enmity to him, toward what he represented, through the high valleys; and his spirit, always intolerant, quickly responded. If no one would help him to drive this iniquity away he'd do it without assistance, severely, forever and at once.

It was noon, an October day keen with sunlight, and the cameras, he knew, would be clicking their records of murderous crime. Riding toward Sim Levering's, almost at the last turn of the road before arrival, he still had no plan, nothing but the determination to scatter the assaulting force. He was conscious of nothing in detail, the actual world was lost in his profound mental prepossession; the mare single-footed without guidance. In reality he was a little light-headed, and he remembered vaguely that he had had no breakfast, no dinner.

In another instant the familiar and hateful operation was spread before him. The laden truck was drawn to one side, the automobiles were strung along the road, a lounging group of actors standing beside one. The screens of silver foil were shifting their blazing reflections; under the striped umbrella the cameras were set up, charged and ready. Jalan heard the incisive voice of the director, who was himself hidden in a small gathering within Sim's fence. Sitting with a ribbon of smoke rising from her cigarette was the girl, with her face livid, unnatural, from paint.

Jalan swung down to the earth and secured the mare, with a half hitch instinctively safe and loose, to a sapling. Then he went forward through the gate to the road. The scene on the porch was the one he had already witnessed in part—a slouching figure in the doorway, with another, a towering menace, tormenting him with a bestial insinuation.

"Get in it!" the director shouted. "This man is threatening your daughter, he's ruining your life. Hate! hate! hate! Think of the satisfaction of stopping him with lead, with a dose of hot lead. That's it! Camera! Slowly now ——"

Jalan moved out to the little patch of trodden grass lying between the cameras and the porch, and instantly a score of voices, of excited curses beat upon him!

The director flinging himself forward yelled, "Cut! cut! That damned mule spoiled my sequence."

He shoved Jalan roughly aside, out of the picture, and Thomas Meekins, the sheriff, dropped a hand on Jalan's shoulder. The director was racked with strain and exasperation.

"I've done my best with you people," he asserted generally. "You have been well paid and considerately treated; I made up my mind to put up with anything; but when a man supposed to be in his senses walks in on me like that I—I could smash him!"

The murmur which had at first swept around the contention died. The mountain people, drawn nearer on the hill, were as motionless as the rocks.

"Anybody decent," the director raced on, "would see that I had a chance; they'd support me; and I'm going to ask the crowd here to do just that, to see that I get a square deal and a good picture without interference."

"You'll have to stop," Jalan told him. "All this you're doing—it's wrong. It belongs to the black past. It can't go on—here."

"It's the crazy man," the director hotly announced. "Is this county going to let a nut, a bug, hold up a two-hundred-thousand-dollar operation for its own good? Is it? Because if it is I won't. I don't need any help, either," he informed the sheriff; "you needn't finger your gun."

"It can't go on," Jalan repeated steadily; "it's all wrong, wicked. You must stop."

"I must?" The director was sarcastic. "I'll go back to my concern and tell them that I brought a company as far as this and then couldn't make the picture. 'The story was all wrong,' I'll say to them. Like that. 'It was wicked. A moron out of the backwoods told me so.'"

The two stood alone; those who had been with them had fallen slightly back. Jalan saw nothing clearly; even the face before him was blurred; the voice opposing him seemed to come from a distance. His suppressed anger, his innate bitterness was like little tongues of flame.

"This must be a place of peace," he explained with stiff lips; "without lies and harm—green hill far away."

"The only way to get peace here," the other told him, "is after trouble. Get out while you can, quick! I'm not afraid of you, the sheriff can't help me now."

"You must be driven away like a plague of locusts, for this is the wilderness of God.

(Continued on Page 98)

For the Man Who

They Looked Alike This Morning!

Buddy and Barney started out together, both with their faces washed, their ties on straight and their clothes all clean and new. Just look at 'em now!

One took care of his clothes and had a pretty good time. The other—well, you can see for yourself what happened to *him!*

We grown-ups are like that with our motor cars. Some of us just will "treat 'em rough" no matter what it costs us later.

W

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(Continued from Page 95)

You must go out with your blood and ruin ——"

The director struck him swiftly on the side of the jaw, and Jalan stumbled back. He swayed from the shock of concussion, and pain filled his mouth. But almost instantly, curiously, he saw the people, the slopes, the stream, with a minute exactness, with the illusion that he was gazing with eyes of glass. The flames of passion that had touched him burst into an annihilating blaze.

"You would have it!" he cried to everyone about him. "And you" he turned to the director—"this is how it's done."

Jalan plucked the sheriff's revolver from its leather and shot instantaneously. He was over the fence, on his loosened mare, before the echo of the shot had died from the hill. The clatter of the hoofs under him was far in advance of any pursuit coming out of the turmoil he had left.

He carefully shut the door of the stable, thrusting the wooden peg through the hasp, and approached his house from the back. The day was fading, the western sky showed a rim of red; on his left the ground fell away almost as steeply as a well. Cutting down and across it was the dry rocky cavern of a stream. The odor of burning leaves was clear. Jalan's mind was a confused image of what had occurred, what he had done. He was quiet, but breathing sharply; and he was flooded with sadness. "Traveler's Repose." He said the words with a sense of having been baffled, betrayed. As if further to mock him he found that he still had the sheriff's pistol.

It had been the result of a total misunderstanding, a mistake about his meaning. Traveler's Repose! And then his blood had ruined him; the Heronbar blood. He had never, since he was a child, been hit in the face. It was all wrong, a mistake. Then a darker mood settled over him; from the first this had been forced on him. What, except derision, had he been offered in return for the gift he had tried to bring Greenstream? Nothing. The woods in front of the house were slumberous, the road empty. But it wouldn't be empty long; they would come for him soon. The disturbing feeling of being hunted already fastened on him; and mechanically he examined the cartridge chamber of the pistol five left. That was all he had. Such things of his own had been destroyed for months.

Well, they wanted it, and they had got it. In the middle of the vicious play, the pretended murder, the thing itself had fallen on them. There was no place of peace, none was possible. It had been a dream, coming, as Elias Graham had said, from his living so much alone. What had the director, the whole county, called him? Was it cracked-brained? It was insane, then, to think of a land free from hatred. It was and must always be everywhere. His mood steadily darkened; he had been unable to avoid the fate of the Heronbars. Bad from the beginning. He had tried to be good. That word had a childish sound.

This had been forced on him, and now he wouldn't try to avoid it. Jalan didn't want to live; he didn't want the humiliation of being dragged to jail, the long or short process of trial. The bitterness for so long stored against his family, which for a little had slept, would sweep the county. They could come up to the house and take him, after the pistol was empty. They could throw him into the earth, the last Heronbar, true to his name, true to the past.

He was desperately sorry for what had happened so entirely against his intention. This puzzled him. How could it have occurred, how could it have turned out like this? He had planned a paradise here, Heronbar's Paradise, where there should be no more tears; and he, Jalan, had helped to turn it into a hell.

There was a moving cloud of dust where, turning up the mountain, the road was visible for a little. It was an automobile, and it stopped at the far corner of the Heronbar land. Two men, the sheriff and the storekeeper, advanced steadily up toward the house. Jalan admired them, for it was an act of courage. They drew nearer and nearer; and then it was evident they saw him standing in his doorway.

The sheriff cried: "Will you come with us, peaceable?"

"No," he shouted back, ferociously mocked by the word—which he had made his own—peace.

"You only have what's in my pistol," the sheriff reminded him.

"That'll be enough."

Still they hesitated. "It's the last time, like this," the officer added.

The storekeeper made a tentative move forward.

"That'll do, Ambler," Jalan warned him.

They consulted for a moment, and then the sheriff waved an arm. "Good-by, Jalan."

After that, about the house, it was very quiet. Dusk again threatened, but before it gathered Jalan saw an increasing number of men reach the lower field and scatter out. They wouldn't rush the house, not at least until after dark. They were concerned now with posting a circle of guards about him. They might smother him with a concerted fire, but that was expensive and uncertain. For a while a large number of men were visible, and then they practically all disappeared; there were traces of smoke from cigarettes, the gleam along a rifle barrel; a coat with a decided stripe, the coat of a lumberjack from Huntingdon, moved.

Jalan Heronbar wanted to go forward and explain, not in order to save himself, that was an impossibility; but he wished above everything to be understood. He wanted them to know that what he had tried was for their good. This was opposed and conquered by a growing feeling of savageness, of implacable temper, and the knowledge that it was the tradition of his house to be held at any price against invasion.

What finally was taking place in it was fitting; it was as though the house itself, its memories, had called him back from visions and hope.

He had placed a chair just within the opened door, where he was largely protected without losing the widest possible field of vision. A hall went through the house to the back; that door, too, was open; but he had locked the lower shutters on either side.

He couldn't be taken. A figure moving up from the road, however, brought him tensely to his feet; and then he saw that it was a woman. Jalan realized that it was Emeline. She came slowly on alone, over the rugged path, through the broken gate to the fence immediately around the house, and up to the portico.

"Jalan," she called in her low voice.

"Yes, Emeline." He moved forward. "You oughtn't to have come," he went on gently. "It was brave and kind of you, Emeline; but it will do no good; you'll have to go back. I won't let them get me."

Against this she mounted the steps and came across the uneven boards.

"Jalan," she said again.

Steadily, with a white face, she put her arms around his neck, and his head went forward on her shoulder. For a long breath they were motionless, silent.

"I'm not going back, Jalan," she said. "I came to stay with you for as long as possible. Isn't it queer—I had to. They tried to stop me, but I lied. I said I would bring you out to them."

She laughed.

"They think he's dying, Jalan; but, isn't it strange, I don't mind. I had to come to you, to be a part of you."

He looked steadily, deeply into her eyes. "It will be bad for a little," he told her.

"I am a part of it with you," she repeated. "I'd rather be with you for an hour, Jalan, than in heaven forever."

"You should go back, Emeline."

But as he said this he held her in the rigid circle of his arms. The darkness increased.

"They won't raid until he dies," Emeline said; "they made that up. And, Jalan—the stream bed that cuts down to the bottom. They're not watching that; no one, they thought, could get through it. Could they, could we?"

In the past, he replied, Heronbars had escaped that way.

"Then if we can we will try it," she decided.

Not a movement sounded from without; the night thickened. Jalan felt her hand against his cheek. It was time to go, she said. Out of the back door they slipped, away from the corner of the house, into the steep black cleft. It was dangerous, he whispered, already below her, feeling for a foothold. Then they began their painful descent into the darkness and insecurity of a world where peace, any repose for its travelers, was an illusion.

ICY-HOT VACUUM PRODUCTS

How they keep contents *hot 24 hours cold 3 days*

THE metal case of the Icy-Hot is simply a protecting container enclosing a glass "filler" two glass bottles, one within the other

The space between the bottles is a vacuum, formed by exhausting the air, and then sealing.

This vacuum is a non-conductor of heat and cold. Outside temperature cannot affect the temperature of the contents of the bottle. No other insulator is used.

Icy-Hot temperature-retaining superiority is due to the high quality of the glass filler and the skillful workmanship that produces and seals a practically perfect vacuum in the filler.

Icy-Hot is so efficient that every Icy-Hot product carries a guarantee tag showing that it has been temperature tested.

How they are *built for lifetime service*

ICY-HOTS are built to stand every-day service indoors and out. All Icy-Hot cases are metal and the glass filler is further protected against injury or breakage by shock-absorbing construction.

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The tip of the glass filler rests in a rubber cushion supported by a heavy coil spring—a protecting shock absorber.

Icy-Hots are made in attractive styles for every purpose—bottles, jars, jugs, carafes, tankards, lunch kits, etc. Sold by dealers everywhere. Send for illustrated catalog.

THE ICY-HOT BOTTLE CO.,
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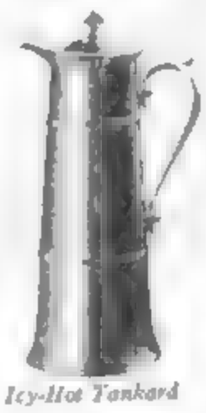
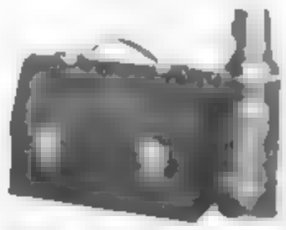

Icy-Hot Tankard

Icy-Hot Jug

Icy-Hot Carafe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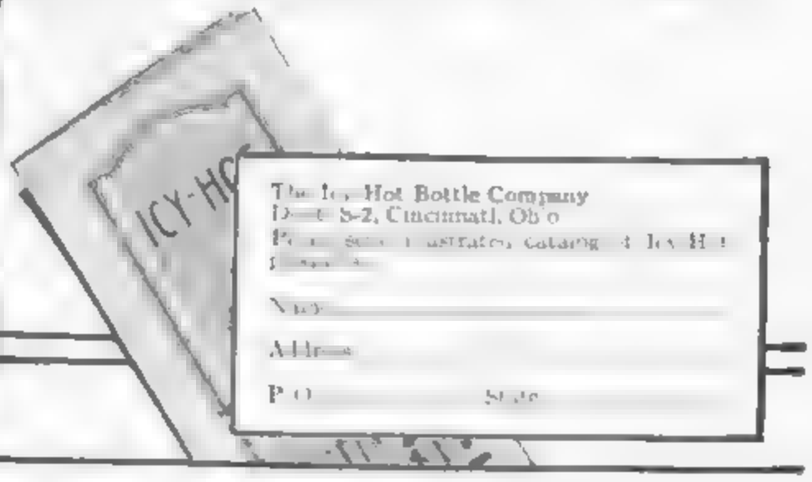
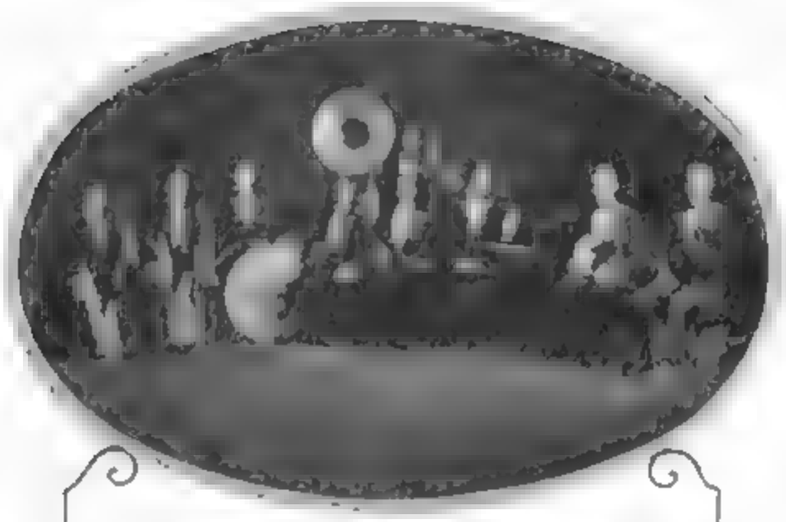
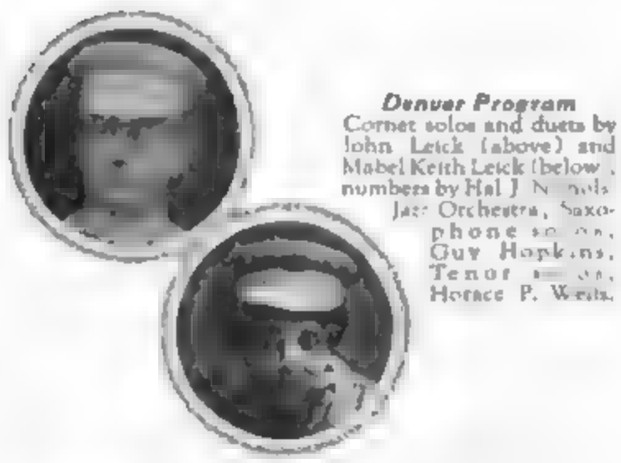




Chicago Program by Benson's Orchestra of Victor record fame; saxophone solo by M. Amato; Bernardi [illegible] cornet by M. Amato; Ralph E. Kirby, J. Wilmore; and vocal numbers by Irving Berlin Trio

New York Program by Joseph Smith's famous orchestra (Smith first cornet, San Francisco's H. Benne Herman center Trombone soloist Charles Randall below) Vocal numbers by Irving Berlin Trio.



Denver Program Cornet solos and duets by John Leick (above) and Mabel Keith Leick (below); numbers by Hal J. Nichols Jazz Orchestra, Saxophone soloist, Guy Hopkins, Tenor soloist, Horace P. Wells.

San Francisco Program Popular numbers by Rosebrook's band; Cornet solos by D. C. Rosebrook (above); Trombone solos by Fred Tait; Soprano solo, Miss Helen O'Neill

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Beauty and clarity of tone, as well as mechanical perfection in Conn instruments, make them the choice of these and other famous players.

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Reynolds Radiophone Broadcasting Station ZAF Mr. William Reynolds, sending director. Wave length 360 meters. Concert 8:00 to 9:00 P. M. Mountain Time.

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CONN

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF HIGH GRADE BAND AND ORCHESTRA INSTRUMENTS

MERTON OF THE MOVIES

(Continued from Page 25)

I ever get over this disease that's coming on me. Anyway you go, and then if you ever see me again you can give me this." She quickly came to put the watch back in his hands. "Yes, yes, take it. I won't have it till you give it to me again—if I'm still alive." She held up repulsing hands. "Now we've had one grand little evening, and I'll let you go."

She went to stand by the door. He arose and stood by her.

"All this nonsense!" he grumbled. "I—I won't stand for it—see what I mean?" Very masterfully again he put his arms about her. "Say," he demanded, "are you afraid of me like you said you'd always been afraid of men?"

"Yes, I am. I'm afraid of you a whole lot. I don't know how you'll take it."

"Take what?"

"Oh, anything—anything you're going to get."

"Well, you don't seem to be afraid of me."

"I am, more than anyone."

"Well, Sarah, you needn't be, no matter what you've done. You just forget it and give me a good big ——"

"I'm glad I used my own face in this scene," murmured Sarah.

Down at the corner, waiting for his car, he paced back and forth in front of the bench with its terse message "You Furnish the Girl, We Furnish the House." Sarah was a funny little girl, with all that nonsense about something he would find out. What did he care if she'd done something—forgery, murder, anything?

He paused in his stride and addressed the vacant bench: "Well, I've done my part."

XIX

"Five Reels—500 Laughs"

IT OCCURRED to him the next morning that he might have taken too lightly Sarah's forebodings of illness. Reviewing her curious behavior, he thought it possible that she might, indeed, be in for something serious.

But a midday telephone call at the Montague home brought assurances from the mother that quieted this fear. Sarah complained of not feeling well and was going to spend a quiet day at home. But Mrs. Montague was certain it was nothing serious. No, she had no temperature; no fever at all. She was just having a spell of thinking about things, sort of grouchy like. She had been grouchy to both her parents. Probably because she wasn't working. No, she said she wouldn't come to the telephone. She also said she was in a bad way and might pass out any minute. But that was just her kidding. It was kind of Mr. Gill to call up. He wasn't to worry.

He continued to worry, however, until the nearness of his screen début drove Sarah to the back of his mind. Undoubtedly it was just her nonsense, and in the meantime that long-baffled wish to see himself in a serious drama was about to be gratified in fullest measure. He was glad, indeed, that the girl had not suggested that she be with him on this tremendous occasion. He knew that he wanted to be quite alone, solitary in the crowd, free to enjoy his own acting without the least pretense of indifference.

The Pattersons, of course, were another matter. He had told them of his approaching début and they were making an event of it. They would attend, though he would not sit with them. Mr. Patterson in his black suit, his wife in society raiment, would sit downstairs and would doubtless applaud their lodger; but he would be remote from them; in a far corner of the topmost gallery, he first thought, for Hearts on Fire was to be shown in one of the big downtown theaters where a prominent member of its cast could lose himself.

He had told the Pattersons a little about the story. It was pretty pathetic in spots, he said, but it all came right in the end, and there were some good Western scenes. When the Pattersons said he must be very good in it he found himself quite unable to achieve the light fashion of denial and protestation that would have become him. He merely said that he had struggled to give the world something better and finer.

For a moment he was moved to confess that Mrs. Patterson, in the course of his struggles, had come close to losing ten dollars, but he mastered this wild impulse. Some day, after a few more triumphs, he might laughingly confide it to her.

The day was long. Slothfully it dragged hours that seemed endless across the company of glowing dreams that he captained. He was early at the theater, first of early comers, and entered quickly, forgoing even a look at the huge lithographs in front that would perhaps show his very self in some gripping scene of the drama. With an empty auditorium to choose from, he compromised on a balcony seat. Down below would doubtless be other members of the company, perhaps Baird himself, and he did not wish to be recognized. He must be alone with his triumph. And the loftier gallery would be too far away.

The house filled slowly. People sauntered to their seats as if the occasion were ordinary, and even when the seats were occupied and the orchestra had played there ensued the annoying delays of an educational film and a travelogue. Upon this young actor's memory would be forever seared the information that the conger eel lays fifteen million eggs at one time and that the inhabitants of Upper Burma have quaint native pastimes. These things would stay with him, but they were unimportant. Even the prodigal fecundity of the conger eel left him cold.

"We Thought You Was Just a Beginner, and Here You Get the Biggest Part in the Picture!"

He gripped the arms of his seat when the cast of Hearts on Fire was flung to the screen. He caught his own name instantly, and was puzzled:

"Clifford Armytage—By Himself."

Someone had bungled that, but no matter. Then at once he was seeing that first scene of his. As a popular screen idol he breakfasted in his apartment, served by a valet who was a hero worshiper.

He was momentarily disquieted by the frank adoration of the cross-eyed man in this part. While acting the scene, he remembered now, he had not always been able to observe his valet. There were moments when he seemed overemphatic. The valet was laughed at. The watcher's sympathy went out to Baird, who must be seeing his serious effort taken too lightly.

There came the scene where he looked at the photograph album. But now his turning of the pages was interspersed with close-ups of the portraits he regarded so admiringly. And these astonishingly proved to be the enlarged stills of Clifford Armytage, the art studies of Lowell Hardy. It was puzzling. On the screen he capably beamed the fondest admiration, almost reverent in its intensity—and there would appear the still of Merton bidding an emotional farewell to his horse. The very novelty of it held him for a moment—Gashwiler's Dexter actually on the screen! He was aroused by the hearty laughter of an immense audience.

"It's Parmalee," announced a hoarse neighbor on his right. "He's imitatin' Harold! Say, the kid's clever!"

The laughter continued during the album scene. He thought of Baird, somewhere in that audience, suffering because his play was made fun of. He wished he could remind him that scenes were to follow which would surely not be taken lightly. He was feeling that at least his strong likeness to Parmalee had been instantly admitted. They were laughing, as the Montague girl had laughed that first morning, because the resemblance was so striking.

But now, on the screen, after the actor's long fond look at himself, came the words, "The Only Man He Ever Loved." Laughter again. The watcher felt himself grow hot. Had Baird been betrayed by one of his staff?

The scene with the letters followed—clothes baskets of letters. His own work, as he opened a few from the top, was all that he could have wished. He was finely Harold Parmalee, and again the hoarse neighbor whispered, "Ain't he got Parmalee dead, though?"

"Poor silly little girls!" the screen exclaimed, and the audience became noisy. Undoubtedly it was a tribute to his perfection in the Parmalee manner. But he was glad that now there would come some acting at which no one could laugh.

There was the delicatessen shop, the earnest young cashier and his poor old mother who mopped. He saw himself embrace her and murmur words of encouragement, but incredibly there were giggles from the audience, doubtless from base souls who were impervious to pathos.

The giggles coalesced to a general laugh when the poor old mother, again mopping on the floor, was seen to say, "I hate these mopping mothers. You get took with housemaid's knee in the first reel."

Again he was seized with a fear that one of Baird's staff had been clumsy with subtitles. His eyes flew to his own serious face when the silly words had gone.

The drama moved. Indeed the action of the shadows was swifter than he supposed it would be. The dissolute son of the proprietor came on to dust the wares and to elicit a laugh when he performed a bit of business that had escaped Merton at the time. Against the wire screen that covered the largest cheese on the counter he placed a placard, "Dangerous! Do Not Annoy!"

Probably Baird had not known of this clowning. And there came another subtitle that would dismay Baird when the serious young bookkeeper enacted his scene with the proprietor's lovely daughter, for she was made to say, "You love above your station. Ours is One Hundred Twenty-fifth Street; you get off at Fifty-ninth."

He was beginning to feel confused. A sense of loss, of panic, smote him. His own part was the intensely serious thing he had played, but in some subtle way even that was being made funny. He could not rush to embrace his old mother without exciting laughter.

The robbery of the safe was effected by the dissolute son, the father broke in upon the love scene, discovered the loss of his money and accused an innocent man. Merton felt that he here acted superbly.

His long look at the girl for whom he was making the supreme sacrifice brought tears to his own eyes, but still the witless audience snickered.

Unobserved by the others, the old mother now told her son the whereabouts of the stolen money, and he saw himself secure the paper sack of bills from the ice box. He detected the half-guilty look of which he had spoken to Baird. Then he read his own incredible speech: "I better take this cool million. It might get that poor lad into trouble!"

(Continued on Page 104)

Announcing a Superb New Eureka

The Eureka Model 9, we believe, marks an advance in vacuum cleaner design never before achieved by any group of engineers.

The winning of more international awards of merit than any other portable cleaner in the world attests the excellence of the Eurekas that preceded it. Yet this new model embodies sound refinements which produce a rare and literally amazing combination of cleaning power, convenience, dependability, and beauty.

No dust or dirt can be so deeply embedded in the rug or carpet as to resist its increased suction. So swift is the movement of air into the nozzle that only the most stubbornly clinging surface litter requires the occasional use of the improved detachable sweep-action brush. Cleaning close against base boards and in corners can be done without inconvenience. Unusually low beds and furniture need not be shifted to permit the Eureka's use beneath them. Portières, upholstered furniture, and mattresses can be renovated with an ease and thoroughness even greater than before.

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Thirty-three hundred Eureka dealers are now displaying this superb new model. Upon request the nearest one will cheerfully show you how we have multiplied and heightened the qualities that have induced over 500,000 women to select the Eureka as the one cleaner which most completely meets with their requirements.

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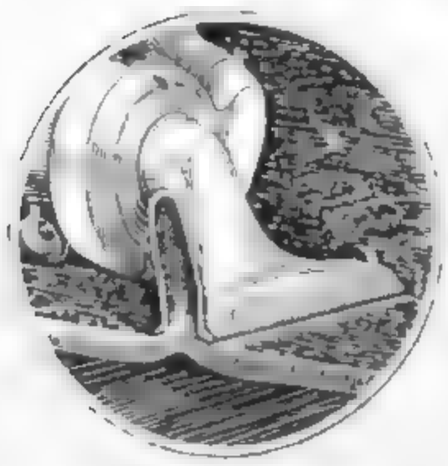
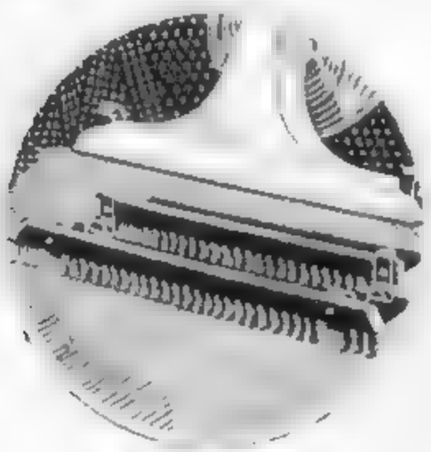


Model cut away to show how the Eureka suction cleans the thickest rug to its entire depth

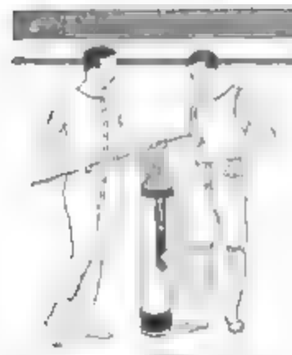
EUREKA VACUUM

EUREKA

CLEANER



The dirt-hider keeps on
when required



Short sleeve Sock length suit — Athletic shirt and trunk drawers

"It's absorbent, cool, elastic, because it's knitted!"

"I've tried 'most every kind of underwear made and this Lawrence tailored-knit is the real thing in comfort.

"It takes up the perspiration—keeps you dry and cool—no stickiness.

"It stretches at every point—you don't know you have underwear on.

"It's made in any style you want, and made for *wear*. You can't pull the buttons off, it doesn't split or tear and it won't break in the crotch."

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Lawrence Underwear is made of the finest quality long staple cotton—light and soft and silk-like to the skin. Every garment is cut separately to pattern by hand. We do this so it will be true to size—you get exactly the size you ask for.

If you are partial to athletic union suits, take home a couple of the new, loose-fitting Lawrence suits illustrated below—see if you don't have a revelation in underwear comfort—even on the warmest day. *Look for the Lawrence label*—and write us if your dealer hasn't the style you want.

Lawrence Garments come in two qualities:
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LAWRENCE
Tailored Knit
UNDERWEAR

Continued from Page 101

Again the piece had been hurt by a wrong subtitle. But perhaps the audience laughed because it had been accustomed to laugh at Baird's productions. Perhaps it had not realized that he was now attempting one of the worthwhile things. This reasoning was refuted as he watched what occurred after he had made his escape.

His flight was discovered, policemen entered, a rapid search behind counters ensued. In the course of this the wire screen over the biggest cheese was knocked off the counter. The cheese leaped to the floor, and the searchers, including the policemen, fled in panic through the front door.

The Montague girl, the last to escape, was seen to announce, "The big cheese is loose! It's eating all the little ones!"

A band of intrepid firemen, protected by masks and armed with axes, rushed in. A terrific struggle ensued. The delicatessen shop was wrecked. And through it all the old mother continued to mop the floor.

Merton Gill, who had first grown hot, was now cold. Icy drops were on his chilled brow. How had Hearts on Fire gone wrong?

They were now in the great open spaces of the Come All Ye Dance Hall. And there was the young actor in his Buck Benson costume, protecting his mother from the brutality of a Mexican, getting his man later by firing directly into a mirror—Baird had said it would come right in the exposure, but it hadn't. And the witless cackled!

He saw his struggle with the detective. With a real thrill he saw himself bear his opponent to the ground, then hurl him high and far into the air, to be impaled upon the antlers of an elk's head suspended back of the bar. He saw himself lightly dust his sleeves after this feat, and turn aside with the words, "That's one lodge he can join."

Then followed a scene he had not been allowed to witness. There swung Marcel the detective, played too emphatically by the cross-eyed man. An antler point suspended him by the seat of his trousers. He hung limply a moment, then took from his pocket a saw with which he reached up to contrive his release. He sawed through the antler and fell. He tried to stand erect, but appeared to find this impossible. A subtitle announced, "He had put a permanent wave in Marcel."

This base fooling had been continuously blown upon by gales of stupid laughter. But not yet did Merton Gill know the worst. The merriment persisted through his most affecting bit, the farewell to his old pal outside—how could they have laughed at a simple bit of pathos like that?

"Looka him doin' Buck Benson!" urged the hoarse neighbor gleefully. "You got to hand it to that kid! Say, who is he, anyway?"

Followed the thrilling leap from a second-story window to the back of the waiting pal. The leap began thrillingly, but not only was it shown that the escaping man had donned a coat and a false mustache in the course of his fall but at its end he was revealed slowly, very slowly, clambering into the saddle!

They had used here, he saw, one of those slow cameras that seemed to suspend all action, a cruel device in this instance. And for his actual escape, when he rode the horse beyond camera range at a safe walk, they had used another camera that gave the effect of intense speed. The old horse had walked, but with an air of swiftness that caused the audience intense delight.

Entered Marcel the detective in another scene Merton had not watched. He emerged from the dance hall to confront a horse that remained there, an aged counterpart of the horse Merton had ridden off. Marcel stared intently into the beast's face, whereupon it reared and plunged as if terrified by the spectacle of the cross-eyed man.

Merton recalled the horse in the village that had seemed to act so intelligently. Probably a shotgun had stimulated the present scene. The detective thereupon turned aside, hastily donned his false mustache and Sherlock Holmes cap, and the deceived horse now permitted him to mount. He, too, walked off to the necromancy of a lens that multiplied his pace a thousandfold, and the audience rocked in its seats.

One horse still remained before the dance hall. The old mother emerged. With one anguished look after the detective, she gathered up her disreputable skirts and left the platform in a flying leap to land in the saddle. There was no trickery about the speed at which her horse, belabored with the mop pail, galloped in pursuit of the others. A subtitle recited: "She has watched her dear ones leave the old flat. Now she must go out over the hill and mop the other side of it!"

There was the sensational capture by lasso of the detective. But the captor had not known that as he dragged his quarry at the rope's end the latter had somehow possessed himself of a sign which he later walked in with, a sign reading, "Join the Good Roads Movement!" or that the faithful old mother had ridden up to deposit her inverted mop pail over his head.

Merton Gill had twice started to leave. He wanted to leave. But each time he found himself chained there by the evil fascination of this monstrous parody. He remained to learn that the Montague girl had come out to the great open spaces to lead a band of train robbers from the Q. T. Ranch.

He saw her ride beside a train and cast her lasso over the stack of the locomotive. He saw her pony settle back on its haunches while the rope grew taut and the train was forced to a halt. He saw the passengers lined up by the wayside and made to part with their valuables. Later, when the band returned to the ranch with their booty, he saw the dissolute brother, after the treasure was divided, winning it back to the family coffers with his dice. He saw the stricken father playing golf on his bicycle in grotesque imitation of a polo player.

And still, so incredible the revealment, he had not yet, in the first shock of it, seemed to consider Baird in any way to blame. Baird had somehow been deceived by his actors. Yet a startling suspicion was forming amid his mental flurries, a suspicion that bloomed to certainty when he saw himself the ever-patient victim of the genuine hidalgo spurs.

Baird had said he wanted the close-ups merely for use in determining how the spurs could be mastered, yet here they were. Merton Gill caught the spurs in undergrowth and caught them in his own chaps, arising from each fall with a look of gentle determination that appealed strongly to the throng of lack-wits. They shrieked at each of his failures, even when he ran to greet his pictured sweetheart and fell headlong. They found the comedy almost unbearable when at Baird's direction he had begun to toe in as he walked. And he had fallen clumsily again even when he flew to that last glad rendezvous where the pair were irised out in a love triumphant, while the old mother mopped a large rock in the background.

An intervening close-up of this rock revealed her tearful face as she cleaned the granite surface. Above her loomed a painted exhortation to "Use Wizard Spine Pills." And of this pathetic old creature he had been made to say, even as he clasped the beloved in his arms: "Remember, she is my mother! I will not desert her now just because I am rich and grand!"

At last he was free. Amid applause that was long and sincere he gained his feet and pushed a way out. His hoarse neighbor was saying, "Who is the kid, anyway? Ain't he a wonder?"

He pulled his hat down, dreading that he might be recognized and shamed before these shallow fools. He froze with the horror of what he had been unable to look away from. The ignominy of it! And now, after those spurs, he knew full well that Baird had betrayed him. As the words shaped in his mind a monstrous echo of them reverberated through its caverns—the Montague girl had also betrayed him!

He was lucid now and burned with memories of her uneasiness the night before. She had been suffering acutely from remorse; she had sought to cover it with pleas of physical illness. At the moment he was conscious of no feeling toward her save wonder that she could so coolly have played him false. But the thing was not to be questioned. She—and Baird—had made a fool of him!

As he left the theater, the crowd about him commented approvingly on the picture.

"Who's this new comedian?" he heard a voice inquire. But "Ain't he a wonder?" seemed to be the sole reply.

He flushed darkly. So they thought him a comedian! Well, Baird wouldn't think so—not after to-morrow. He paused outside the theater now to study the lithograph in colors. There he hurled Marcel to

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You'll Smile

every mile if your gasoline is from a Wayne Honest Measure Curb Gasoline Pump

Wayne's exclusive patented features give you quicker service, accurate mechanical measure, and clean gasoline free from water.

A superior service peculiar to Wayne Honest Measure Curb Gasoline Pumps and preferred by most shrewd gasoline buyers.

When you buy gas, look for the name "Wayne" on the pump. It gives you gas with miles of smiles.

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Gasoline and Oil Storage Systems	Heavy Metal Storage Tanks	Water Softening Systems	Air Compressors	Oil Filtration Systems	Oil Burning Systems	Furnaces for Metal Melting Forging and Heat Treating

THE longer our owners drive the Stephens Salient Six the greater grows their appreciation of its extraordinary economy and dependability.

They measure its service in scores of thousands of miles. Their enthusiasm is reflected in the admiration owners of other cars so frankly express for the Stephens.

The owner's pride is the result of the car's abundant resources in power, beauty, economy and reliability. Our owners are never content until they have sold the car's virtues to their friends.

This unusual tribute to the automobile craftsmanship of the Stephens Works has been won and held only through the car's embodiment of that conservative distinction which marks all things of permanent value.

Stephens Motor Works ·· Freeport, Illinois

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the antlers of the elk. The announcement was, "Hearts on Fire! A Jeff Baird Comedy. Five Reels—500 Laughs."

Baird, he sneeringly reflected, had kept faith with his patrons if not with one of his actors. But how he had profaned the sunlit glories of the great open West and its virile drama! And the spurs, as he had promised the unsuspecting wearer, had stood out! The horror of it, blinding, desolating!

He had as good as stolen that money himself, taking it out to the great open spaces to spend in a barroom. Baird's serious effort had turned out to be a wild, inconsequent farrago of the most repulsive nonsense.

It was over for Merton Gill. The golden bowl was broken, the silver cord was loosed. To-morrow he would tear up Baird's contract and hurl the pieces in Baird's face. As to the Montague girl, that deceiving jade was hopeless. Never again could he trust her.

In a whirling daze of resentment he boarded a car for the journey home. A group seated near him still laughed about Hearts on Fire.

"I thought he'd kill me with those spurs," declared an otherwise sanely behaving young woman. "That hurt, embarrassed look on his face every time he'd get up!"

He cowered in his seat, and he remembered another ordeal he must probably face when he reached home. He hoped the Pattersons would be in bed, and walked up and down before the gate when he saw the house still alight. But the light stayed, and at last he nerved himself for a possible encounter. He let himself in softly, still hoping he could gain his room undiscovered; but Mrs. Patterson framed herself in the lighted door of the living room and became exclamatory at sight of him.

And he who had thought to stand before these people in shame to receive their condolences now perceived that his trial would be of another but hardly less distressing sort. For somehow, so dense were these good folks, that he must seem to be not displeased with his own performance. Amazingly they congratulated him, struggling with reminiscent laughter.

"And you never told us you was one of them funny comedians!" chided Mrs. Patterson. "We thought you was just a beginner, and here you got the biggest part in the picture! Say, the way you acted when you'd pick yourself up after them spurs threw you—I'll wake up in the night laughing at that!"

"And the way he kept his face so straight when them other funny ones was cutting their capers all around him!" observed Mr. Patterson.

"Yes, wasn't it wonderful, Jed, the way he never let on, keeping his face as serious as if he'd been in a serious play?"

"I like to fell off my seat," added Mr. Patterson.

"I'll tell you something, Mr. Armytage," began Mrs. Patterson with a suddenly serious manner of her own: "I never been one to flatter folks to their faces unless I felt it from the bottom of my heart—I never been that kind; when I tell a person such-and-such about themselves they can take it for the truth's own truth; so you can believe me now—I saw lots of times in that play to-night when you was even funnier than the cross-eyed man."

The young actor was regarding her strangely; seemingly he wished to acknowledge this compliment, but could find no suitable words.

"Yes, you can blush and hem and haw," went on his critic, "but anyone knows me'll tell you I mean it when I talk that way—yes, sir, funnier than the cross-eyed man himself! My, I guess the neighbors'll be talking soon's they find out we got someone as important as you be in our spare room—and, Mr. Armytage, I want you to give me a signed photograph of yourself, if you'll be so good."

He escaped at last, dizzy from the maelstrom of conflicting emotions that had caught and swirled him. It had been impossible not to appear, and somehow difficult not to feel, gratified under this heartfelt praise. He had been bound to appear pleased but incredulous, even when she pronounced him superior, at times, to the cross-eyed man—though the word she had used was "funnier."

Betrayed by his friends, stricken, desolated, in a panic of despair, he had yet seemed glad to hear that he had been funny. He flew to the sanctity of his room. Not again could he bear to be told that the acting which had been his soul's high vision was a thing for merriment.

He paced his room a long time, a restless, defenseless victim to recurrent visions of his shame. Implacably they returned to torture him. Reel after reel of the ignoble stuff, spawned by the miscreant, Baird, flashed before him; a world of base shadows in which he had been the arch offender.

Again and again he tried to make clear to himself just why his own acting should have caused mirth. Surely he had been serious; he had given the best that was in him. And the groundlings had guffawed!

Perhaps it was a puzzle he could never solve. And now he first thought of the new piece. This threw him into fresh panic. What awful things, with his high and serious acting, would he have been made to do in that? Patiently, one by one, he went over the scenes in which he had appeared. Dazed, confused, his recollection could bring to him little that was ambiguous in them. But also he had played through Hearts on Fire with little suspicion of its low intentions.

He went to bed at last, though to toss another hour in fruitless effort to solve this puzzle and to free his eyes of those flashing infamies of the night. Ever and again as he seemed to become composed, free at last of tormenting visions, a mere subtitle would flash in his brain, as where the old mother, when he had first punished her insulter, was made by the screen to call out, "Kick him on the kneecap too!"

But the darkness refreshed his tired eyes, and sleep at last brought him a merciful outlet from a world in which you could act your best and still be funnier than the cross-eyed man.

He awakened long past his usual hour, and occupied his first conscious moments in convincing himself that the scandal of the night before had not been a bad dream.

The shock was a little dulled now; he began absurdly to remember the comments of those who had appeared to enjoy the unworthy entertainment. Undoubtedly many people had mentioned him with warm approval. But such praise was surely nothing to take comfort from. He was called out of this retrospection by a knock on his door. It proved to be Mr. Patterson, bearing a tray.

"Mrs. P. thought that you being up so late last night mebbe would like a cup of coffee and a bite of something before you went out."

The man's manner was newly respectful. In this house, at least, Merton Gill was someone.

He thanked his host, and consumed the coffee and toast with a novel sense of importance. The courtesy was unprecedented. Mrs. Patterson had, indeed, been sincere. And scarcely had he finished dressing when Mr. Patterson was again at the door.

"A gentleman downstairs to see you, Mr. Armytage. He says his name is Walberg, but you don't know him. He says it's a business matter."

"Very well, I'll be down."

A business matter? He had no business matters with anyone except Baird.

He was smitten with a quick and quite illogical fear. Perhaps he would not have to tear up that contract and hurl it in the face of the manager who had betrayed him. Perhaps the manager himself would do the tearing. Perhaps Baird, after seeing the picture, had decided that Merton Gill would not do. Instantly he felt resentful. Hadn't he given the best that was in him? Was it his fault if other actors had turned into farce one of the worthwhile things?

He went to meet Mr. Walberg with this resentment still so warm that his greeting of the strange gentleman was gruff and short. The caller, an alert, businesslike man, came at once to his point. He was, it proved, not the representative of a possibly repenting Baird. He was, on the contrary, representing a rival producer. He extended his card—the Bigart Comedies.

"I got your address from the Holden office, Mr. Armytage. I guess I routed you out of bed, eh? Well, it's like this: If you ain't sewed up with Baird yet the Bigart people would like to talk a little business to you. How about it?"

"Business?"

Mr. Armytage fairly exploded this. He was unhappy and puzzled, and in consequence unamiable.

"Sure, business," confirmed Mr. Walberg. "I understand you just finished another five-reeler for the Buckeye outfit, but how about some stuff for us now? We can give you as good a company as that one last night, and a good line of comedy. We got a gag man that simply never gets to the end of his string. He's doping out something right now that would fit you like a glove—and, say, it would be a grand idea to kinda specialize in that spur act of yours. That got over big. We'll work that in again. An act like that's good for a million laughs."

Mr. Armytage eyed Mr. Walberg coldly. Even Mr. Walberg felt an extensive area of glaciation setting in.

"I wouldn't think of it!" said the actor, still gruffly.

"Do you mean that you can't come to the Bigart at all—on any proposition?"

"That's what I mean," confirmed Mr. Armytage.

"Would three hundred and fifty a week interest you?"

"No," said Mr. Armytage, though he gulped twice before achieving it.

Mr. Walberg reported to his people that this Armytage lad was one hard-boiled proposition. He'd seen lots of 'em in his time, but this bird was a wonder.

Yet Mr. Armytage was not really so granitic of nature as the Bigart emissary had thought him. He had begun the interview with a smoldering resentment due to a misapprehension; he had been outraged by a suggestion that the spurs be again put to their revolting use; and he had been stunned by an offer of three hundred and fifty dollars a week. That was all.

Here was a new angle to the puzzles that distracted him. He was not only praised by the witless but he had been found desirable by certain discerning overlords of filmdom. What could be the secret of a talent that caused people, after viewing it but once, to make reckless offers?

And another thing—why had he allowed Baird to sew him up? The Montague girl again occupied the foreground of his troubled musings. She, with her airs of wise importance, had helped to sew him up. She was a witless thing, after all, and false of nature. He would have matters out with her this very day. But first he must confront Baird in a scene of scorn and reprobation.

On the car he became aware that far back in remote caverns of his mind there ran now a teasing memory of some book on the shelves of the Simsbury public library. He was sure it was not a book he had read. It was merely a title that hid itself. Only this had ever interested him, and it but momentarily. So much he knew. A book's title had lodged in his mind, remained there, and was now curiously stirring in some direct relation to his present perplexities.

But it kept its face averted. He could not read it. Vaguely he identified the nameless book with Tessie Kearns; he could not divine how, because it was not her book, and he had never seen it except on the library shelf.

The nameless book persistently danced before him. He was glad of this. It kept him at moments from thinking of the loathly Baird.

XX

The Tragic Comedian

PENETRATING the Holden lot, he was relieved to find that he created no perceptible sensation. People did not halt to point derisive fingers at him; he had half feared they would. As he approached the office building he was almost certain he saw Baird turn in ahead of him. Yet when he entered the outer room of the Buckeye company the young woman there looked up from her typewriter to tell him that Mr. Baird was not in.

She was a serious-eyed young woman of a sincere manner; she spoke with a clear certainty of tone. Mr. Baird was not only out but he would not be in for several days. His physician had ordered him to a sanitarium.

The young woman resumed her typing; she did not again glance up. The caller seemed to consider waiting on a chance that she had been misinformed. He was now sure he had seen Baird enter the building, and the door to his private office was closed. The caller idled outside the railing, absently regarding stills of past Buckeye atrocities that had been hung upon the walls of the office by someone with primitive tastes in decoration. He was debating a direct challenge of the young woman's veracity.

What would she say if told that the caller meant to wait right there until Mr. Baird should convalesce? He managed some appraising side glances at her as she bent over her machine. She seemed to believe that he had already gone. Then he did go. It was no good talking that way to a girl. If it had been a man now ——

"You tell Mr. Baird that Mr. Gill's got to see him as soon as possible about something important," he directed from the open door.

The young woman raised her serious eyes to his and nodded. She resumed her work. The door closed. Upon its closing the door of Baird's private office opened noiselessly to a crack that sufficed for the speaking voice at very moderate pitch to issue.

"Get Miss Montague on the phone," directed the voice.

The door again closed noiselessly. Beyond it Mr. Baird was presently speaking in low, sweet tones.

"'Lo, sister! Listen! That squirrel just boiled in here, and I ducked him. I told the girl I wasn't to be in unless he was laughing all over, and he wasn't doing the least little thing that was anywheres near laughing. See what I mean? It's up to you now. You started it, and you've got to finish it. I've irised out. Get me?"

On the steps outside the rebuffed Merton Gill glanced at his own natty wrist watch, bought with some of the later wages of his shame. It was the luncheon hour; mechanically he made his way to the cafeteria. He had ceased to rehearse the speech that a doughtier Baird would now have been hearing. Instead, he was roughly drafting the one that Sarah Nevada Montague could not long evade. Even on her dying bed she would be compelled to listen. The orator with bent head mumbled as he walked. He still mumbled as he indicated a choice of foods at the cafeteria counter, and he continued to be thus absorbed as he found a table near the center of the room. He arranged his chosen assortment of viands.

"You led me on, that's what you did!" he continued to the absent culprit. "Led me on to make a laughingstock of myself, that's what you did! Made a fool of me, that's what you did!"

"All the same I can't help thinking he's a harm to the industry," came the crisp tones of Henshaw from an adjoining table.

The rehearsing orator glanced up to discover that the director and the sunny-faced brown-and-gray man he called governor were smoking above the plates of their finished luncheon.

"I wouldn't worry too much," suggested the cheerful governor.

"But see what he does! He takes the good old reliable, sure-fire stuff and makes fun of it! I admit it's funny to start with, but what'll happen to us if the picture public ever finds that out? What'll we do then for drama—after they've learned to laugh at the old stuff?"

"Tush, tush, my boy!" The governor waved a half-consumed cigarette until its ash fell. "Never fear! Do you think a thousand Jeff Bairds could make the picture public laugh at the old stuff when it's played straight? They laughed last night, yes; but not so much at the really fine burlesque; they guffawed at the slapstick stuff that went with it. Baird's shrewd. He knows if he played straight burlesque he'd never make a dollar, so notice how he'll give a bit of straight that is genuine art, then a bit of slap stick that anyone can get. The slap stick is what carries the show. Real burlesque is criticism, my boy; sometimes the very highbrowest sort. It demands sophistication, a pretty high intelligence in the man that gets it.

"All right. Now take your picture public—twenty million people every day; not the same ones every day, but with the same average cranial index, which is low for all but about seven out of every hundred. That's natural, because there aren't twenty million people in the world with taste or real intelligence—probably not ten millions. Well, you take this twenty-million bunch that we sell to every day, and suppose they saw that lovely thing last night, don't you know they'd all be back to-night to see a real mopping mother with a real son falsely accused of crime—sure they'd be back, their heads bloody but unbrowed. Don't worry! That reliable field marshal, old General Hokum, leads an unbeatable army."

Merton Gill had listened to the beginning of this harangue, but was now savagely

(Continued on Page 110)

The worst dirt is *in* your rug not *on* it

This is one of four important reasons why the Royal Electric Cleaner is the machine that will permanently satisfy you

In selecting a vacuum cleaner, you should consider four things chiefly: how well it cleans—efficiency; how long it serves—durability; how easy it is to use—simplicity; how clean it is in operation—sanitation.

As to cleaning efficiency, remember that the worst dirt is *in* your rug—not *on* it. Deep down in the fabric is the germ-breeding, unsanitary dirt; and much of it is finely divided grit that gradually "cuts" the fibre of your rugs. The jar-of-water laboratory test shows how much of this dirt there is in comparison to the surface litter.

How Royal's scientific suction gets the embedded dirt

To take out all of the gritty, germ-laden dirt embedded in your rugs, a cleaner *must*, we believe, do three things. It must produce a *powerful* suction. It must create a *uniform* suction all along the nozzle. And the nozzle must be *adjusted "directly"* to the rug surface.

You will find the Royal meets these three needs. The suction is not only powerful but actually *increases slightly with use*. Because of scientific design, fully patented, the Royal creates an amazingly *uniform* suction along the entire 14-inch nozzle length. And with the *patented* Royal adjustment screw, the *powerful uniform* suction is applied *"directly"* to the rug surface. Yet the Royal cannot harm the finest fabric. It can be used *every day* without fear of the slightest injury, even to finest oriental rugs.

Built to last a lifetime

So simply and sturdily built is the Royal that it will last a lifetime with ordinary care. For so many years will it lighten your housework that its actual cost, distributed over those years, is extremely low. Remember, true economy and thrift lie in the purchase of articles of real value rather than at low price.

And with such mechanical precision is the Royal designed and built that it is practically trouble-proof. Anybody can use it after one explanation—the Royal Man will show you.

So easy to use!

The Royal weighs scarcely 11 pounds and is easy to use, not only because of this lightness, but also because it requires few strokes over the rug; *the Royal cleans quickly.*

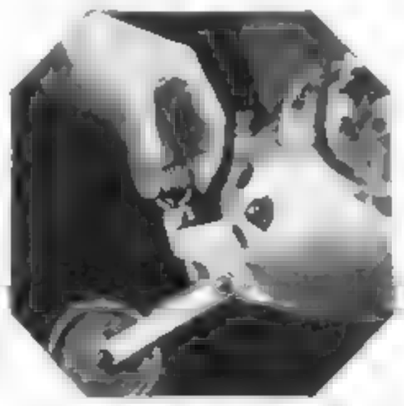
The patented Royal nozzle is designed so that it will go easily into corners and under furniture. And the trigger-switch on the handle of the Royal saves stooping to turn the current on or off. The Royal will never tire you.

Sanitary Cleanliness

Until the embedded dirt is taken out of your rugs they may *look clean*—but they are not sanitary. The worst dirt, the unhealthful, dangerous dirt—large quantities of it—is still in the rug to be beaten into the air at every footstep.

The Royal leaves your rugs not only surface-cleaned, but *sanitary*. And the Royal itself is sanitary in operation. When you are through cleaning with the Royal, all the dirt is in the bag; none remains in or on any part of the machine to fall out again upon the floor.

Royal engineers worked three years with 136 experimental types to perfect the Royal scientifically designed and patented nozzle. The air, carrying the dirt with it, rushes directly into the bag: there are no ob-



The Royal adjustment screw, a ***patented*** *feature, produces maximum cleaning efficiency from powerful air suction. Turn on the current, screw the nozzle adjustment down until the rug is sucked up — and high air suction in its most powerful form lifts the dirt from your rugs*

THE ROYAL

Cleans By

© 1922, The P. A. Geier & Co., Cleveland, O.

*This laboratory test shows how the Royal removes the **embedded** dirt, as well as the **surface** litter*

Much of the embedded dirt is gritty and injurious to rugs. Much of it is unsanitary and laden with germs

*Notice that the Royal not only picks up all **surface** dirt but removes all of the **embedded** dirt*

Mrs. Hannah Adolphus, 1318 Clay Ave., Bronx, N.Y., thought that her rugs were *clean*. And they were—as clean as ordinary cleaning methods could make them. But—

In 5 minutes—1½ pounds of dirt from 2 "clean" rugs!

"I purchased a Royal Electric Cleaner today, and I was surprised and amazed to find that after the Royal had been run 5 minutes over my 6 by 9 and 8 by 10 Axminster rugs, it had removed 1½ pounds of dirt!" Practically all of this dirt was embedded, unsanitary dirt that ordinary cleaning methods had failed to remove!

Cleans the whole house from cellar to attic

With the convenient Royal attachments you can clean the whole house quickly, easily, thoroughly; upholstered furniture, drapes, hardwood and cement floors, linoleum, walls, mattresses, even furnaces.

The Royal is more than a rug cleaner. It is a complete cleaning plant that relieves you of the hardest part of your housekeeping tasks.

Let the Royal Man call

Arrange with the Royal Man to clean a rug in *your* home—without obligation to you. If your electrical dealer or department store does not handle the Royal, write us and we'll arrange to have one of your rugs cleaned without cost or obligation to you.

THE P. A. GEIER COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio
Manufactured in Canada by
Continental Electric Co., Limited, Toronto, Canada

THE ROYAL MAN

The Royal Man is trained in matters of housecleaning and can show you many interesting labor-saving methods of cleaning.

Without obligation on your part, he will be glad to clean a rug for you and let you judge for yourself the worth of the Royal.

The P. A. Geier Company expects every Royal Man to be courteous, considerate, and never insistent in his dealings with you. You need never hesitate to ask a Royal Man for a demonstration in your home.

In practically every community there is a Royal Man connected with a reliable retail store handling electrical appliances who will be glad to explain the superiority of this new cleaning method.

If you do not know where to reach him, write us and we will see that you are put in touch with him.

DEALERS. The valuable Royal Franchise may be had by progressive dealers in certain cities and towns. Write for complete information.

RETAIL REPRESENTATIVES. There are numerous desirable opportunities for men of character and ability in the capacity of Royal Men. Inquire of the local Royal dealer about openings in your locality.

A vacuum cleaner which reaches embedded dirt provided ... but leaving the ... powerful ... out of your rugs

BY INVITATION MEMBER OF

Electric Cleaner

Air Alone!

The First Dish

of bubble grains

Puffed by Prof. A. P. Anderson

That great day, when Prof. Anderson found a way to puffed grains, brought a new cereal era to millions.

It offered your children whole wheat and whole rice with every food cell exploded.

It made whole grains wholly digestible.

And it made these grains food confections—the most enticing grain foods in existence. So countless children have been won to a larger whole-grain diet.

125 million steam explosions

There are over 125 million food cells in a grain of wheat. They must be broken to digest.

Prof. Anderson sealed the grains in guns, then rolled them for an hour in fearful heat. The bit of moisture in each food cell was thus changed to steam.

When he shot the guns, that steam exploded. Over 125 million explosions occurred in every kernel.

Thus digestion was made easy and complete. All the 16 elements were made available as food.

The grains were puffed to bubbles, 8 times normal size. Each grain became a tidbit, flimsy as a snowflake. And the heat gave a nut-like taste. Thus whole grains were made delightful.

Now you who believe in whole-grain diet can serve whole grains in this ideal form, and make them welcome dainties.

Puffed Wheat

Float in every bowl of milk. It forms a practically complete food, with every element fitted to digest.

Puffed Rice

The finest breakfast daintv ever served. Also mix in every dish of fruit. Douse with melted butter for after-school delights.

(Continued from Page 107)

devouring food. He thought this so-called governor was too much like Baird.

"Well, governor, I hope you're right. But that was pretty keen stuff last night. That first bit won't do Parmalee any good, and that Buck Benson stuff—you can't tell me that a little more of that wouldn't make Benson look around for a new play."

"But I do tell you just that. It won't hurt Parmalee a bit; and Benson can go on Bensoning to the end of time—to big money. You keep forgetting this twenty-million audience. Go out and buy a picture magazine and read it through, just to remind you. They want hokum and pay for it. Even this thing of Baird's, with all the saving slapstick, is over the heads of a good half of them. I'll make a bet with you now, anything you name, that it won't gross two-thirds as much as Benson's next Western, and in that they'll cry their eyes out when he kisses his horse good-by. See if they don't! Or see if they don't bawl at the next old gray-haired mother with a mop and a leading juvenile son that gets in bad!

"Why, if you give 'em hokum they don't even demand acting! Look at our own star, Mercer. You know as well as I do that she not only can't act but she's merely a beautiful moron. In a world where right prevailed she'd be crowned queen of the morons without question. She may have an idea that two and two make four, but if so it's only because she believes everything she hears. And look at the mail she gets! Every last one of the twenty million has written to tell her what a noble actress she is. She even believes that!

"Baird can keep on with the burlesque stuff, but his little old two-reelers'll probably have to pay for it, especially if he keeps those high-priced people. I'll bet that one new man of his sets him back seven hundred and fifty a week. The Lord knows he's worth every cent of it. My boy, tell me, did you ever in all your life see a lovelier imitation of a perfectly rotten actor? There's an artist for you! Who is he, anyway? Where'd he come from?"

Merton Gill again listened; he was merely affecting to busy himself with a fork. It was good acting.

"I don't know," replied Henshaw. "Some of the crowd last night said he was just an extra that Baird dug up on the lot here, and on the subject of burlesque they also said Baird was having him do some Edgar Wayne stuff in a new one."

"Fine!" The governor beamed. "Can't you see him as the honest, likable country boy? I bet he'll be good to his old mother in this one, too, and get the best of the city slickers in the end. For heaven's sake don't let me miss it! This kid last night handed me laughs that were better than a month's vacation for this old carcass of mine. You say he was just an extra?"

"That's what I heard last night. Anyway, he's all you say he is as an artist. Where do you suppose he got it? Do you suppose he's just the casual genius that comes along from time to time? And why didn't he stay straight instead of playing horse with the sacred traditions of our art? That's what troubled me as I watched him. Even in that wild business with the spurs he was the artist every second. He must have tricked those falls, but I couldn't catch him at it. Why should such a man tie up with Baird?"

"Ask me something hard. I'd say that this bird had been tried out in serious stuff and couldn't make the grade. That's the way he struck me. Probably he once thought that he could play Hamlet—one of those boys. Didn't you get the real pathos he'd turn on now and then? He actually had me kind of teary a couple of times. But I could see he'd also make me laugh my head off any time he showed in a straight piece.

"To begin with, look at that low-comedy face of his. And then—something peculiar—even while he's imitating a bad actor you feel somehow that it isn't all imitation. It's art, I grant you, but you feel that he'd still be a bad actor if he'd tried to imitate a good one. I suppose somehow he found out his limits and decided to be what God made him. Does that answer you? It gives you acting plus, and if that isn't the plus in this case I miss my guess."

"I suppose you're right—something like that. And, of course, the real pathos is there. It has to be. There never was a great comedian without it, and this one is great. I admit that, and I admit all you say about our audience. I suppose we can't ever sell to twenty million people a day pictures that make any demand on the human intelligence. But couldn't we sell something better to one million—or a few thousand?"

The governor dropped his cigarette end into the dregs of his coffee.

"We might," he said, "if we were endowed. As it is, to make pictures we must make money. To make money we must sell to the mob, and the mob reaches full mental bloom at the age of fifteen. It won't buy pictures the average child can't get."

"Of course the art is in its infancy," remarked Henshaw, discarding his own cigarette.

"Ours is the Peter Pan of the arts," announced the governor as he rose.

"The Peter Pan of the arts?"

"Yes; I trust you recall the outstanding biological freakishness of Peter."

"Oh!" replied Henshaw.

When Merton Gill dared to glance up a moment later the men were matching coins at the counter. When they had gone out he left a half-eaten meal, and presently might have been observed on a swift-rolling street car. He mumbled as he blankly surveyed palm-bordered building sites along the way. He was again rehearsing a tense scene with the Montague girl. In actor parlance, he was giving himself all the best of it. But they were new lines. And he was no] longer eluded by the title of that book he remembered on the library shelf at Simsbury. Sitting in the cafeteria listening to strange talk, lashed by cruel memories, it had flashed upon his vision with the stark definition of a screened subtitle.

He rang the Montague bell twice before he heard a faint summons to enter. Upon the parlor couch, under blankets that reached her pillowed head, lay Sarah. She was pale and seemed to suffer. She greeted him in a feeble voice, lids fluttering over the fires of that mysterious fever burning far back in her eyes.

"Hullo, kid," he began brightly. "Here's your watch."

Her doubting glance hovered over him as he smiled down at her.

"You giving it to me again, Merton?"

She seemed unable to conquer a stubborn incredulity.

"Of course I'm giving it to you again. What'd you think I was going to do?"

She still surveyed him with little veiled glances, alive but unrevealing.

"You look so bright you give me Kleig eyes," she said. She managed a wan smile at this.

"Take it," he insisted, extending the package. "Of course it won't keep Western Union time, but it'll look good on you."

She appeared to be gaining on her incredulity, but a vestige of it remained.

"I won't touch it!" she declared with more spirit than could have been expected from the perishing. "I won't touch it till you give me a good big kiss!"

"Sure," he said, and leaned down to brush her pale cheek with his lips. He was cheerfully businesslike in this ceremony.

"Not till you do it right," she persisted.

He knelt beside the couch and did it right. He lingered with a hand upon her pale brow.

"What you afraid of?" he demanded.

"You," she said; but now she again brought the watch to view, holding it away from her, studying its glitter from various angles. At last she turned her eyes up to his. "Well?"

"Well?" he repeated coolly.

"Oh, stop it!" Again there was more energy than the moribund are wont to manifest. There was even a vigorous impatience in her tone as she went on: "You know well enough what I was afraid of. And you know well enough what I want to hear right now. Shoot, can't you?"

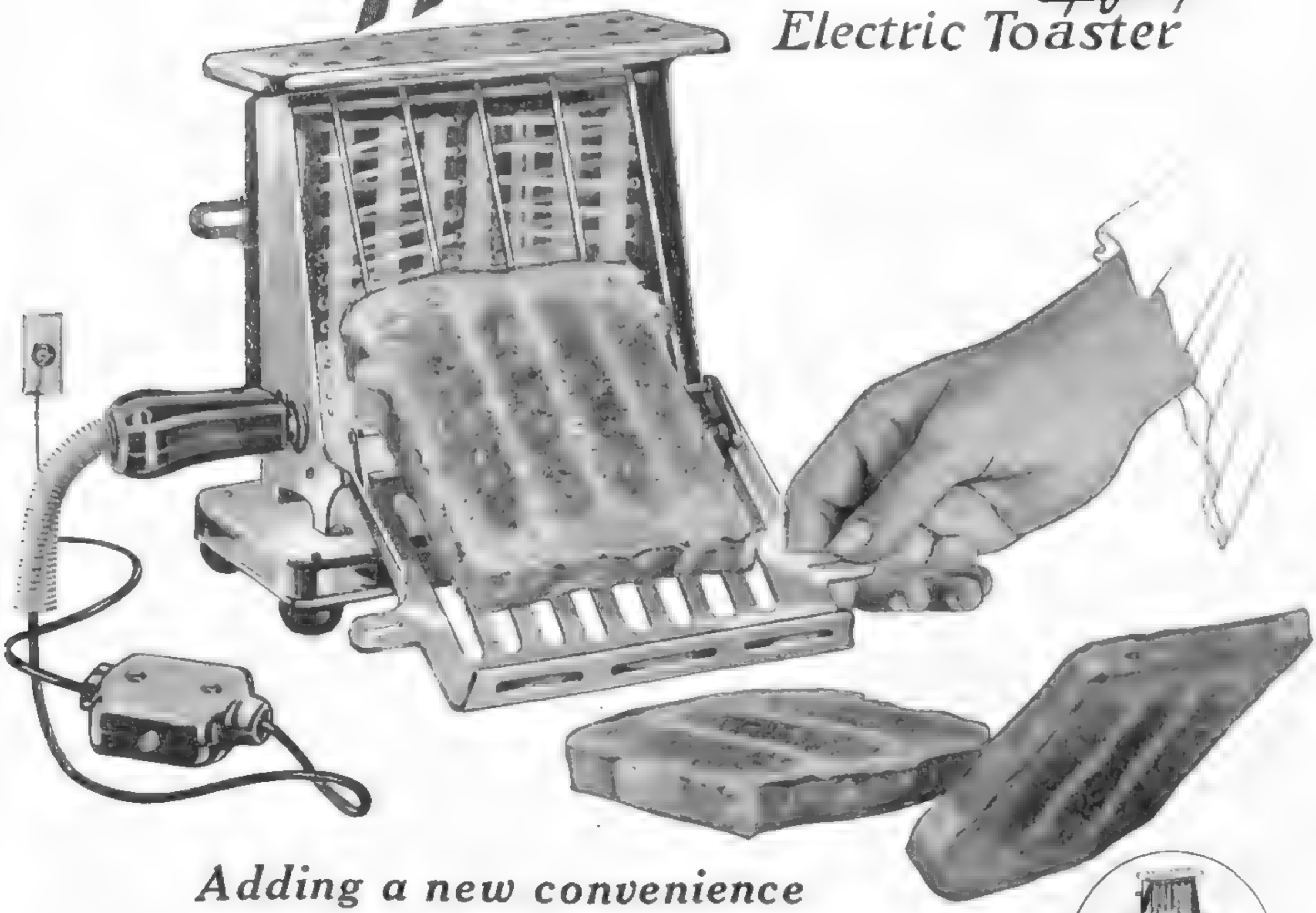
He shot. He stood up, backed away from the couch to where he could regard its stricken occupant and shot gayly:

"Well, it'll be a good lesson to you about me, this thing of your thinking I was fooled about that piece. I s'pose you and Baird had it between you all the time, right down to the very last, that I thought he was doing a serious play. Ho-ho!" He laughed gibingly. It was a masterful laugh. "A serious play with a cross-eyed man doing funny stuff all through! I thought it was serious, did I? Yes, I did!" Again the dry, scornful laugh of superiority. "Didn't you people know that I knew what I could do and what I couldn't do? I should have thought that little thing

(Continued on Page 113)

Marion

Flipflop Electric Toaster



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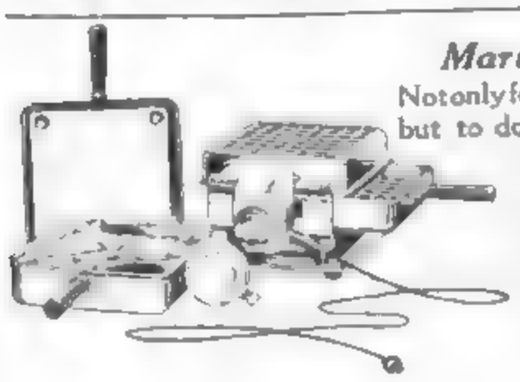

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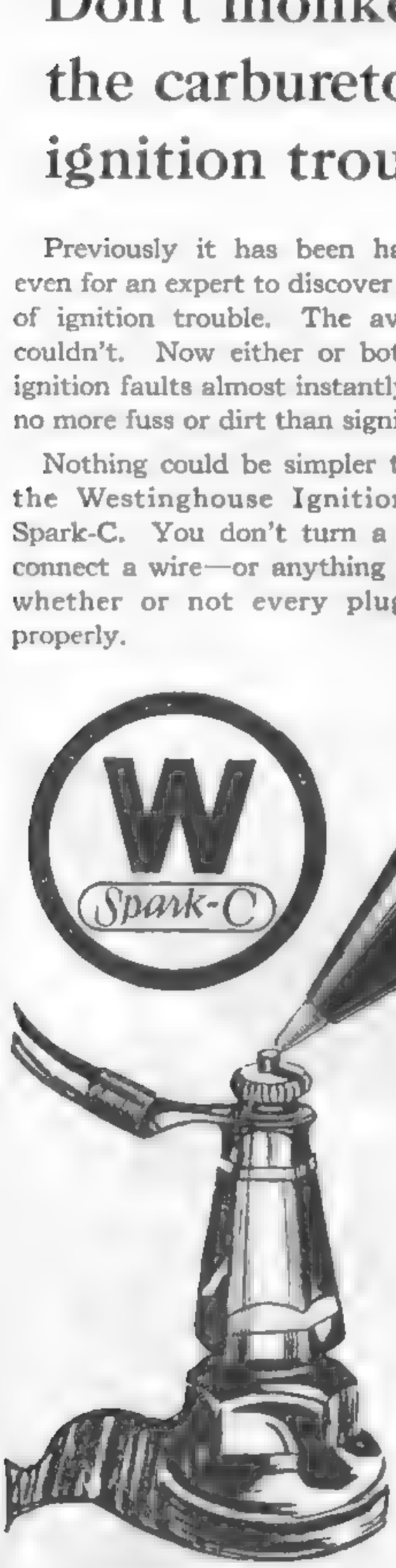

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Westinghouse

(Continued from Page 110)

would of occurred to you all the time. Didn't you s'pose I knew as well as anyone that I got a low-comedy face and couldn't ever make the grade in a serious piece?

"Of course I know I got real pathos—look how I turned it on a couple-a times in that piece last night—but even when I'm imitating a bad actor you can see it ain't all acting. You'd see soon enough I was a bad actor if I tried to imitate a good one. I guess you'd see that pretty quick. Didn't you and Baird even s'pose I'd found out my limits and decided to be what God meant me to be?

"But I got the pathos all right, and you can't name one great comedian that don't need pathos more'n he needs anything else. He just has to have it—and I got it. I got acting plus—that's what I got. I knew it all the time, and a whole lot of other people knew it last night. You could hear fifty of 'em talking about it when I came out of the theater, saying I was an artist and all like that; and a certain Los Angeles society woman that you can bet never says things she don't mean, she told me she saw lots of places in this piece that I was funnier than any cross-eyed man that ever lived.

"And what happens this morning?" Hands in pockets he swaggered to and fro past the couch.

"Well, nothing happens this morning except people coming around to sign me up for three hundred and fifty a week. One of 'em said not an hour ago—he's a big producer, too—that Baird ought to be paying me seven hundred and fifty a week, because I earned every cent of it. Of course I didn't want to say anything the other day, with you pretending to know so much about contracts and all that—I just thought I'd let you go on, seeing you were so smart—and I signed what you told me to. But I know I should have held off—with this Bamberger coming over from the Bigart when I was hardly out of bed, and says will three hundred fifty a week interest me and promising he'll give me a chance to do that spur act again that was the hit of the piece."

He broke off, conscious suddenly that the girl had long been holding a most peculiar stare rigidly upon him. She had at first narrowed her right eye upon him at a calculating angle as she listened; but for a long time now the eyes had been widened to this inexplicable stare eloquent of hidden things.

As he stopped his speech, made ill at ease by the incessant pressing of the look, he was caught and held by it to a longer silence than he had meant to permit. He could now read meanings. That unflinching look incurred by his smooth boasting was a telling blend of pity and of wonder.

"Then you know, do you," she demanded, "that you look just enough too much like Harold Parmalee so that you're funny? I mean," she amended, seeing him wince, "that you look the way Parmalee would look if he had brains?"

He faltered now, but made a desperate effort to recover his balance.

"And besides, what difference does it make? If we made good pictures we'd have to sell 'em to a mob. And what's a mob? It's fifteen years old and nothing but admirons, or something like that, like Muriel Mercer that wouldn't know how much are two times two if the neighbors didn't get it to her."

Again he had run down under that look. As he stopped the girl on the couch, who had lain with the blankets to her neck, suddenly threw them aside and sat up. Surprisingly she was not garbed in sick-bed apparel. She seemed to be fully dressed.

A long moment she sat thus, regarding him still with that slow look, unbelieving yet cherishing. His eyes fell at last.

"Merton!" he heard her whisper.

He looked up, but she did not speak. She merely gave a little knowing nod of the head and opened her arms to him. Again he knelt beside her while the mothering arms infolded him. A hand pulled his head to her breast and held it there. Thus she rocked gently, the hand gliding up to smooth his hair. Without words she cherished him thus a long time. The gentle rocking back and forth continued.

"It's—it's like that other time you found me."

His bluster had gone. He was not sure of his voice. Even these few words had been hard. He did not try more.

"There, there, there!" she whispered. "It's all right, everything's all right. Your mother's got you right here, and she ain't ever going to let you go—never going to let you go."

She was patting his head in rhythm with her rocking as she snuggled and soothed him. There was silence for another interval. Then she began to croon a song above him as she rocked, though the lyric was plainly an improvisation:

"Did he have his poor old mother going for a minute? Yes, he did. He had her going for a minute—for a minute. Yes, he had her going good for a minute.

"But, oh, he won't ever fool her very long, very long—not very long, because he can't fool his dear old mother very long, very long, and he can bet on that, bet on that, so he can, bet a lot of money on that, that, that!"

Her charge had grown still again, but she did not relax the infolding arms.

"Say," he said at last.

"Well, honey?"

"You know those benches where we wait for the cars?"

"Do I know them?" The imperative inference was that she did.

"I looked at the store yesterday. The sign down there says, 'Himebaugh's Dignified System of Deferred Payments.'"

"Yes, yes, I know."

"Well, I saw another good place—it says, 'The House of Lucky Rings'—you know—rings!"

"Sure, I know! That's all right."

"Well," he threw off the arms and got to his feet. She stood up then.

"Well, all right!" she said slowly.

They were both constrained now. Both affected an ease that neither felt. It seemed to be conceded without words that they must very lightly skirt the edges of Merton Gill's screen art. They talked a long time volubly of other things: of the girl's illness, from which she now seemed most happily to have recovered; of whether she was afraid of him—she professed still to be; of the new watch, whose beauties were newly admired when it had been adjusted to its owner's wrist; of finances they talked, and even quite simply of accessible homes where two could live as cheaply as one.

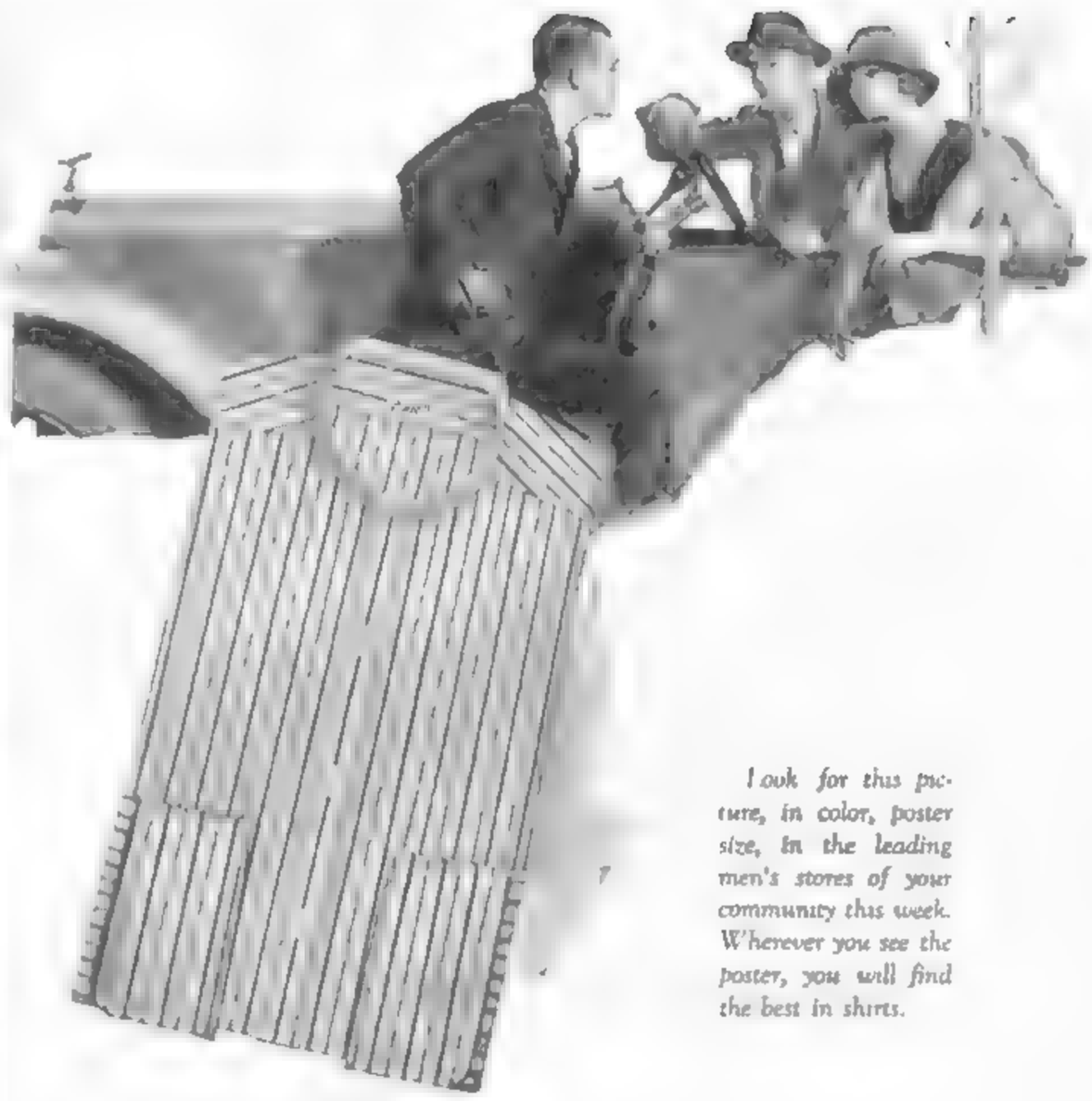
It was not until he was about to go, when he stood at the door while the girl readjusted his cravat, smoothed his hair and administered a final series of pats where they seemed most needed, that he broke ever so slightly through the reserve which both had felt congealing about a certain topic.

"You know," he said, "I happened to remember the title of a book this morning; a book I used to see back in the public library at home. It wasn't one I ever read. Maybe Tessie Kearns read it. Anyway, she had a poem she liked a lot written by the same man. She used to read me good parts of it. But I never read the book, because the title sounded kind of wild, like there couldn't be any such thing. The poem had just a plain name; it was called Lucile, but the book by the same man was called The Tragic Comedians. You wouldn't think there could be a tragic comedian, would you?—but look at me!"

She looked at him with that elusive, remote flickering back in her eyes, but she only said: "Be sure and come take me out to dinner. To-night I can eat. And don't forget your overcoat. And listen—don't you dare go into Himebaugh's till I can go with you."

One minute after he had gone the Montague girl was at the telephone.

"Hello! Mr. Baird, please. Is this Mr. Baird? Well, Jeff, everything's jake. Yeah. The poor thing was pretty wild when he got here. First he began to bluff. He'd got an earful from someone probably over on the lot. He put it over on me for a minute too. But he didn't last good. And he was awful broke up when the end came. Bless his heart! But you bet I kissed the hurt place and made it well. How about him now? Jeff, I'm darned if I can tell, except he's right again. When he got here he was some heartbroke and some mad and some set up on account of things he hears about himself. I guess he's that way still, except I mended the heartbreak. I can't quite make him out—he's like a book where you can't guess what's coming in the next chapter, so you keep on reading. I can see we ain't ever going to talk much about it—not if we live together thirty years. What's that? Yeah. Didn't I tell you he was always getting me, somehow? Well, now I'm completely got. Yeah. We're gonna do an altar walk. What? Oh, right



Look for this picture, in color, poster size, in the leading men's stores of your community this week. Wherever you see the poster, you will find the best in shirts.

The new shirts for well-dressed men are now on show

Better-class furnishers all over the country are displaying Emery Spring styles

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Their showing of the new shirts, in all of the handsome new fabrics for Spring, is complete. $2, $2.50, $3 and up.

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away! Say, honest, Jeff, I'll never have an easy minute again while he's out of my sight. Helpless? You said it! Thanks, Jeff. I know that, old man. Good-by."

XXI
Onward and Upward

AT THE first showing of the Buckeye company's new five-reel comedy—Five Reels, 500 Laughs—entitled Brewing Trouble, two important members of its cast occupied balcony seats, and one of them throughout the piece quite brazenly applauded the screen art of her husband, named in the play "Chester Sap, a simple country boy."

"I don't care who sees me," she would reply ever and again to his whispered protests.

The new piece proved to be a rather broadly stressed burlesque of the type of picture drama that has done so much to endear the personality of Edgar Wayne to his public. It was accorded a hearty reception. There was nothing to which it might be compared save the company's previous Hearts on Fire, and it seemed to be felt that the present offering had surpassed even that masterpiece of satire.

The Gills, above referred to, watched the unwinding celluloid with vastly different emotions. Mrs. Gill was hearty in her enjoyment, as has been indicated. Her husband, superficially, was not displeased. But beneath that surface of calm approval, beneath even the look of bored indifference he now and then managed, there still ran a complication of emotions, not the least of which was honest bewilderment. People laughed, so it must be funny. And it was good to be known as an artist of worth, even if the effects of your art were unintended.

It was no shock to him to learn now that the mechanical appliance in his screen mother's kitchen was a still, that the grape juice the honest country boy purveyed to the rich New Yorker had been improved in rank defiance of a constitutional amendment. Even during the filming of the piece he had suspected that the little sister, so engagingly played by the present Mrs. Gill, was being too bold. With slight surprise, therefore, as the drama unfolded, he saw that she had in the most brazen manner invited the attentions of the city villains.

She had, in truth, been only too eager to be lured to the great city with all its pitfalls, and had bidden the old home farewell in her simple country way while each of the villains in turn had awaited her in his motor car. What Merton had not been privileged to watch were the later developments of this villainy. For just beyond the little hamlet at a lonely spot in the road each of the motor cars had been stopped by a cross-eyed gentleman looking much like the clerk in the hotel, save that he was profusely bewhiskered and bore side arms in a menacing fashion.

Declaring that no scoundrel could take his little daughter from him, he deprived the villains of their valuables, so that for a time at least they should not bring other unsuspecting girls to grief. As a further precaution he compelled them to abandon their motor cars, in which he drove off with the rescued daughter. He was later seen to sell the cars at a wayside garage, and after dividing the spoils with his daughter to hail a suburban trolley, upon which they both returned to the home nest, where the little girl would again languish at the gate, a prey to any designing city man who might pass.

She seemed so defenseless in her wild-rose beauty, her longing for pretty clothes and city ways, and yet so capably protected by this opportune father who appeared to foresee the moment of her flights.

He learned without a tremor that among the triumphs of his inventive genius had been a machine for making ten-dollar bills, at which the New York capitalist had exclaimed that the state rights for Iowa alone would bring one hundred thousand dollars. Ever more remunerative, it would seem, had been his other patent—the folding boomerang. The manager of the largest boomerang factory in Australia stood ready to purchase this device for ten million dollars.

And there was a final view of the little home after prosperity had come to its inmates, so long threatened with ruin. A sign over the door read, "Ye Olde Fashioned Gifte Shoppe," and under it, flaunted to the wayside, was the severely simple trade device of a high boot.

These things he now knew were to be expected among the deft infamies of a Buckeye comedy. But the present piece held in store for him a complication that, despite his already rich experience of Buckeye methods, caused him distressing periods of heat and cold while he watched its incredible unfolding.

Early in the piece, indeed, he had begun to suspect in the luring of his little sister a grotesque parallel to the bold advances made him by the New York society girl. He at once feared some such interpretation when he saw himself coy and embarrassed before her downright attack, and he was certain this was intended when he beheld himself embraced by this reckless young woman who behaved in the manner of male screen idols during the last dozen feet of the last reel. But how could he have suspected the lengths to which a perverted spirit of satire would lead the Buckeye director?

For now he staggered through the blinding snow, a bundle clasped to his breast. He fell half fainting at the door of the old home. He groped for the knob and staggered in to kneel at his mother's feet. And she sternly repulsed him, a finger pointing to the still-open door.

Unbelievably the screen now made her say: "He wears no ring! Back to the snow with 'em both! Throw 'em Way Down East!"

And Baird had said the bundle would contain one of his patents!

Mrs. Gill had watched this scene with tense absorption. When the mother's iron heart had relented she turned to her husband:

"You dear thing, that was a beautiful piece of work! You're set now. That cinches your future. Only, dearest, never, never, never let it show on your face that you think it's funny! That's all you'll ever have to be afraid of in your work."

"I won't," he said stoutly.

He shivered—or did he shudder?—and quickly reached to take her hand. It was a simple and direct movement, yet somehow it richly had a quality of wistful pleading.

"Mother understands," she whispered. "Only remember, you mustn't seem to think it's funny."

"I won't," he said again. But in his torn heart he stubbornly cried, "I don't, I don't!"

Some six months later that representative magazine, Silver Screenings, emblazoned upon its front cover a promise that in the succeeding number would appear a profusely illustrated interview by Augusta Blivens with that rising young screen star, Merton Gill.

The promise was kept. The interview wandered amid photographic reproductions of the luxurious Hollywood bungalow, set among palms and climbing roses; the actor and his wife in their high-powered roadster—Mrs. Gill at the wheel; the actor in his costume of chaps and sombrero, rolling a cigarette; the actor in evening dress; the actor in his famous scene of the Christmas Eve return in Brewing Trouble; the actor regaining his feet in his equally famous scene of the malignant spurs; the actor and his young wife on the lawn before the bungalow, and the young wife, aproned, in her kitchen, earnestly busy with spoon and mixing bowl.

"It is perhaps not generally known," wrote Miss Blivens, "that the honor of having discovered this latest luminary in the stellar firmament should be credited to Director Howard Henshaw of the Victor forces. Indeed, I had not known this myself, until the day I casually mentioned the Gills in his presence. I lingered on a set of Island Love, at present being filmed by this master of the unspoken drama, having but a moment since left that dainty little reigning queen of the celluloid dynasty, Muriel Mercer. Seated with her in the tiny bijou boudoir of her bungalow dressing room on the great Holden lot, its walls lined with the works of her favorite authors—for one never finds this soulful little girl far from the books that have developed her mentally, as the art of the screen has developed her emotionally—she had referred me to the director when I sought further details of her forthcoming great production, an idyl of island romance and adventure. And presently when I had secured from him the information I needed concerning this unique little drama of the great South Seas, I chanced to mention my approaching encounter with the young star of the Buckeye forces, an encounter to which I looked forward with some dismay.

(Continued on Page 117)

A FASHION HINT FOR WOMEN

BY *Natalie Norris*

WHAT suitor or husband has not paced in despair up and down the library, choleric under the proddings of his collar, while his lady fair preened before her mirror? Even in the Elizabethan days, it is written, the knight was in his doublet and hose long before his lady appeared ready for the ball.

But procrastination is the prerogative of woman. She knows what she is about. It takes time to make an invulnerable toilette.

Yet, while there is probably no item of feminine apparel which comes in for as close scrutiny as stockings, there are still, otherwise faultlessly dressed women who give apparently little thought to the selection of their hosiery.

Women who would never think of passing a mirror without adjusting a hat, tucking a straying lock in place or administering a few deft pats with friend powder-puff, trip serenely down the street with stocking seams running woefully askew.

And what is more unsightly than a crooked seam?

Will some women never learn they can be forever rid of this dire misfortune by buying Burson Hose?

Burson stockings, as you are probably aware, are fashioned in the knitting so that they conform perfectly to the graceful contour of the leg and ankle, and they have no seams to twist and pull awry.

Years ago, before the wonderful Burson looms were invented, stocking manufacturers hit upon the idea of putting seams in stockings to make a poorly shaped article fit a little better. Even today, some ordinary seamless stockings, with just as many needles to the ankle as the leg, are made to imitate real fashioned hose by sewing a mock seam up the back. It is difficult to detect this until after the stockings are laundered, when they lose their pressed-in shape.

To avoid the risk of getting stockings which are not permanently shaped you should buy Burson, because the fashioning or shaping is plainly visible.

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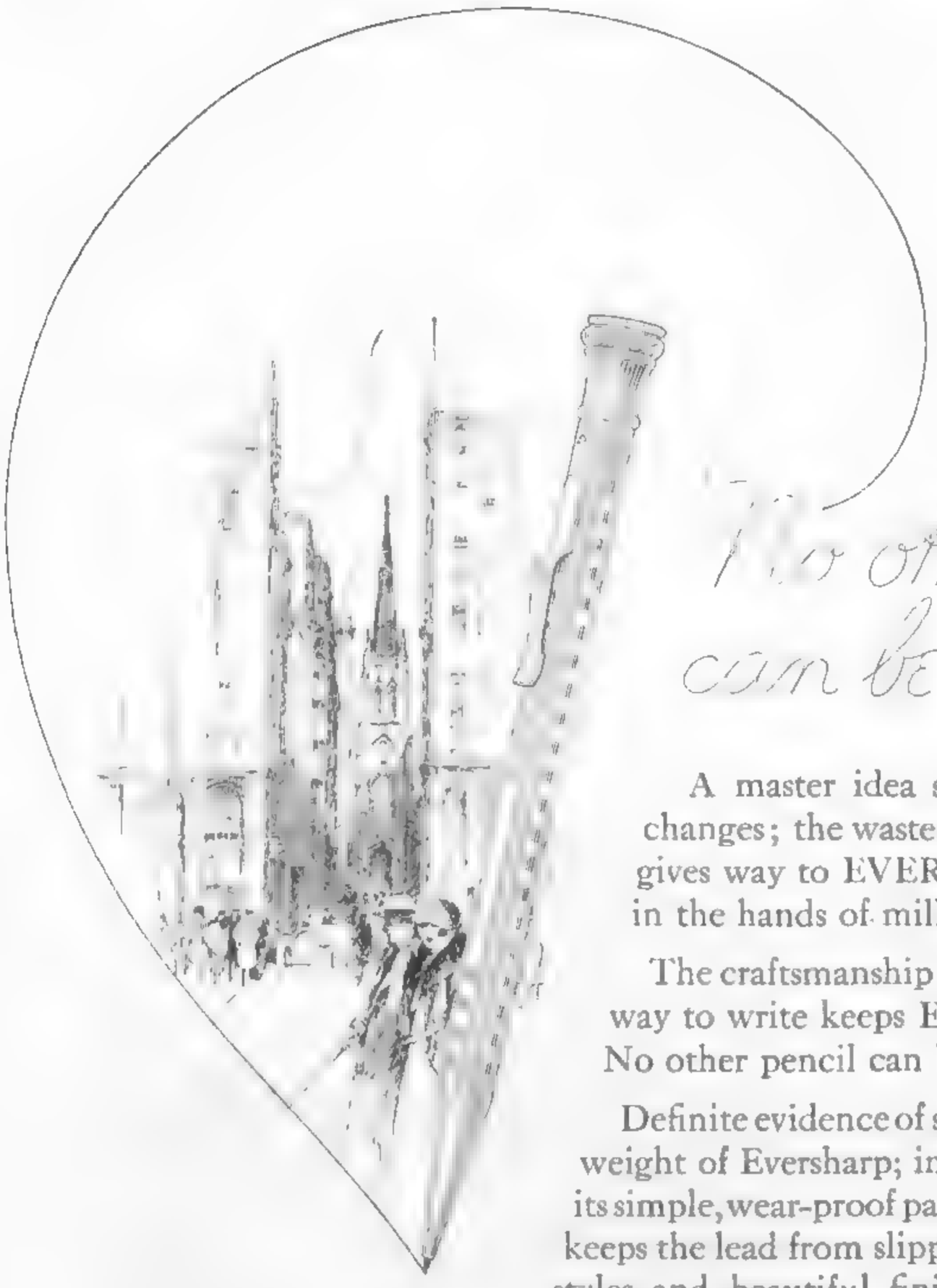

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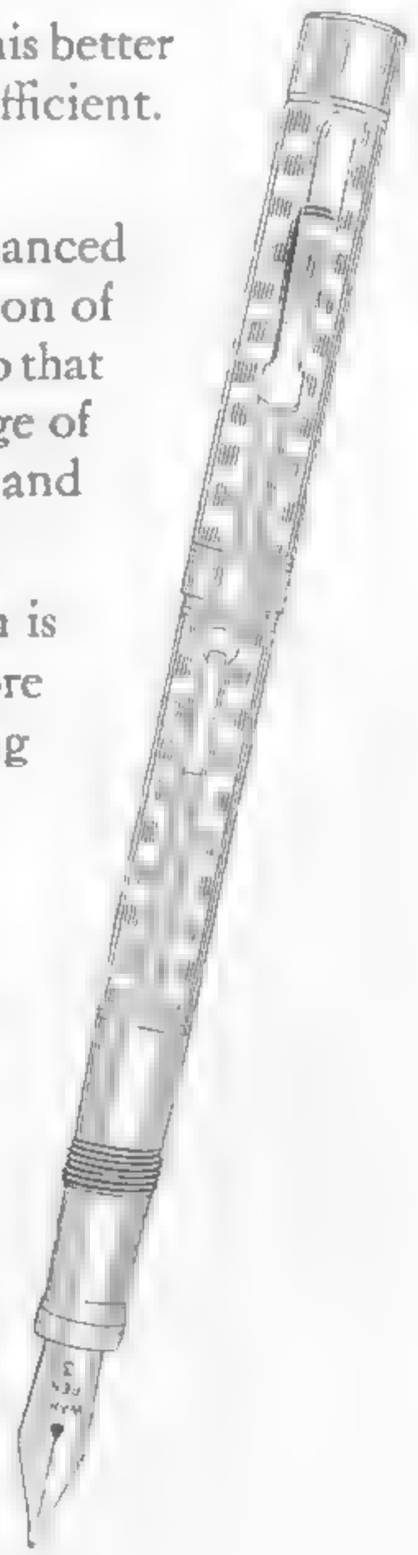

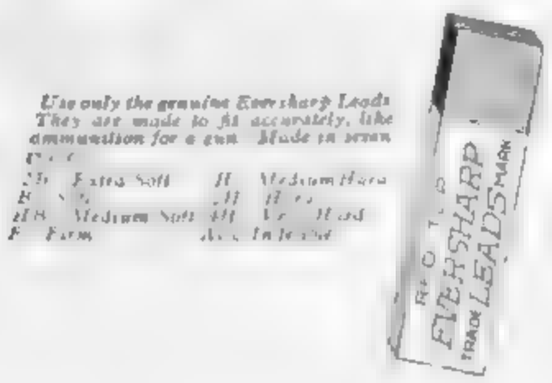
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(Continued from Page 114

"Mr. Henshaw, pausing in his task of effecting certain changes in an interior of the island hut, reassured me. 'You need have no fear about your meeting with Gill,' he said. 'You will find him quite simple and unaffected, an artist and yet sanely human.' It was now that he revealed his own part in the launching of this young star. 'I fancy it is not generally known,' he continued, 'that to me should go the honor of having discovered Gill. It is a fact, however.

"'He appeared as an extra one morning in the cabaret scene we used in Miss Mercer's tremendous hit, the Blight of Broadway. Instantly, as you may suppose, I was struck by the extraordinary distinction of his face and bearing. In that crowd composed of average extra people he stood out to my eye as one made for big things. After only a moment's chat with him I gave him a seat at the edge of the dancing floor and used him most effectively in portraying the basic idea of this profoundly stirring drama in which Miss Mercer was to achieve one of her brightest triumphs.

"'Watch that play to-day; you will discover young Gill in many of the close-ups where, under my direction, he brought out the psychological, the symbolic—if I may use the term—values of the great idea underlying our story. Even in these bits he revealed the fine artistry which he has since demonstrated more broadly under another director.

"'To my lasting regret the piece was then too far along to give him a more important part, though I intended to offer him something good in our next play for Muriel Mercer—you may recall her gorgeous success in Her Father's Wife—but I was never able to find the chap again. I made inquiries, of course, and felt a really personal sense of loss when I could get no trace of him. I knew then, as well as I know now, that he was destined for eminence in our world of painted shadows. You may imagine my chagrin later when I learned that another director was to reap the rewards of a discovery all my own.'

"And so," continued Miss Blivens, "it was with the Henshaw words still in my ears that I first came into the presence of Merton Gill, feeling that he would—as he at once finely did—put me at my ease. Simple, unaffected, modest, he is one whom success has not spoiled. Both on the set where I presently found him—playing the part of a titled roué in the new Buckeye comedy, to be called, one hears, Nearly Sweethearts or Something—and later in the luxurious but homelike nest which the young star has provided for his bride of a few months—she was Flips Montague, one recalls, daughter of a long line of theatrical folk dating back to days of the merely spoken drama—he proved to be finely unspoiled and surprisingly unlike the killingly droll mime of the Buckeye constellation. Indeed, one cannot but be struck at once by the deep vein of seriousness underlying the comedian's surface drollery. His sense of humor must be tremendous, and yet only in the briefest flashes of his whimsical manner can one divine it.

"'Let us talk only of my work,' he begged me. 'Only that can interest my public.' And so, very seriously, we talked of his work.

"'Have you ever thought of playing serious parts?' I asked.

"He debated a moment, his face rigidly set, inscrutable to my glance. Then he relaxed into one of those whimsically appealing smiles that somehow are acutely eloquent of pathos. 'Serious parts—with this low-comedy face of mine!' he responded. And my query had been answered. Yet he went on, 'No, I shall never play Hamlet. I can give a good imitation of a bad actor, but doubtless I should give a very bad imitation of a good one.'

"'*Et voilà, messieurs!*' I remarked to myself. The man with a few simple strokes of the brush had limned me his portrait. And I was struck again with that pathetic appeal in face and voice as he spoke so confidingly. After all, is not pure pathos the hallmark of great comedy? We laugh, but more poignantly because our hearts are tugged at. And here was a master of the note pathetic.

"Who that has roared over the Gill struggle with the dreadful spurs was not even at the climax of his merriment sympathetically aware of his earnest persistence, the pained sincerity of his repeated strivings, the genuine anguish distorting his face as he senses the everlasting futility of his efforts? Who that rocked with laughter at the fox-trot lesson in Object Alimony could be impervious to the facial agony above those incompetent, disobedient, heedless feet?

"Here was honest endeavor, an almost prayerful determination, again and again thwarted by feet that recked not of rhythm or even of bare mechanical accuracy. Those feet, so apparently aimless, so little under control, were perhaps the most mirthful feet that ever scored failure in the dance. But the face, conscious of their clumsiness, was a mask of fine tragedy.

"Such is the combination, it seems to me, that has produced the artistry now so generally applauded, an artistry that perhaps achieved its full flowering in that powerful bit toward the close of Brewing Trouble—the return of the erring son with his agony of appeal so markedly portrayed that for the moment one almost forgot the wildly absurd burlesque of which it formed the joyous yet truly emotional apex. I spoke of this.

"'True burlesque is, after all, the highest criticism, don't you think?' he asked me. 'Doesn't it make demands which only a sophisticated audience can meet? Isn't it rather highbrow criticism?' And I saw that he had thought deeply about his art.

"'It is because of this,' he went on, 'that we must resort to so much of the merely slap-stick stuff in our comedies. For, after all, our picture audience, twenty million people a day—surely one can make no great demands upon their intelligence.' He considered a moment, seemingly lost in memories of his work. 'I dare say,' he concluded, 'there are not twenty million people of taste and real intelligence in the whole world.'

"Yet it must not be thought that this young man would play the cynic. He is superbly the optimist, though now again he struck a note of almost whimsical pessimism. 'Of course our art is in its infancy.' He waited for my nod of agreement, then dryly added, 'We must, I think, consider it the Peter Pan of the arts. And I dare say you recall the outstanding biological freakishness of Peter.' But a smile—that slow, almost puzzled smile of his—accompanied the words.

"'You might,' he told me at parting, 'call me the tragic comedian.' And again I saw that this actor is set apart from the run of his brethren by an almost uncanny gift for introspection. He has ruthlessly analyzed himself. He knows, as he put it, 'what God meant him to be!' Was here, perchance, a hint of poor Cyrano?

"I left after some brief reference to his devoted young wife, who, in studio or home, is never far from his side.

"'It is true that I have struggled and sacrificed to give the public something better and finer,' he told me then; 'but I owe my real success all to her.' He took the young wife's hand in both his own and very simply, unaffectedly, raised it to his cheek, where he held it a moment, with that dreamy, remembering light in his eyes.

"'I think that's all,' he said at last. But on the instant of my going he checked me once more. 'No, it isn't, either.' He brightened. 'I want you to tell your readers that this little woman is more than my wife—she is my best pal, and I may also add, my severest critic.'"

(THE END)

A MAN OF PRINCIPLE

(Continued from Page 20

reached the first vast hallway of the man mill, where the cell-lined corridors receded to left and right, rising over them in gallery after gallery like some cliff dwelling in hell. Bare stone and scoured iron joined themselves in that harsh architecture where the very light was dim and timid like a prisoned thing.

Mr. Ducane, new as yet to prisons, looked about him with intelligent interest. The chaplain ranged beside him.

"Smell it?" he asked. "It couldn't be cleaner or more sanitary; and yet—do you smell it? Clean air should taste queer after twelve years of that smell, don't you think?"

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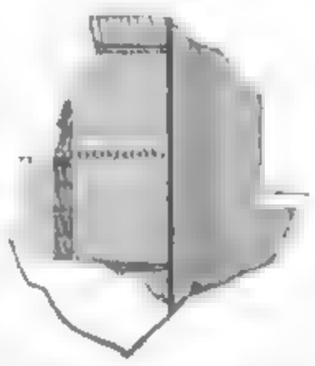

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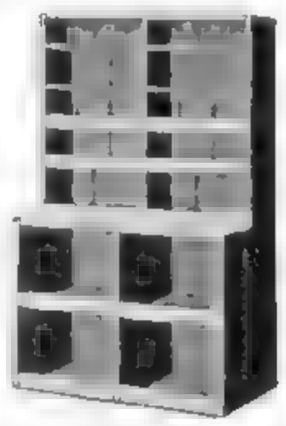

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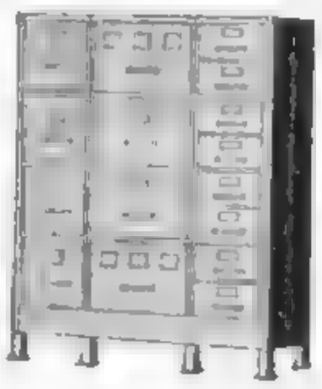

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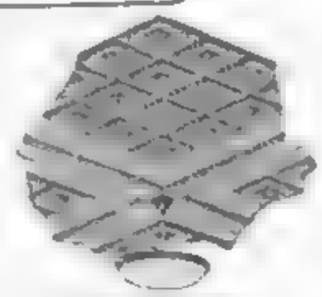

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Mr. Ducane sniffed obligingly. It was not a stench—scarce even a taint; rather it was a staleness, a stagnancy, as though air and light and stone and iron and souls and bodies had all been overused and refused the repose of decay.

"Very characteristic!" he commented.

The governor left the pair of them together for some moments in the bare and ugly room that was his office.

"The pardon takes effect to-morrow, of course?" asked the chaplain.

"Yes," said Mr. Ducane. "It's customary, I believe, twenty-four hours in which, as it were, to adjust the man for the change. One could hardly lead him forthwith to the gate and thrust him out."

"You think not?" said the chaplain. "Still, we find it possible to lead a man to the gate and thrust him in, with no adjustment at all. Hacker, for instance, has never adjusted himself. Why should he?"

"Eh?"

"Why should an innocent man adjust himself to prison conditions? He was a thief and a rogue, you say; but isn't there a kind of stubborn honesty about his refusal to submit tamely to injustice? I think there is. I have hopes for Hacker at last."

The governor returned. "They're bringing him along," he said. "Better sit down, Ducane. I'm sending him to the infirmary for the night."

A tread of heavy measured feet sounded on the flagstone without.

"Come in!" ordered the governor.

Two warders entered and saluted. Between them, grotesque as a clown in his prison dress by contrast with their neat uniforms, came the man who was to receive the King's pardon for the crime he had not committed.

Mr. Ducane looked at him curiously. He was not entirely without imagination, and here was a man about to be raised from the dead, whom fate, in mere freakishness, had dignified with agony and wrong.

"This gentleman," said the governor to the convict, "is from the Home Secretary. He has some news for you. Listen to him!"

The man's eyes came dully round and rested in mere obedience upon Mr. Ducane.

"Well, Hacker," began that gentleman, "I have to tell you that some new facts have come to light in your case."

He coughed; he had a notion that it behooved him to break the news, and he was uncertain how to proceed.

"I never done it!" said the convict huskily, and the chaplain stirred slightly in his seat.

"No," said Mr. Ducane. "But the jury—a jury of your peers—thought you did. We know now that they were wrong. There was a terrible mistake, and I am here to put it right."

The convict continued to look at him.

"You have had a hard time," went on Mr. Ducane; "but it is finished now. Smee has turned up, alive and well, and to-morrow you will be set free."

Hacker frowned faintly as though in an effort of thought.

"'E owes me twelve pounds," he said finally.

Mr. Ducane smiled. "I don't think you will be able to get that," he said kindly.

Like one who looks at a darkened house and sees a light within carried swiftly past a blank window, so he saw a sudden momentary shine of more than mere life in the man's eyes. "Won't I?" said Hacker.

"But the government owes you something," said Mr. Ducane. "When you get to London you must call at Scotland Yard and they will tell you what to do." He looked at the governor. "I think that is all," he suggested.

The governor nodded. "Take him to the infirmary," he ordered curtly.

The warders laid hands upon him and drew him away.

"Well," said the governor, and sighed. "There's your innocent martyr, Mr. Ducane. Pity I can't show you the warder blinded in one eye, nor the other one half crippled by a kick in the groin. Mr. Hacker's work, you know. Endearing little traits he's got, hasn't he, padre?"

"I think so, certainly," answered the chaplain without smiling. "I shudder to think of myself in his place—innocent like him, but without his fierce courage and endurance! I should have submitted, have set the seal of my acquiescence on a frightful, soul-destroying injustice. But he—he'd go to the stake or the rack sooner; he'd die or do murder for the right in as far as he sees it and knows it. Perhaps some day a Salvationist will capture him and convert him; then you'll see the apostle of the slums!"

The governor laughed without mirth and rose from his desk. "I wish you'd met Jack the Ripper," he said. "I'm sure you'd have loved him. Come on; let's get the taste of all this out of our mouths."

"I like the taste," said the chaplain. "I'm going to the infirmary to get some more of it. Good afternoon, Mr. Ducane!"

He found Hacker seated on a bed, with his shoes off and the doctor standing before him. The latter turned his round, cheery face upon the new arrival.

"Come in, padre!" he called. "I'm just speedin' the partin' guest. A cigarette and a drink is what I was suggesting. To-morrow, this time," he said to Hacker, "you'll be in London. Got any friends there?"

"There'll be Smee, sir," Hacker said. "Owes me twelve pounds, 'e does!"

"Good!" said the doctor cheerily, and departed to fetch the doped drink.

The government was never called upon for the payment of the six hundred pounds which it had decided to grant to William Hacker in compensation for his death sentence, his twelve years of penal servitude, his two floggings, his innumerable lesser penalties, his gruesome labor and his aching sense of wrong. Hacker had decided that the twenty pounds which the governor had been authorized to advance to him on leaving was a better recompense than the hundreds to be gained by showing himself at Scotland Yard. He vanished, therefore, into the jungles of London, to its waterside wilderness, to the labyrinthine fastnesses where the Orient battens on the vices of the Occident.

And, of course, with twenty pounds in his pocket he found friends. It was in company with one of these that he first encountered Smee.

The bar of the public house where the meeting took place was a reeking jam of shabby humanity under its flaring, squealing gas jets. Hacker—he was calling himself by the useful name of Smith for the time being—leaned with his friend at a vantage point at the end of the bar and drank and looked about him at leisure. The friend, known to his friends as Young Izzy, was a lean person of about thirty; he was doing the honors of the neighborhood to the less sophisticated Smith.

He mentioned celebrities in the crowd before the bar—a bookmaker, a sporting barge skipper, and the like.

"An' 'im over there—that fat 'un with the soft 'at! Got money, 'e 'as. Went orf on the quiet to foreign parts, and a feller was 'ung for murderin' of 'im."

Young Izzy laughed in a way he had, with lips barely parted and a sound like an indrawn hiss.

"Tell yer somethin' about 'im!" he said. "Just before he disappears, me an' my brother—yer know my brother Mo——"

He went on with his tale, but Hacker was not listening. He was looking over his companion's head at the man who had been pointed out to him. Fatter than of old, burned with South African suns, wearing the clothes and smoking the cigar of prosperity—it was Smee! Smee, who owed him twelve pounds.

The voice of Young Izzy beat upon his ears; that man about town was approaching the climax of his narrative.

"——and there 'e was, sittin' in the road, goin' through his pockets an' screechin' 'e'd bin robbed. An' there was us, other side the street, laughin' at 'im. Twelve quid we 'ad orf 'im—twelve golden sovereigns wrapped up in a bit o' paper. An' w'at do you think o' that?"

Hacker stared at him, slowly comprehending.

"You downed 'im and robbed 'im of twelve pounds?" he asked. He seemed incredulous, and Young Izzy laughed again.

"Smee, his name is!" said Hacker. "He was my mate! An' me thinkin' ——" He broke off and Young Izzy stepped back aghast from his furious face. "That was my money, ye thievin' swine—an' I'm goin' to 'ave it! Get out o' this; I'll find yer w'en I'm ready!"

Young Izzy went—backwards and in haste. As the door swung behind him Hacker crushed his way through the throng to where Smee stood, all unconscious of his approach.

"Hullo, 'Arry!" greeted Hacker. "Don't you know me—Bill 'Acker?" He proffered a hearty hand. "'Member the last time we met?"

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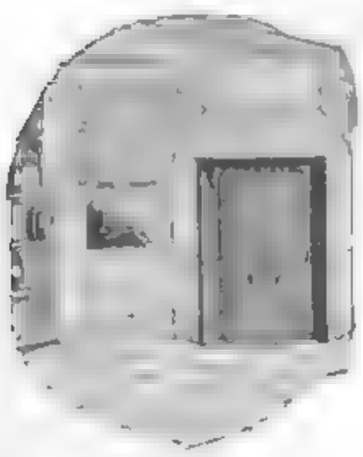

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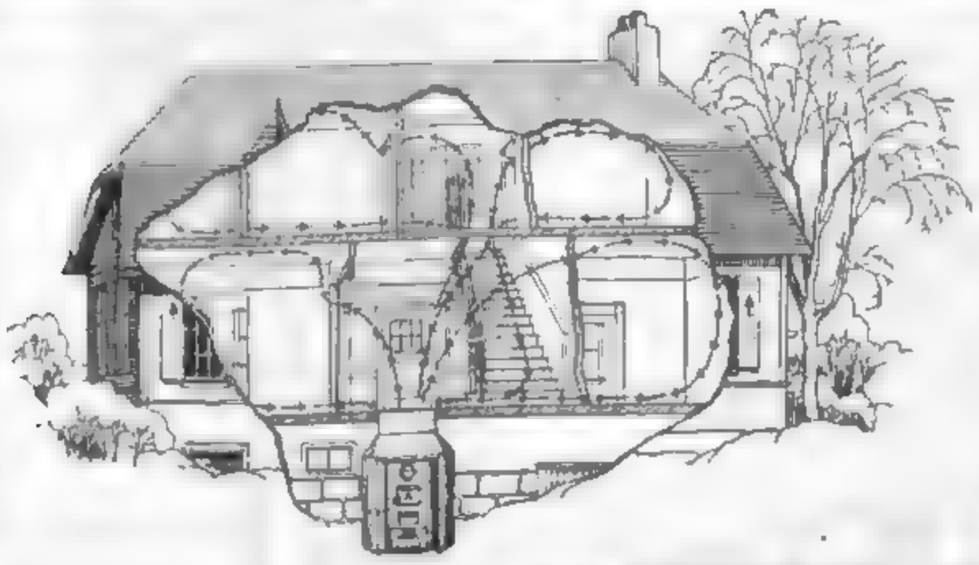

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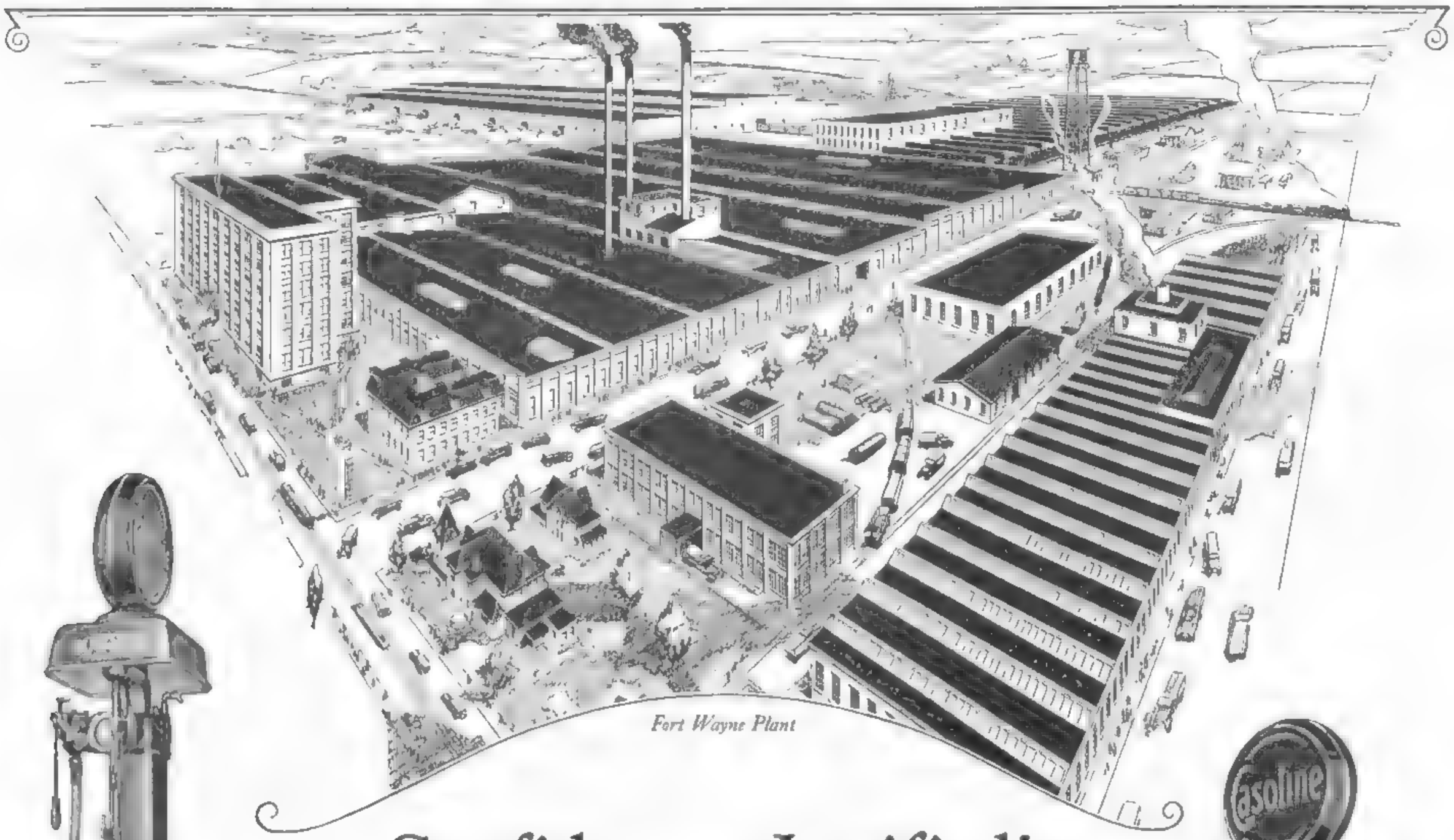

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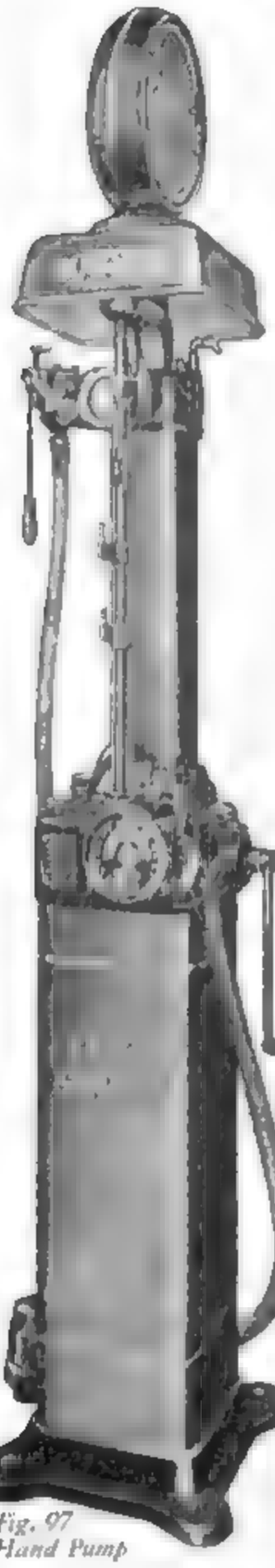

Fig. 97
Hand Pump

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Ask for Booklets

BOWSER
ESTABLISHED 1885
PISTON-TYPE VISIBLE PUMPS

Fig. 90
Power Pump

BIG GAME

(Continued from Page 19)

"Here we are. Listen now, Nita, you leave everything to me."

The way he said that made her nervous. She strained forward, looking ahead. The taxi turned into one of those bleak, expensive streets, drew up before a stone house of slender windows and carvings over a wide black door. Why, this wasn't a hotel!

"Wait here for me."

Hal sprang out, rang the bell. She sat gaping up at the shapely façade.

The door opened a crack. A little man peered suspiciously around the edge. Hal's shoulders moved in self-assured advance. The door opened wider on a vestibule. She saw Hal and the little man in animated talk, outlined against white steps. Hal took out his wallet, showed something that looked like a card, put back his wallet, slid a hand in his pocket, appeared to be shaking hands with the little man.

Now he turned, blocking the doorway. His eyes seemed to march forward and give her orders.

"Isn't it a bore, Nita? Monsieur Raton never got the Putnams' telegram. Must have gone astray. Beastly service, isn't it?"

Monsieur Raton? A telegram? The Putnams? Her face twisted into some kind of idiotic expression.

"Dear me! Really!"

Hal gave her no time. "Well, now we're here we'd better spend the night, anyway. What say, Nita?"

She said nothing.

"*Ma femme est fatiguée. Ce voyage de Londres est mauvais.*" Hal turned to the little man, who flapped his shoulders and hands and stared sharply at the trunks in the second taxi.

So she had come from London, had she? Oh, why hadn't she insisted that Hal tell her what it was all about. He was at the taxi door, helping her out. He leaned close, his face secret, familiar.

"It's all right. I'll explain later. Come on, Nita."

There seemed really nothing else to do. The Raton person bowed from the threshold—a mean little man with eyes like arithmetic, adding up. Hal, at her elbow, steered her along.

She was in a large hall. The chauffeurs, humped under the trunks, brushed past, wheezed up a circular staircase of white marble, Monsieur Raton, spidery, leading the way. A neat fat woman of pinkish surfaces bulged, gaping from a doorway. Hal spoke to her in a loud, assured voice. This was Madame Raton, no doubt? His friends, the Putnams, had so often spoken of her.

What were they doing here, and who were these Putnams? The name sounded vaguely familiar. Hal drew her into a room of soft shadows. Damask portières closed behind them. He snapped on a light. What a beautiful room! She clutched his arm, staring about at the creamy tints, the damask, the tapestries, the old gilded shapes and mirrors in which she saw reflected a little woman in black with very red lips, a tall blurry-faced man.

She whispered, "Whose house is this?"

"Ours for the present. Be back in a moment." He nodded and grinned, left her there.

Of course it was fantastic. A host or hostess would presently appear with nipped gestures of annoyance at being so intruded upon by unwelcome guests. She tiptoed over the soundless Aubusson carpet, watching the door while she fingered ivories, old leather-bound books. On a little marquetry table stood the photograph of a young woman in a silver frame. Where had she seen that face before? A grand piano nosed forward from a corner of the room like a sleek animal waiting to be stroked. She longed to touch the keys.

"Your room's ready, Nita."

Hal's jovial voice startled her. He stood in the door, smiling at her. She followed him through the hall, up the stairs, into a pink-and-white room of rosewood and laces. There was a chaise longue heaped with embroidered cushions, a bed, canopied and festooned. The trunks showed up big and black against the light carpet.

"Hal, what does this mean?" She demanded an answer from under light, flattened brows.

A finger to his lips, he tiptoed to the door, arched himself over the keyhole. Evidently no one there. Good. He turned with an engaging air of candor.

"Phew! I don't mind telling you, old dear, that I wasn't sure we'd get it. Lucky I happened to have Putnam's card and that hundred francs handy."

Oh, dear, she might have known that something was wrong. Her head felt hot. In that steam-heated room torpor gained on her. Hal was looking at her brightly as if he expected her to pat him on the back and say "Clever boy!"

She took off her velvet toque, which pressed on her hot head, ran her fingers through moist, clinging hair. Well, now that he had got in, as he put it, she wanted to know how they were going to get out.

"Better tell me everything, Hal. Who are these Putnams? What about that telegram that never arrived? I can't understand why you have to do these things." She looked at him with hard, bitter eyes. "Really, Hal, if you've got us into another mess I'll never forgive you."

She would always forgive him. He knew it.

"The Putnams? You remember them, Nita," he began in a chatty voice. But he wasn't so confident as he had been downstairs. "Here, old girl, you look tired. Do lie down." He fussed about her, led her to the chaise longue, propped cushions behind her back.

She wasn't going to be put off like that, though. "I'm waiting to hear, Hal."

"Well, now don't you remember that night we had supper at the Eléphant Rouge? The Putnams sat next to us. Nice chap, Putnam. He and I had a long talk."

Those people! The woman in the silver frame was Mrs. Putnam, of course. But they didn't know the Putnams. Hal had picked the man up that night.

"Why, Hal, we only saw them once. They were leaving for London or India or somewhere the next day."

"Pre-cisely." He dropped a thick lid over an eye, jiggled from heel to toe with a little seesaw motion. He acted as if with extraordinary intelligence she had guessed a riddle. But she wasn't going to help him out, so he had to continue. "They were leaving for London. You see you do remember, my dear. And then they're going off to India for a bit—big-game hunting. Putnam wanted to rent his house. Told me all about it. You weren't listening."

"You don't mean to tell me that we're renting this house from the Putnams?" Her voice rose shrill, worried. She slid forward to the edge of the chaise longue, her feet touching the floor.

"Well, you might say it amounts to that." He fished for his cigarette case, lighted a cigarette.

"Amounts to what? For heaven's sake, Hal, don't throw matches on this carpet." Oh, he was exasperating! "Do the Putnams know we're taking their house?"

She had him there. Of course they didn't know. Mrs. Putnam would never rent her house to strangers. She remembered now the supper as through a mist of lights and music. A gay place, the Eléphant Rouge. Major Brassington-Welsh in a jovial vein, thrusting cigars, champagne, anecdotes on a new acquaintance. The Putnam woman hadn't liked it. Her cool ennui had been wafted like a thin draft from a distant source over her too sociable husband's blond head, reaching Hal, who hadn't felt it, reaching Nita, who had.

She taxed him again. "Hal, they don't know?"

How could they know when they were in London, he blustered. But he meant to write Putnam, of course. Make it all right with him. A matter of business. If she would only listen ——

"I'm listening. Hal, please don't throw ashes on the floor here. This isn't a hotel."

He went through an elaborate show of putting out his cigarette in a crystal receiver beside the bed. Now, then, he could explain the whole affair quite simply.

When he was explaining anything he always walked up and down as if he were on the deck of a ship that rolled a bit. It needed all his attention to keep his balance. She watched him.

"It was like this," he said. "Billings was thinking of opening a Paris branch—Biscuits Billings. Good idea, wasn't it? Have to find the right man, though, to direct the thing. What about Major Brassington-Welsh? Just the man for it!" He stood a moment beaming upon her, twirling his mustache.

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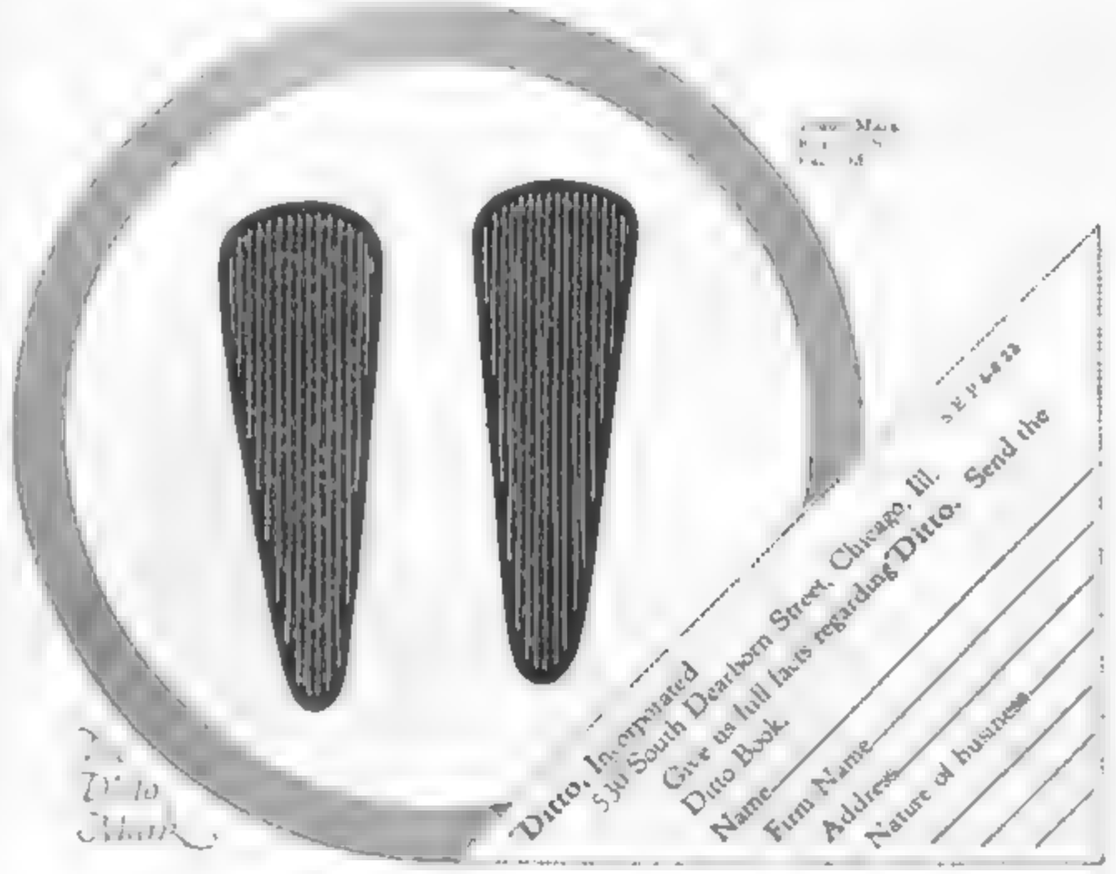

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MONTREAL

"Oh, Hal, has he said anything to you?" She had always hoped for something like this. Why, if it were true it would be the most wonderful ——

He patted her on the shoulder. Well, nothing was settled. Nothing ever could have been settled if they had stayed in that beastly hole of a hotel. What Billings wanted of course was a man with a solid background, a man with a clever little woman who could entertain. Billings knew the value of social prestige; no fool, Billings. He would expect ——

"But, Hal, we don't know anyone to entertain. And this house - we have no right here."

"Now, Nita, we got in, didn't we? I tell you I'll fix it up with Putnam. Once I'm appointed director of an office here, you and I will have the finest little position ever."

Suppose he were telling the truth? Suppose he could pay the Putnams later? Why shouldn't he? Oh, how she wanted to believe! She wished he wouldn't look sideways down his nose as if he were peeking at her from around a corner. Impress Billings—that wasn't a bad idea.

"But, Hal, if Billings doesn't give you that job? How could we ever make it right with the Putnams?"

"You leave that all to me." He looked so strong and sure of himself, as if everything were settled. The keys jingled as he bent over the trunks.

Give Hal his chance. It wouldn't do any harm to stay on here for a little while. Imagine waking up in this lovely room after that horrid little hotel; after all the hotels!

"Hal, don't unpack our old things. The Ratons will think ——"

"Think what, my dear girl?" But he knew what she meant. "Any objections to my taking out my dinner jacket? Madame Raton is fixing us up a bite here."

"Let me, Hal. You're mussing everything." Yes, they had better dress. She would wear her black satin. The sequin gown was too showy. Take a warm bath first in that beautiful white bathroom. What was Hal doing now? "For goodness' sake, don't take out that awful dressing gown! You can't wear that here."

He stood in his shirt sleeves, his hair rumpled. "What d'you want me to wear then to-morrow for breakfast?"

"Oh, I don't know. Your mauve pajamas are all right. Lock the trunks again."

She fluttered to the closet, hung up her black serge, her sequin gown. The hangers were padded and smelt of sachet. There were dozens of them.

"Nita, where's the whisky?" Hal shouted from the bathroom.

"You're not going to drink that horrid stuff now?"

"Just a snack. I've got a glass here. Must have caught a bit of chill driving up"

Get him his beastly bottle. "You can't leave it out, Hal. Hide it in the clothes hamper. Do rinse the glass."

"Oh, hell, Nita, what's the matter with you!" Grumblings and rumblings from the bathroom.

The black satin did very well. Just the note for a quiet evening. The chiffon in the neck needed changing. She must get some to-morrow. You never got tired of black satin.

"Nita, what say if we get the Billingses up here after dinner?" Hal stood admiring himself in the mirror.

She didn't want the Billingses to-night.

She and Hal sat alone in the large tapestried dining room. The round table was like a glassy pool in which rose-colored lights were softly reflected. A simple dinner indeed! Pheasant, endive salad, Brie cheese and a tart. Chablis that gleamed topaz in their glasses. Her smile lifted her face into radiance. She moved her shoulders and wrists daintily, talked in a low polite voice, careful of what she said. Raton might understand English.

Raton nearly spoiled everything. His little eyes added up and added up as he padded about the table. He was like a small sly animal, sniffing things out. She wished he wouldn't apologize so much. He apologized because monsieur and madame had put their silver away. He apologized for the dinner. Madame Raton presented her excuses. It was true that in her time she had been cook in very great houses.

It wouldn't do to be too enthusiastic. Hal overdid it, she thought. She must warn him not to be too familiar with this Raton person. Smile upon him with a shade of condescension. Yes, everything was quite delicious. Of course it was a picnic!

Back in the salon among those lovely things. Hal smoked his cigar; she lit a cigarette.

"You look ripping to-night, old girl."

She drifted to the piano. She hadn't played for years. Hal lounged over to her side. She tilted her head to smile at him. Good old Hal! Her fingers moved shyly, touching the keys. Try simple melodies. A false note, never mind. Hal's ear was not critical. He nodded, and hummed out of tune.

Strange how she felt, sad with a kind of yearning, and yet happy with Hal anchored there beside her. He and she hadn't been like this for a long time. Why couldn't it always be like this?

"I say, trot us out something a bit gayer, Nita."

One of those jazz tunes, he meant. She tried. Jangled a syncopated chord, but somehow it didn't go here. She was growing sentimental. She thought of her mother, of the days when she used to take her piano lessons. How she hated to study! She had looked differently then—a lively giddy girl, never listening to anyone.

Hal was good to her. He was good to her.

III

HAL was bringing Billings back that afternoon. She waited for them in the salon. If it hadn't been for the Ratons, and Putnam ghosts in the air—very snippy ghosts, at that—she might have spent a pleasant day alone in the house. She had sent Hal off because she wanted to be alone. But from the moment she left her room the Ratons sneaked after her. If she went upstairs one of them managed to be there; if she went downstairs she bumped into the other one. It was either Madame Raton wheezing from a scramble up the back stairs, pretending to straighten rugs in the wide gallery overlooking the hall, or it was Monsieur Raton pottering about the dining room. You would have thought they expected her to steal something; to pick the locks of the cellar and linen closet or to secrete in the simple folds of her blouse and skirt any of the small rare ornaments that might happen to take her fancy.

Their busy innocent manner didn't deceive her. "Did madame ring?" "Would madame like any help unpacking her trunks?"

"No, no, thank you. Quite all right, thank you."

Madame Raton had a pulpous caterpillar smile that seemed to crawl away when she thought you weren't looking. For a fat woman she moved with a treacherous speed, silent as a Japanese. Monsieur Raton's shoes squeaked.

If this was the way they took care of the house, no wonder there was dust everywhere. She knew how a house should be kept up. There were handsome houses in Stamford. Mrs. Lucas', for instance, with all that old colonial stuff in it; and her own mother's house, which wasn't so grand but which shone bright and speckless.

Those Ratons caught her dusting with her handkerchief the old *réfectoire* table in the hall. They didn't like it, of course. Monsieur Raton venomously apologized. "If we had known that monsieur and madame were coming we should have had the house in order. It is regrettable that the telegram from Monsieur Putnam did not arrive"

Oh, yes, the telegram! Better speak softly and smile. "We are very comfortable, thank you."

Now she had shut herself in the salon. But she couldn't close out the Putnams She felt them everywhere—in the subdued arrangement of rich objects, in polished surfaces, in damask and high gilded ceilings. She moved the photograph of Mrs Putnam to a darker corner. Hateful, those slender-necked anæmic women! She could imagine Mrs. Putnam in a teagown receiving guests. Well, she didn't have a teagown, and anyway Billings never took tea. Should she change into the black satin and pretend an early dinner? Those Ratons were prowling around outside. Stay as she was rather than bump into them again.

If only Hal had settled things with Billings! A decent job was the solution. She must manage somehow. Billings admired her; those large, white-faced men had more red blood in them.

That was the doorbell. She heard Hal's voice, round and hearty. She hurried forward.

Hal hadn't settled anything, except probably bills for several rounds of drinks.

(Continued on Page 124)

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HONEST ALL THROUGH
ROCKLAND, MASS.

(Continued from Page 122)

One look at him was enough. Not a care in the world. He brought with him the warm, pungent atmosphere of cafés, the generous ease of good fellows.

Billings gripped her hand. She toned her own greeting to the room. Mrs. Billings was well, she hoped? So glad he'd come. He was their first visitor. What did he think of their new quarters?

"It's great. Beats any hotel I've ever been in."

He had a trick of half closing his eyes. His voice drifted. His large white face took on a deceptively dreamy expression. He looked at her. She wished she had put on the black satin.

"That's what I've been telling him all day. Finest house in Paris," Hal boisterously put in. "Nothing like it. Your own home. The best little woman in the world waiting for you. Nothing too fine for her. You'll have to admit that, old man." A bit throaty, the way he said that.

Billings admitted that nothing was too fine for her. As if on springs his eyes opened wide, intensely alive, intensely blue.

Her lips could take on a lovely, an alluring curve. Not in the morning, of course, but in this light. She smiled with a tilting motion of head, a loosening of the little clutching lines around her eyes. "Well, if we're to stay in Paris it's nicer to have a house." Very neatly hinted, she thought.

"Better come to the States, major, and bring the missis." Billings strolled about, his hands in his pockets, bending to squint at an ornament. The room seemed to make him restless. He sank finally into a tapestried armchair.

"Take a house here. That's the way to know a country." Hal thrust out his chest, straddling a flowered design on the rug. "Meet the right people. Entertain, and all that sort of thing. England's the place, though. If we were all in England now you'd be staying with us in Brassington Hall. Finest old ——"

She got near enough to him to lay a hand on his arm. Pretty picture. Little green-eyed woman smiling up at her big, good-natured husband. Her finger tips dug in, pinched.

"Ouch, Nita! What the devil ——"

"Poor old dear, your neuritis again?" He knew perfectly well what she meant. He and his Brassington Hall! Some day someone would accept one of these vague invitations. Then what?

"Hal, perhaps Mr. Billings would like a highball?"

"Certainly, certainly. Good idea." With a promising air of hospitality he bustled out.

Billings, deep in the cushioned chair, was staring at her feet. Well, she wasn't ashamed of them, especially in these patent-leather slippers. But if she were Mrs. Billings she wouldn't trust a man with an eye like that. The way he looked at women in restaurants! His idea of Paris, probably. Better be a little careful. Bright, but not too coquettish.

"Hal's like a child with a new toy," she said indulgently. "So full of enthusiasm. He's that way about everything. Don't you think enthusiasm is valuable in business, Mr. Billings?"

"Sure." He looked at her curiously, swung a leg over his knee.

She had to go on now. She sat down near him, not too near, spoke in an intimate confiding manner. "D'you know, I'm very ambitious for Hal." She shouldn't sound too eager. "You big men aren't the only ones who want power." Say that lightly with a little laugh. "Give Hal a chance to make good and ——"

"Hasn't he made good?" Quite another Billings, this. Blue eyes boring through her.

That was a mistake. "Of course," hastily. "But you know how it is. Hal's had so many offers since the war. He wants to find just the right thing, something with a future. He'd like to be here in Paris for a while, anyway."

"Don't blame him." Billings, suddenly genial, lifted himself with one of his brisk movements from his chair; strolled toward her. "You're a wonderful little saleswoman," he said.

Now what did he mean by that?

"Look here, Mr. Billings, I'm not ——"

"That's all right. Everyone sells things, don't they?"

She didn't like his tone. Keep her hands still in her lap, keep her feet still. Wished her cheeks didn't feel so hot.

"Sells or buys—at bargain prices," she retorted.

How he laughed, the insolent creature! But he stopped short, smooth as a high-powered machine. "I'm always ready to look over a bargain," said he.

"Perhaps you don't know, Mr. Billings. We took this house because Hal tells me that you ——"

"Here we are! Here we are!" Hal had to blunder in, followed by Raton, who peered inquisitively at Billings from between the necks of bottles on a tray he carried. He set the tray down, sidled out.

Ice clinked in tall glasses. Hal the jovial host presided over the tray.

"A wee nippie, old girl?"

"No, thank you. Hal, I was just saying to Mr. Billings that you'd be the very person to manage ——"

"Look out! Sorry!" Hal tipped over a bottle, caught it in time.

He'd tipped that bottle on purpose. His voice boomed on and on, filling the room. Very amusing, no doubt, those old stories of his. Billings laughed. The smell of whisky and cigar smoke coarsened the air.

For some reason Hal didn't want her to interfere. You never knew with Hal what he wanted. But this time she wouldn't stand any nonsense. Suddenly she hated their voices, hated their faces, hated the way they lounged around smoking and drinking.

"Nita, wake up, old thing." Hal stood ruddily over her. "Billings suggests that we make a night of it. Stop at his hotel for Mrs. B. We'll dine at the Eléphant Rouge."

"I'm a little tired." She meant him to see that she wasn't pleased.

"Come on, Mrs. Welsh," Billings urged.

She hated to be called Mrs. Welsh. "Really, I ——"

"Be a sport, Nita." They stood on each side of her, tall men, red and white.

She wasn't going to be left alone all evening. "Oh, all right. I'll have to dress, though."

"Good girl." Hal, very expansive, patted her on the back. "Like to see the house, Billings, while we're waiting for Nita?"

She'd wear her sequin gown. Didn't matter if the men weren't in dress clothes. Mrs. Billings would look dowdy of course. All the better.

IV

WAS there ever such a nuisance! In the sequin gown and a large black hat which shadowed the gold of her hair and brought out evening lights in her eyes, she had deliberately keyed herself up to the occasion. In spite of Hal's irresponsible behavior she meant that very night to coax Billings into promising that he would open a Paris branch for his biscuits.

Now here she was, waiting for Mrs. Billings in the drearily rich atmosphere of the Billingses' private salon, from whose windows she could gaze, for distraction, on the handsome proportions of the Place Vendôme. The two men had gone on, as they said, to order dinner. They had gone on, in reality, to escape waiting for anyone who was not in their festive mood. Mrs. Billings hadn't liked being fetched to make a night of it. Billings hadn't liked her not liking it, and had told her so in the curt tones of a man accustomed to command.

Anita couldn't help, in her own invested brightness, serving as a contrast to the bleached manner of Billings' wife. Hardly tactful of him, though, to point out Mrs. Brassington-Welsh as an example of liveliness to be followed. She wasn't so sure that Mrs. Billings couldn't have answered back, precipitating the domestic crisis that had hung for a moment, unexploded, in the air. But Mrs. Billings had only looked at her husband with those quiet brown eyes of hers, and said she would go.

She had been dressing now for over half an hour. Heavens, what chances that woman wasted! All those clothes and nothing fit to wear; all those jewels and she never wore them.

Wonder what she could be doing in there! No harm in tiptoeing to the door and listening. There came a faint sound that she recognized. She knocked gently, opened the door.

Mrs. Billings lay on the bed, face downwards, a limp slender figure in a plain corset cover and starched petticoat. There were clothes on the floor, clothes on chairs; the contents of boxes and closets littered about; a jewel case open on the dressing table. Mrs. Billings was crying. Strange to see another woman cry. Should she tiptoe away again? Billings' fault, this. Brutes men were.

Mrs. Billings lifted her head. She must hate to be seen like this.

"I have a headache. I don't think I can ——" She flopped back on the bed.

Of course it wasn't any of her business. The evening would be more successful from every point of view without Mrs. Billings. But it would be rather beastly to leave now. There had been nights, she remembered, when, lying beside Hal in the stale darkness of hotels, she had cried just as Mrs. Billings was crying. And she had something to cry about too.

"Don't you think it might do you good?" she said a little formally.

Mrs. Billings tried a moment for control. "I can't—oh, I can't!"

Very well then, she couldn't. You couldn't force her to go.

"Can I get you anything? Perhaps a headache powder."

"It isn't the headache. I'm ashamed of myself for acting this way. Mrs. Welsh, if I could only make you understand. I'm not the kind of woman to break down over trifles."

She got up from the bed with a resolute movement, smoothing back loose strands of hair.

After all, women had a rotten hard time of it in this world.

"Look here, Mrs. Billings, I shouldn't let anything that my husband said ——"

"It isn't his fault, it's mine." Mrs. Billings faced her, suddenly animated. "For years he's worked with an idea of coming over here for a real holiday. I never wanted to come. You're an American, aren't you, Mrs. Welsh? Perhaps you know, then, what it is to feel homesick."

Yes, she knew. But Mrs. Billings could go home sooner or later, and find her house, her friends, her charities; whereas she—well, that was another story.

"I don't want to be selfish," Mrs. Billings continued with a sigh. "But when I think that Mr. Billings wants to spend a year over here it's almost more than I can bear. It seems to me such a waste when you have a home of your own and responsibilities, don't you think so, Mrs. Welsh? I tell my husband that, and he says I spoil everything for him."

It was strange being here alone with Mrs. Billings and hearing her talk like that. Wonder if there was any decent powder on the dressing table.

"A year passes quickly." That was trite enough consolation.

"Did you know, Mrs. Welsh, that I was Mr. Billings' secretary before we married?" Mrs. Billings stood very intense in her ribbonless corset cover and crumpled white petticoat. "Yes, for six years. It was absorbing work. Mr. Billings is an absorbing man. He depended on me then. And he expects the same efficiency from me in this kind of life as I could give him in our business relations. But you see, I can't. I haven't the training."

It needed, indeed, quite a lot of training to keep up with Billings.

"Why do you let him absorb you?" She sounded a little impatient.

Eight o'clock, and those men waiting at the Eléphant Rouge. She was hungry. Billings would be furious.

"I don't know whether you can understand, Mrs. Welsh. You're so sure of yourself socially, so gay and brilliant. My husband thinks you're the cleverest woman he ever met."

She could smile at that. A glance in the mirror showed her a large black hat under which the smile gleamed like a red stitch. If she were clever she would be attending to her dinner and business at the Eléphant Rouge this moment.

Mrs. Billings moved nervously to and fro, came toward her to clasp her hand.

"I feel I need a friend. I—— Oh, Mrs. Welsh, what shall I do? I haven't told you everything. He leaves me alone so much of the time. I just sit here and wonder where he is, and when he comes back he's irritable and critical. I don't know what to do."

"Suppose you dress." She was beginning to like Mrs. Billings.

"I look a fright in everything I put on."

"You have no right to look a fright." Do her good to shake her up a bit. "If you want to please your husband ——"

"I see that." Mrs. Billings was crying softly again. "It's this life here. He never used to care for such things."

"Don't you believe it. They always do when they get a chance. You're a very lucky woman, Mrs. Billings. You don't

(Continued on Page 127)

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(Continued from Page 124)

know how lucky. Why, if I ——" Stop right there. This friendship game led into deep waters.

Mrs. Billings was staring at her with a sympathetic expression. "Aren't you happy? Why, I thought—oh, I don't mean ——"

Throw your head back, Nita. Laugh. "I? I'm ridiculously happy. But really we must hurry. Will you let me advise you about your get-up to-night? I think I can suggest a few things ——"

What a fool she was! Educating this young woman who, if smartly dressed, would most certainly discover and use her fresh attractions on an evening when she, Nita, needed to charm alone.

Mrs. Billings flushed a becoming rose color. "You're wonderful."

It was something to be wonderful! She went briskly to the clothes closets. Heavens, where had the woman found all these hideous expensive gowns! Two closets packed full, not to mention the stuff littered around the room. How could you choose out of all these things!

"May I see that one—the red velvet?"

"Oh, that!" Mrs. Billings raised her quite lovely arms to reach the dress. "I've never worn it. Isn't it a little too conspicuous?"

"It won't hurt you to be conspicuous." Might as well go the whole way, now she'd started. "Where are the scissors?" Clip—snip—pull off a silly gold tassel, a large red flower at the waist. "Can I have that black jet ornament I see on that blue dress over there? And if I can have a needle and thread ——"

Mrs. Billings hovered over her, flushed, excited. "Shan't I ring for my maid? I hate you to bother."

No bother at all. If Mrs. Billings only knew what familiar work it was—ripping, adjusting, fixing over. Well, she never thought that she'd be doing anything like this for another woman. She stood up, flecked away loose threads that clung to the sequins.

"Now, then, sit down and I'll do your hair."

"How can I ever thank you?"

Fine spun brown hair that slipped like water through one's fingers. Have it waved to-morrow. For to-night draw it back from that low, rather good brow, slink it over the ears, snuggle it tight in the back. Her fingers moved swiftly. A large tortoise-shell comb—the very thing! Now powder, rouge for the lips.

"Do you think my husband will like me to make up this way?"

"Rather nice women rouge their lips, you know."

"Oh, I didn't mean ——"

She might be a splendid secretary, but as a woman of fashion she was in her infancy. Here, now, the dress. It draped itself around the slim figure. Jewels. What jewels that woman had!

"My pearls are in the safe downstairs."

Oh, she was beginning to be interested, was she? "Never mind. These will do." Should say they would do! Fascinating long sapphire earrings, a sapphire brooch, sapphire rings.

"There you are."

A long mirror gave back a tall young woman in supple red velvet; red lips parted, silky brown hair folded in a casque around a small head. The young woman smiled.

The telephone. Mrs. Billings, before the mirror, paid no attention to it. Of course it was Hal.

"That you, Nita? What the devil is the matter? Why don't you and Mrs. B. come along?"

"We're coming, Hal." There, now, in her hurry she tore her sleeve. No time to mend anything either. She saw herself in the mirror next to Mrs. Billings. Perhaps if she tilted her hat a bit it would be smarter. Large hats, after all, made one dumpy. Not when you were sitting at table, though.

"Shall I wear a hat?" Mrs. Billings was pulling out more boxes.

"No, go as you are." She felt tired and hungry. Perhaps she had better take a stitch in that sleeve. Quick then.

"This sealskin is all right, isn't it?" Mrs. Billings held up a magnificent fur.

"All right? Oh, yes. Rather." There were limits to what one woman could be expected to do for another.

"I never can tell you how grateful I am. You look tired, Mrs. Welsh. It's my fault, keeping you from your dinner."

"Tired? I'm never tired."

She leaned back in the limousine that carried them smoothly through street after street, all lighted and gay. Shops, cafés, people moving briskly. She wished she were going home to bed.

The Eléphant Rouge. Hal's and Billings' expressions when they saw Mrs. Billings, who, a little self-conscious, made her way to the table where the two men stood.

No chance of getting anything out of Billings this night. He sat there, his face turned toward his wife like a powerful limelight in which she glowed with increasing animation. Hal, in a magnificent mood, rumbled out compliments. He had never seen Mrs. Billings look so well. That gown she had on was simply ripping.

"Nita, my dear, we'll have to get you something like it. Red's the color—eh, Billings? I always tell Nita ——"

"While you're about it you can buy me sapphires and a sealskin coat," she said sweetly. That held him quiet. Oh, well, better enjoy herself. Billings was paying this time for the dinner. Another glass of Pommery? Yes, thank you. The *poulet en cocotte* was delicious. Her lips curled, uncurled, curled again.

A little over a week ago she and Hal had been sitting at the small table opposite, where now sat a fleshy old satyr gobbling his food. He thought she was staring at him, and leered with piggish eyes. A painted young woman, in black velvet with huge pearls in her ears, and a pale young man sat sipping liqueurs at the table the Putnams had had that eventful night. Same background; same red elephant balloons floating in the thickening air; same excited faces, bored faces, hands holding glasses, cups, cigarettes. A fox-trot; couples seesawing.

Strange how life went. If Hal hadn't picked up Putnam that night, where would they be now? Back in the soiled pink room of the little hotel. Where would they be to-morrow? If Billings didn't ——

Mrs. Billings smiled tenderly at her. Not a bad sort, Mrs. Billings, after all.

Hal was bragging. She knew that tone. Better look after him. His loosened tongue wagged like a bell. "Remember when we were here last, Nita? The Putnams ——"

"The Putnams!" from Mr. and Mrs. Billings. "The Gerald Putnams?"

Oh, if she could only reach Hal's foot! Make him look at her. What did he have to go and drag in the Putnams for! Change the subject quickly.

"Hal, dear, do you remember the last time we heard that Blues they're playing? Makes me want to dance. Is there anything more fascinating than these new jazz tunes?" Fingers on the table, tapping the rhythm. Mrs. Brassington-Welsh, suddenly very gay; green eyes greener, light brows lifted.

"Eh? The Blues? Yes—oh, yes!" Hal looked as if she had waked him up in the middle of the night.

"Putnam used to be in the canning business," Billings pursued. "Great friend of ours, wasn't he, Mary? Someone told us he was in Paris. I'd like to see him again."

Hal had to blunder on. "Gone to India after big game. Nice chap. Don't care much for his wife."

"I wish we could have seen him," Mrs. Billings said in a lively voice. She kept tasting the red on her lips like a child eating candy. "He used to come into the office all the time. He and I got on famously. You never knew, Bert, but he tried to get me away from you when his secretary left him to marry."

That was what half a glass of champagne did to her! Billings didn't like it. You could see he was annoyed, the way he thrust out that jaw of his.

Hal grew fussy, purplish about the cheeks; accepted a cigar, lit it, and on an artificial gust of good cheer launched on one of his oldest stories.

Coffee. Liqueurs. A drop of cognac would do her good. No use to worry. But if Billings ever heard now that the house belonged to Putnam he would think it queer.

She didn't like it; didn't like it one little bit. She felt as if someone had slid a small chunk of ice down her back.

They were going on to a musical revue, then to supper. Mrs. Billings nestled up to her in the motor.

"Oh, I'm having such a good time, and it's all your doing, Mrs. Welsh. Will you come shopping with me to-morrow? You'll tell me what to get, won't you?"

Yes, she would go shopping. Yes, it was fun, wasn't it? She adored these parties. No, Hal didn't dance. His game leg, you know.

Would the evening never end? It was positively indecent the way Billings flirted with his wife. Wish the Putnam name hadn't come up. You never knew what might happen. What a rotten evening!

v

THE Billingses were coming to dinner. Hal never should have invited them to the house, with the Ratons in such a poisonous temper and everything going wrong.

It was all very well to have brought Billings and his wife together. You couldn't wedge them apart since he had seen his wife in that red velvet gown. The money he spent on her, and the money she let him spend! Shopping every day. Gowns, lingerie, hats. And the coiffeurs, manicures, masseuses, swarming about. You wouldn't know Mrs. Billings. But you could see how, when once she made up her mind to a thing, she could carry it through. Yes, she was certainly efficient, and really quite a decent sort. No end grateful too. Insisted on giving dear Nita—it was Nita now—a few rather lovely presents. With the background of the house and all, accepting these things didn't imply humiliation. That lace morning cap, for instance, matched the lace and rosebuds in the bedroom, and the fur-lined slippers went with her quilted blue wrapper. Of course the black lace teagown from Lucille's and the hat from Madeleine Viannet were a bit too much. But it wasn't as if she were taking commissions from dressmakers and modistes for showing Mrs. Billings around. She might have just as well. She didn't.

Hal had been in a vile temper all week, stalking about with that mottled bloodshot look he got when he was worried. She couldn't help it if he were worried. It was his own fault. She told him so. He hadn't written Putnam. At least he wouldn't say he had, and he wouldn't confess he hadn't. And, as for being director of any Paris branch, it was another of those beautiful dreams of his. Probably Billings had said, "Some day I may open a Paris branch. Think Billings Biscuits would go here, major?" And Hal had seen it all done. If he would only leave it to her, she might, through Mrs. Billings, work something out. No hope of reaching Billings direct any more.

Meanwhile the Ratons had drained Hal dry. She knew, because while he was taking his bath she had examined the contents of his wallet. Lean as a fasting priest, it was. And only yesterday he had had a beastly scene with Raton, ending very unwisely in Hal's calling Raton a blinking, bloodsucking rat. Which was true enough, but hardly helpful. Nor was it pleasant for her when Hal, after cursing Raton in French and English with a little Arabic thrown in, had stayed out with Billings the entire day, coming back to announce this dinner for the following evening, in so cheerful a mood that she had felt more worried than ever. What made him so suddenly cheerful? He seemed to think it a huge joke when she told him that she had seen Raton sneaking out of the corner post office late yesterday afternoon. What was he doing there, she would like to know.

"Don't you bother your head, old girl," Hal had said.

But she was bothering. Here was the dinner. Hal had hired a man to wait on the table; had ordered flowers, wine, heaven knew what. Madame Raton's caterpillar smile crawled over the preparations, spoiling the roses in their vases, the damask table cover, the crystal and silver which Hal had somehow wheedled out of the closets. Just showing that the Ratons must have had the keys all the time. She distrusted their eagerness to please. She distrusted Raton's smile, which was like butter smeared over a very sharp knife.

Well, she looked her best that evening, slowly sweeping down the stairs in the black lace teagown, her hair waved and coiled high in the new fashion Mrs. Billings' coiffeur had taught her. Hal came down, brushed and scrubbed, smelling of eau de cologne. He did know how to wear evening clothes.

The bell. Ridiculous to feel so nervous.

Mrs. Billings' manner seemed a little strained. Wonder what was the matter with her. Billings and Hal whispered in a

(Continued on Page 129)

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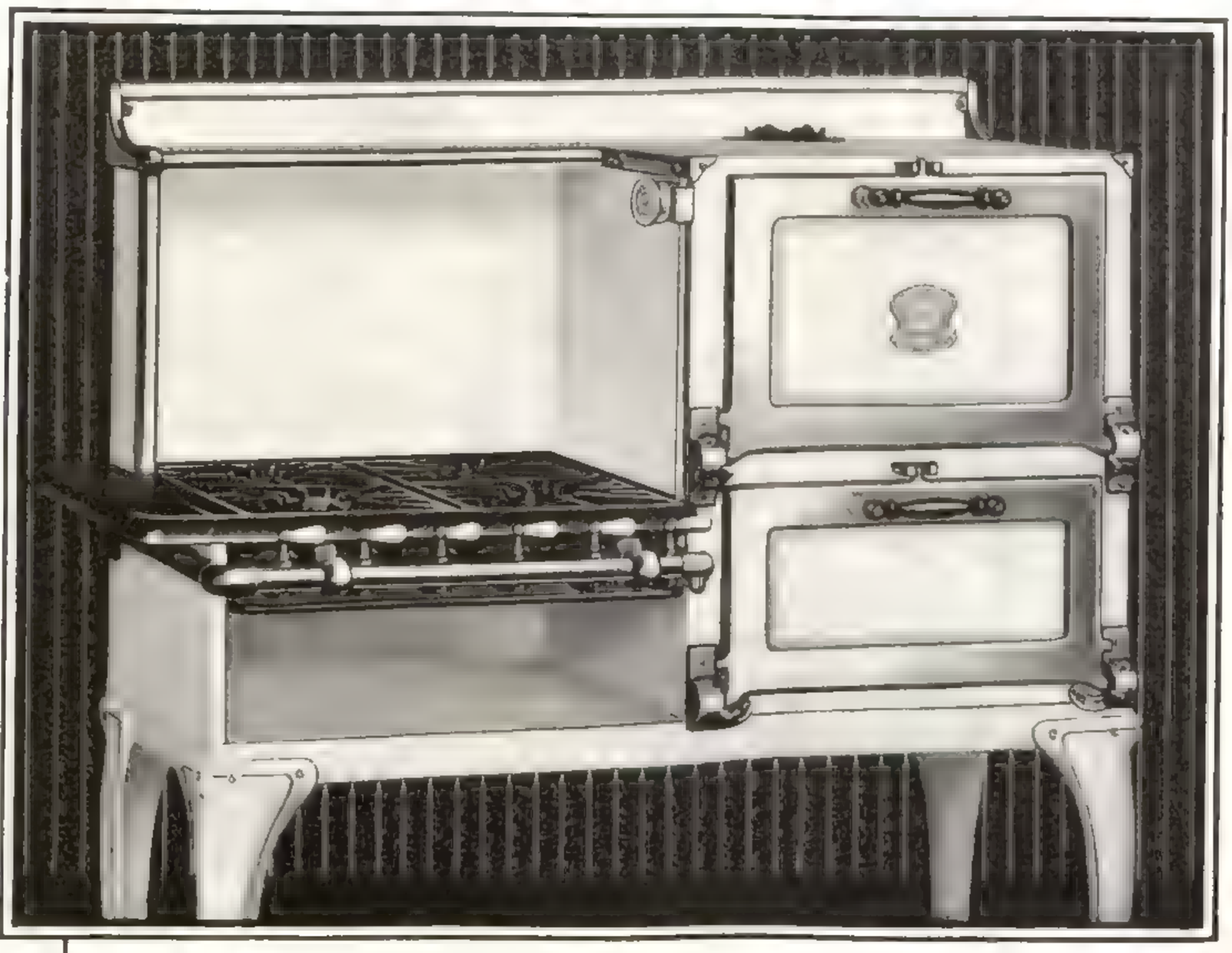

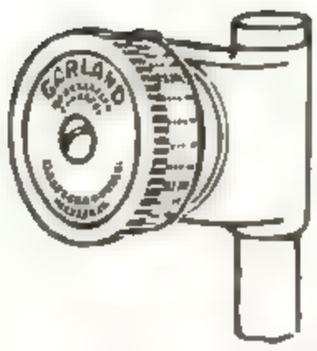

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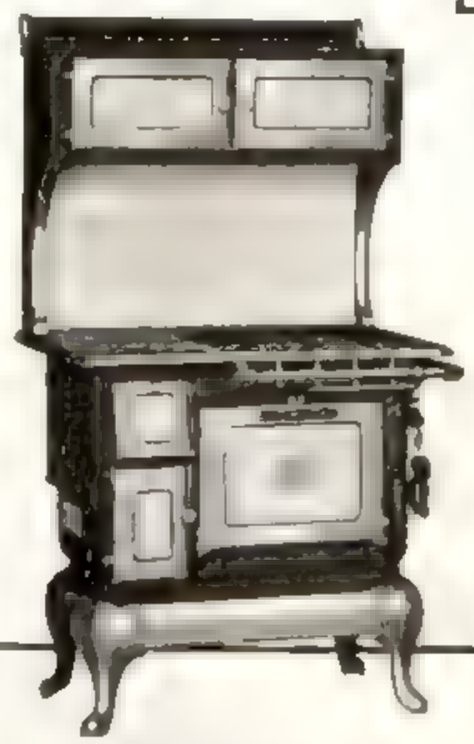

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(Continued from Page 127)

corner. It was a relief when dinner was announced. If she had money, how she would love to entertain always this way. Sitting here in black lace, presiding over polished silver and napery; smiling at Billings, smiling at Hal, who sat solid and jovial opposite; smiling at Mrs. Billings, who made an effort to be gay.

As they rose from table to saunter across the hall to the salon Mrs. Billings clasped her arm and whispered, "I don't know what I shall do without you."

"Without me? Are you going away?" She was so startled that she raised her voice. She didn't want Mrs. Billings to go away.

"It's a shame. I really think you should be ——" Mrs. Billings began.

Billings came up with the genial air of a man who has dined well. "Mary, dear, the major wants to show you those miniatures he was telling you about."

Mrs. Billings hesitated a moment, but Hal called to her from the salon. She went.

Billings glanced down, smiling, his eyes half closed. Even the pearls in his glossy shirt looked dreamy, contented. "You certainly gave us one great little dinner," he said.

"Are you going away?"

She asked it abruptly, and let her eyes shine full and green at him under the hanging alabaster lamp of the hall.

He seemed hugely amused, laughed. "I guess not."

"Then what did Mary mean?"

The butler came heavily out with coffee and liqueurs. Hal came out with a box of cigars. Billings turned briskly as if relieved at the interruption.

Run upstairs a moment. Her nose felt shiny, her nerves were on edge. How quiet her room was! Turn on the light. She would like to stay here away from them all. Now what had Mary Billings meant? Either they were going away or Hal hadn't told her.

A knock on the door. It was Raton. He sidled in, peering about, his mean little face twisted with malice.

"Is monsieur here?"

You only had to look at him. He'd been drinking. He knew perfectly well that Hal was downstairs.

"Monsieur is not here." Her tone dismissed him.

But he nosed farther into the room, shifty and sly.

"The maitre d'hotel wants his money before he goes. It's three hundred francs."

Three hundred francs!

"It's impossible!" she said sharply; caught herself up. Better be careful; avoid a scene.

He straddled in front of her, his thin little legs like hairpins, his beady eyes adding up.

"Three hundred francs," he repeated, and edged closer, his voice all oily and smooth; "*vaut mieux être raisonnable, ma petite dame. On peut toujours s'arranger.*"

Better give him the money. She didn't have it.

"You will have to speak to my husband." She turned away; didn't want to look at him.

He whirred behind her like an angry insect. "Ah, *c'est comme ça!* But it shall not pass like this. I know what I know."

If only the blood didn't rush so to her cheeks! She tried to answer quietly: "You know nothing. I shall tell my husband of this, and to-morrow ——"

"To-morrow!" He fairly danced in front of her, his voice thin and shrill, rising. "And I who have risked losing my place. To-morrow it will be too late. I have ——" He stopped abruptly.

The creature had played them some rotten trick. Yesterday—the post office. Oh, she had warned Hal! And now perhaps it was too late. She must find out.

"Monsieur Raton, calm yourself. If we owe you any ——"

Off he went again, higher, shriller. "My wife was right. You have not even three hundred francs. *Voulez-vous que je vous dise, madame? Eh, bien.*" He thrust his mean little face close to hers. "You are nothing, in spite of your fine trunks and your airs. You do not belong here. You are no ——"

"May I come in, Nita?"

Mrs. Billings stood there in the door, looking at Raton as if he were a spot at her feet. It took a tall woman in a gold dress and pearls to look that way.

Raton fidgeted, muttered, and sneaked toward the door.

Had she better explain? No, never explain. But how much had Mary Billings heard? She must say something.

"All French servants are alike. They think they can rob you. They ——"

"He was drunk, wasn't he?" Mary Billings moved quietly to the dressing table.

There you were now! Suppose she had started explaining, getting all mixed up when it was so simple. Of course he was drunk. But she wished her fingers wouldn't tremble as she opened the dressing-table drawer, got out fresh cotton for her friend, took off the crystal lid of the powder box. Dear me, this would never do. Her face showed blotchy under the powder. Little lines set her eyes in quotation marks, and her lips sagged at the corners. Mary Billings, over her shoulder, was reflected, smooth and young. Not so young either. Possibly thirty. But when a woman has nothing to worry her

Embarrassing, this silence. Mary Billings broke it suddenly: "Nita, do you know that your husband has been called to London within a few days on a very important business matter, and that he expects you to spend the winter there with him?"

She found nothing to say. Nothing. Must have looked like an imbecile, staring.

"Well, I think you should know." Mrs. Billings came nearer, put a hand on her arm. "He asked us not to tell you, but I think it's all wrong the way men treat women—not telling them anything. He wanted to spare you, he said, until the last moment. But he knew yesterday and he came right to Bert about it. We were only too glad, of course, to take the house off his hands."

"Take this house? You're taking this house?"

Why, they couldn't take this house! Hal had no right to ——

"Yes, we're subletting it for the winter. Nita, you don't mind? If there's anything I can do I wish you'd tell me."

"No, there's nothing." Her voice was strained.

It was inconceivable that Hal should do this thing. He must have thought it up since yesterday, that business in London and all. How could he, how could he!

"I'm glad it's all right."

But Mrs. Billings as she moved toward the door didn't sound as if it were all right.

Call her back. No use. What could you tell her? Better let her and Billings get away, and then have it out with Hal. Oh, yes, she would have it out with Hal.

They had reached the head of the stairs. What was Raton doing there in the hall? The doors of the salon were closed. Wasn't that a taxi outside? Yes, it stopped, and Raton slid forward toward the vestibule.

"Wait a moment, Mary, please."

They were still on the top steps. Mary Billings turned.

A key scraping in the front door. She could see the hall, the vestibule. The front door opened.

Then Mary Billings, light on her feet, flew down.

"Mr. Putnam! Wherever did you ——"

Well, now they were in for it. Raton had telegraphed, of course. What could she do? Go upstairs? Hide? Go downstairs? Her knees would give way if she moved. She must get to Hal, must warn Hal. Creep a step down. She heard Putnam's voice, unfamiliar:

"Mary Billings! Where on earth? I thought ——"

Slip down the last steps. If only they didn't see her! Putnam stood, slender and blond in his dark traveling suit. That little beast of a Raton hovering in the background touched his arm. He looked up, recognized her.

The salon door opened noisily. Hal blew full tilt into the hall, a large cigar in his mouth.

There was nothing she could do now, nothing.

You really had to admire Hal. For a second he stood clamped to the floor. Then he braced himself with an upward heave of his shoulders and bore down, a bit too red and hearty.

"By Jove, if it isn't Putnam! Well, well, old chap, this is a surprise! Sent you a telegram yesterday. Just come in here a moment and I'll explain."

He took the blond young man by the elbow and tried to tow him into the dining room.

You could see that Putnam didn't know quite what to do. And then Billings

"And they said it wasn't good enough!"

A salesman and an advertising man met in a Hartford hotel.

"I went down to Glastonbury this afternoon," said the salesman, "to show the J. B. Williams Company a sample of a certain oil that they use in their shaving soap. It was the best I carried. Very high grade. *Practically edible. And they said it wasn't good enough!* What do you know about that?"

"I know a lot," said the advertising man. "I know how finicky they are about the stuff they put into their soap. Good enough to eat. That's their motto."

"Not good enough" unless it's the best that can be gotten, whether it forms a large or a small part of the soap. That's the way Williams' Shaving Soap is made. That's the way it has been made for almost a century—only of the purest ingredients always.

Softens your beard? It does. It softens your beard quickly and thoroughly to the last hair; it stands up richly and thickly; it holds its moisture until the shave is done. But that's only part of it.

It livens your skin—makes it soft and flexible—leaves no drawn or leathery "feel"—prepares it to yield smoothly, gently, evenly, as the razor passes. There is no complexion soap like it for its perfect effect upon the skin.

If you are not one of the millions who already know Williams' Shaving Cream, try a few shaves with a

¼ Actual Size

FREE SAMPLE TUBE

Just say "Shaving Cream" on a postal card. Or use the coupon. We will send you at once a sample tube of cream that will tell its own story.

Williams'

Shaving Cream

TRIAL SIZE FREE

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY,
Dept. 64, Glastonbury, Conn.

Send me, free, a trial size tube of shaving cream.

Name ——

Address ——

A Quality Battery

IN building Westinghouse Batteries the dominant objective is to give you the most efficient and dependable performance it is possible to get out of an automobile battery. Westinghouse quality is evident, not merely in the superiority of some one feature, but in the excellence of the entire assembly. From grid to special shock-absorbing U-shaped gasket every detail must justify your faith in the name *WESTINGHOUSE.*

One quality of battery—the best Westinghouse can build. "Oversize" construction. Reasonably priced. Factory guarantee fulfilled through any Westinghouse Service Station regardless of place of purchase

WESTINGHOUSE UNION BATTERY CO., Swissvale, Pa.

WESTINGHOUSE BATTERIES

Tom Wye

KNIT JACKET

"It's a Tom Wye"

There's a well-groomed lookabout a Tom Wye Knit Jacket that makes you want one.

It is well shaped and keeps its shape. Shoulder seam is reinforced to prevent sagging.

Buttonholes are strong, and pockets always hug closely.

Scotch heather or plain colors. At men's wear or sporting goods stores.

Look for the Tom Wye Label

TOM WYE, Incorporated
Winchendon, Mass.

appeared, hurried forward, exclaiming: almost shook Putnam's hand off. If Hal would only keep quiet! Any moment now Putnam might say something that would bring it all out, or Billings might.

But Hal had to go on talking about telegrams and letters. He talked louder than anyone until finally Putnam moved toward the dining room, with Hal prancing after him, inviting him to have a drink in his own house. Raton wanted to follow, didn't dare. It was worth while just to see his face as he sneaked away.

"Excuse us a moment, Bert," Putnam said.

She didn't like the sudden businesslike clip to his voice. He wasn't going to let Hal off. Oh, she must do something. Mary Billings—she could help. She was the only one.

"Mary, I must speak to you alone for a moment."

She really was splendid, the way she took her husband by the arm and led him into the salon. "Bert, dear, wait for us, will you?"

"But what the devil? What's going on?" Not easy to handle Billings.

The door closed on him, and Mary came back. Tell her the truth—or nearly the truth.

"Putnam didn't know we were here, Mary. Hal meant to write him. He didn't mean when he sublet the house to you—Putnam wanted to rent his house, you see. And Hal—I never knew until to-night that he—I thought we could pay."

"Let me understand. Putnam didn't know you were in his house?"

"No, he didn't. Hal thought your husband would give him a job if we had a decent background. And then we could have paid. But now he ——" The words were twisted and bitter. It wasn't so easy to explain. Through the dining-room door Hal's voice grew louder and louder, explaining.

"You poor dear!" Mary Billings' arms went around her. "I thought there was something wrong, upstairs. But I couldn't understand."

She didn't want to be pitied; mustn't cry.

"Hal really doesn't mean to ——" Everything she said made it worse.

Mary Billings spoke quickly: "I'm afraid Bert will be very angry. I'll try and manage him and Mr. Putnam. Go up and pack what you can. I'll send your husband to you. I'm afraid you'll have to get him out quietly. Good-by, Nita. I'm sorry."

She had lost her friend. Women like Mrs. Billings might pity, but they never could understand. Well, it couldn't be helped. Hurry up the stairs.

"Nita," Mary Billings called from below, "Bert lent your husband a little something yesterday. Keep it from me."

Oh, dear, Hal had borrowed again. No time to think of it now. Where was the valise? In the closet. Drag it out; pack what she could. Why didn't Hal come? Mary Billings' eyes—how sorry they had looked! And then she had turned away.

A cautious noise outside. Hal stepped into the room.

"Why did you mix the Billings woman up in this?" he said testily. "I could have fixed everything all right."

He couldn't have fixed anything. He had got the worst of it, she could see. The little veins were all swollen in his face. He paced the room, cursing Putnam, cursing Raton.

Couldn't get much in the valise. Her suit, Hal's suit, handkerchiefs, a shirt. She couldn't find anything. She ran to and fro, fumbling in closets and drawers.

"Nita, old girl, I'm damn sorry. It's rotten for you." Hal put his big hands on her shoulders. She saw his face, flushed, his poor old sorry face. "I swear I meant to ——"

Yes, he meant to. No time now, though There were tears in her eyes. One more look at the room, at the chaise longue, the little rosewood desk, the soft lace-covered bed. Never to sleep there any more.

"Nita, I'm sorry. If that damn little Raton hadn't ——"

"Hurry, Hal."

The Brassington-Welshes tiptoeing down the stairs, Hal carrying a shiny big valise. From the salon came voices, Mary Billings talking in a crisp voice like a machine ticking.

"You shall not, Bert. Mr. Putnam, you must listen to me. I promised her ——"

The dining-room door opened. Raton pattered forward, Madame Raton behind.

Hal started back. "I'll wring his neck for him!"

She got him by his coat, pulled him along. "Hal, for my sake!"

A noise sounded in the salon as of someone getting up, pushing a chair. The front door at last. She opened it. It shut heavily behind them.

It was cold. Hal stalked ahead muttering, a shoulder sagging under the weight of the valise. She trotted along, her short legs trying to keep up the pace. The lights in the long slim windows were like warm fires she was leaving. She looked back once.

Hal stopped to hail a taxi, helped her in. "Grand Hotel," he said to the chauffeur.

"Hal, we can't afford ——"

In the dusk of the cab she felt him settle beside her. He fumbled in his pocket and suddenly he began to chuckle.

"Feel that."

It was his wallet, bulging with bills.

"Hal, what ——"

He took it away from her.

"Twenty thousand francs, old dear. Not bad—what?" Under the slanting rays of a street lamp she saw him expanded, smiling. "You can call it my commission," he said "Billings gave it to me yesterday. Meant to tell you. It's a month's rent, and I've earned it."

That was what Mary Billings had meant by a little loan. Twenty thousand francs! The price of a friend. Wasn't it funny, stealing out in the night with twenty thousand? She threw back her head and laughed. The laughter had little hooks on it. The little hooks caught in her throat, tore.

"Nita!" Hal gripped her arm.

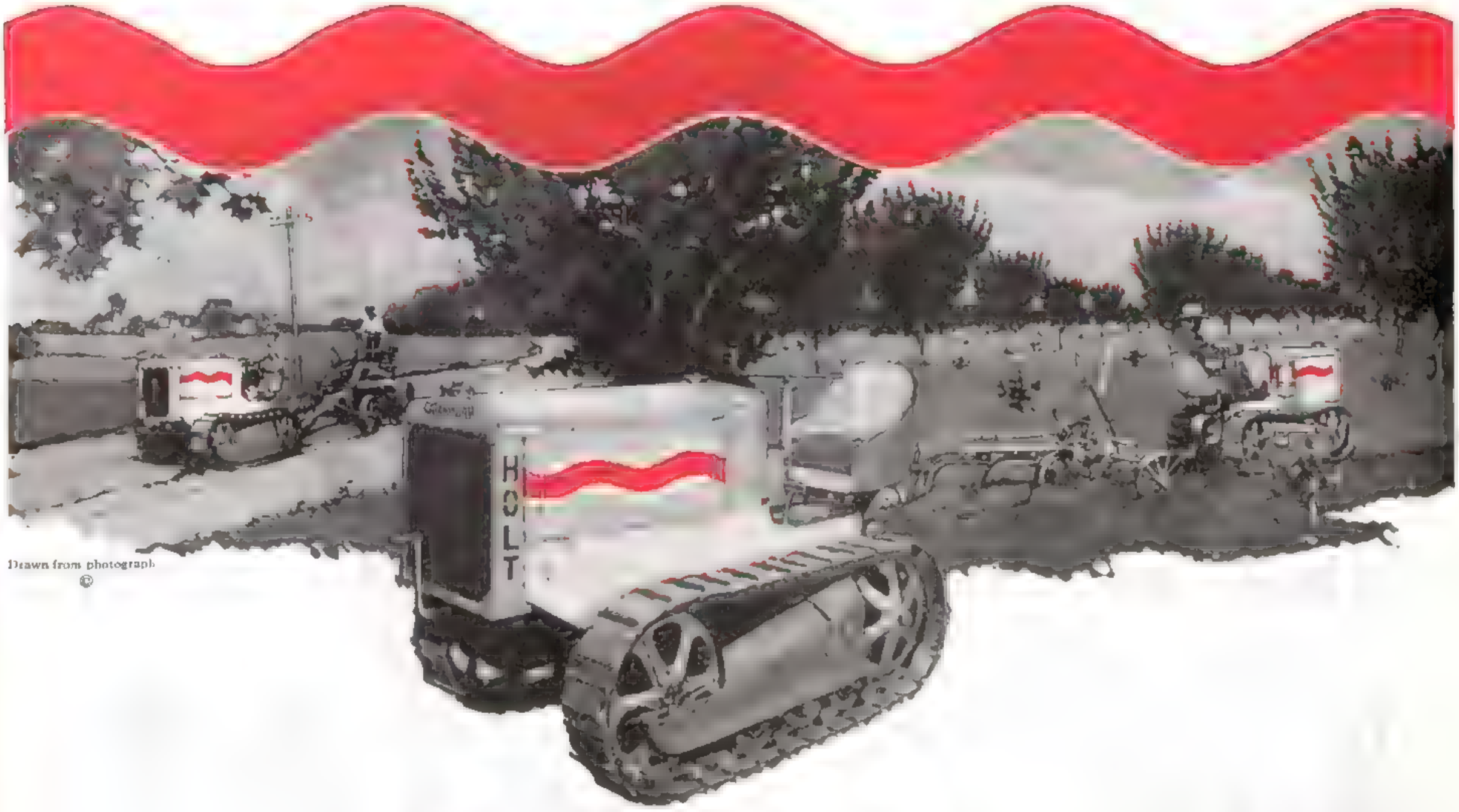
But she had to go on laughing. Oh, dear—oh, dear—how funny! The beautiful black trunks left behind, and her sequin gown, and—yes, she had forgotten the toothbrushes. The Ratons' faces. Twenty thousand francs for dressing Mary Billings up in a red velvet gown.

"Nita!"

It hurt to laugh like this. Lights flowed together, broke into loose dancing shapes. The taxi drew up in front of the hotel.

And her laughter left her.

Lake McDonald, Glacier National Park, Montana



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For the Lighter Jobs

The "Caterpillar's" field of usefulness is by no means limited to the lighter jobs. There is a "Caterpillar"* of size and capacity for every power need. On farm or ranch, in the mining, oil and lumber industries, for snow removal and other civic work—wherever power and endurance are at a premium, the "Caterpillar"* has no real competitor*

In the "Caterpillar"* T-35, Holt brings to industry and to agriculture a small compact tractor embodying the same dependable qualities found in the larger "Caterpillars."* Simple in design, economical in operation, light in weight, yet with enduring strength and generous power, it clearly reflects the years of Holt experience in every field of tractor service.

The T-35 fits in with the road making and road maintenance programs of every city, town, county, and township. Its range of speeds, short-turning, and ability to operate in any weather or soil, gives it definite and pronounced advantages over teams or other methods of road-dragging and patrol maintenance, in pulling graders, levelers, scrapers, and other road tools. For quickly and economically handling the lighter jobs, road contractors, engineers, and industrial users find the T-35 invaluable.

For the farmer, the T-35 fills the need for a long-lived easily operated engine, able under all conditions, to plow, seed, and harvest, do hauling and belt work at a lower cost than can be done by any other method. In orchard and vineyard for subsoiling, discing and cultivating, operating in close quarters, the usefulness of the T-35 is practically unlimited.

Our motion picture, "The Nation's Road-Maker," shows "Caterpillars"* in actual operation, and we will gladly arrange an exhibition at your convenience. Write for a copy of catalog describing the T-35, or a copy of our booklet, "Caterpillar Performance."

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PEORIA, ILL.
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PEORIA, ILL. STOCKTON, CALIF.

Export Division: 50 Church St., New York

Branches and service stations all over the world

PLUMB
PLUMB
PLUMB
ANCHOR
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PLUMB
DOUBLE LIFE
The Plumb Ball Pein Hammer
designed by mechanics for mechanics. Eye placed off center, weight balanced in the striking face to give force and accuracy to the blow. Longer eye for greater leverage and strength. Cone shaped ball—to spread rivets, not mash them. Comfort grip handle. The favorite of good mechanics everywhere.
Machinists' Ball Pein (1½ lb.) $1.20
Automobilists' Ball Pein $1.00
(Except in Far West and Canada)

"Here's the hatchet you want to buy"

"IT'S a Plumb—the kind the mechanics buy," says the hardware man. "It's drop forged from one solid bar of Plumb special analysis tool steel, hardened, toughened and tempered to give it 'Double Life.' It will take care of your odd jobs for years—until you lend or lose it.

"Don't run chances with an ordinary hatchet that may break just when you need it most."

The Plumb Hatchet holds its edge. The bit is tapered for fast cutting; the full striking face makes nail driving easy.

Try the "hang" and "feel." You automatically grip the hand-comfort handle at the point of greatest power. You find the weight where you want it—the perfect balance saves your strength. The mahoganized, springy, air-dried hickory handle is pleasant to the touch and pleasing to the eye. It stays clean. The black, hand-forged finish protects the head from rust.

Your hardware merchant wants you to have good tools. Take his advice: let your new hatchet be a Plumb. Carpenters insist "They're worth more."

Price $1.60 (except in Far West and in Canada)

FAYETTE R. PLUMB, Inc., Philadelphia, U.S.A.

Factories, Philadelphia and St. Louis Established 1856

Foreign Branches and Representatives:

Sydney Wellington Melbourne Brisbane Manila Johannesburg
Sao Paulo Montevideo Santiago Buenos Aires

THE AVERAGE WOMAN

(Continued from Page 11)

and leaning her head back, laughed. The long blue eyes narrowed into slits of gleaming blue, with radiating spokes of muscle dancing from the outer corners—an engaging crinkle of flesh across the bridge of her nose. As a pictorial achievement it featured undeniable charm, but as a device for making a young man feel perfectly at home it failed signally. The still ruddy frown the analyst turned into the murmurous fire was an ominous one; so ominous that bending forward she asked with sirupy meekness: "You said you were in the advertising business, didn't you? How did you come to take that up?"

After several moments of brooding silence he rallied to the blue friendliness of her gaze, and suddenly found himself expanding into autobiography. It seemed he had worked his way through Harvard after the death of his father and the collapse of his expectations; with college ambitions that had channeled in other directions than advertising. Immediately after graduation, however, a cough following pneumonia had stethoscoped respirations which demanded suspended aspirations and Western ozone. Elkins, a friend of his father's, had stepped in and bundled him off to the former's Colorado ranch. When a year later, he returned, bronzed and brawny, to the East, his identification with the Elkins agency had seemed the inevitable thing.

"I see!" Infinite pity softened the phrase. "You got coughed into your job. But still, couldn't you take up steam fitting or billiard marking or something by correspondence?"

"My dear young lady," Straun informed her crisply, "I consider advertising the greatest power of the age, fraught with romance and adventure. It is the literature of supply and demand. It is ——"

"Spare me!" An upheld hand halted him. "I know that oration by heart, having a Chicago cousin in the profesh. The trouble is, though, that you advertisers think you can take any darn old thing, park it in a dressy box, and serve. While your ads prove you know nothing at all at all about what you're talking about."

"For instance?"—with invitational eagerness.

"Well, the other day in a soap advertisment I saw a portrait of the family wash, with a petticoat—ha, ha!—hung up by the waistband."

Such housewifely scorn fluted in this that Straun lost no time in finding out how it should be suspended. Her information, moreover, seemed valid, based on domestic-science information garnered from expert sources.

"Then another soap picture showed milady in her Saturday-night tub, and even a worse *faux pas!*" she again contributed.

"Which was?"

The blushing query elicited further elucidation; after which Straun faltered. Although a firm believer in Victorian reticences he knew of the realistic tendency featured in modern dialogue; hence this rapid progress from petticoats to ablutionary intimacies promised a sequence that dictated abandonment of the subject. Still, it was with the gratification of an evening well spent that he drew out the note book on his way home and scribbled:

(a) A petticoat should be hung up by piece of hem, so that wind can funnel through it.
(b) A woman does not take a bath with her hair hanging down.

The next Friday he found her in a foggy gray frock and a mood of even more spirited restlessness. From mockery to meekness, from nonsense to horse sense, from laughter to sighs—she skipped with such swiftness he despaired of focusing her attention upon the static facts of advertising.

Eventually, however, his challenging "And are you still a conscientious objector to advertising?" proved productive.

"Absolutibly!" was her report. "Oh, how you adsmiths do love to take the joy out of life! This morning I started out, full of Polly-Animation and pep, and what's the first thing I see? A cheerful reminder that eight per cent of us land in the poorhouse after we're fifty."

"But—ah——" he leaned forward so suddenly that the wiry forelock sprang over his brow. "Doesn't that inspire you to start a savings account at that particular bank?" he pushed on after the forelock had been adjusted.

"Absolutibly not. I store my unearned increment at the Second National, because ——" She furnished a perfectly good feminine reason.

Thus another entry was possible for our investigator on his way home:

Av. wom. patronizes bank where ladies' writing room is cozy.
(Author's note): The surroundings, if sufficiently cheerful, can create an illusion that money really ain't the root of all evil.

With the third Friday came the conviction that the probation officer was a five-foot fiend. For half an hour she embroidered the theme of mashing and mashers, and with jabbing audacities pricked Straun's sense of personal dignity into complete collapse. At first he had tried to reason her into seriousness, but the attempt merely served to stimulate her impertinence; so finally he lapsed, red and resentful, into silence. It was then she seated herself on the edge of the table before the fire, bending toward him with a mocking smile.

"Of what are you thinking of?" She addressed him crooningly, chummily, just as if she'd known him all her life.

"Oh, nothing in particular." The response came stiffly, in a tone asking her to remember, please, he had known her but a short time.

"Well, you've evidently got something on your mind"—a riper smile half shuttered the blue eyes—"besides that lock of hair that just won't lie flat on the brush."

Automatically his hand flew to his head, and at her responsive glee his scowl deepened. But suddenly he shrugged his shoulders. After all, why pay any attention to her? She meant nothing but copy, and this reflection accounted for the subsequent deformation of the truth.

"To be frank," he said, "I was just bothering about a certain business quirk. A certain manufacturer conceived the idea of a square-headed clothespin. A good idea, you see; more easily made and packed. But somehow it wouldn't sell."

"I wonder why?" Instantly she sobered, her small face in puckered response to the problem; then she clapped her hands. "Oh, of course!" And she gave a reason culled from a camping experience in laundry activities. And it was so plausibly utilitarian that Straun laughed.

"Oh, and another thing. A snap fastener was recently launched with an impressive advertising campaign. It proved, apparently, an adequate article; yet it, too, failed to sell. How ——"

"Probably because ——" She immediately tendered her version of a satisfactory snap fastener.

So into the notebook that night went two more entries:

(a) The av. wom. puts clothes pin in mouth while hanging up laundry. Square-headed variety uncomfortable.
(b) The av. wom. demands snap fastener that distinctly clicks when closing.

The next Friday his hostess was swaying before the phonograph when he entered. Halting her hummed accompaniment to the syncopation she greeted him gayly with: "Doesn't that tune go right to your instep?"

Straun smiled. "Not exactly. You see, I don't dance!"

"You don't dance?"—incredulously. "Why, you poor thing! But never mind. I'll teach you to think with your feet in one lesson."

"Oh, not now, please!"

The analyst's sense of the fitness of things rejected such a suggestion from a probation officer. But already she had kicked aside the rugs, and when she held out her arms he perforce submitted. And somehow in the next half hour he managed to put his best foot forward in spaces unoccupied by hers so successfully that it evoked a final "Great! One more lesson, and you'll be a he-Pavlowa."

Which goes to show that a knowledge of the point of contact and motor principle may be applied in other spheres of life besides advertising.

"Whew!" She fanned herself with a handkerchief framed in Duchess lace. "Come over here on Madame Récamier, and cool off."

"Madame Récamier?" he questioned.

"Yes, Mr. Straun." Demurely she patted the place beside her invitationally.

"I see." He grinned as he sank beside her on a couch structurally related to the chaise-longue school of relaxation. "Named after the divan in David's picture of the madame, I presume."

"Guessed it the first time," she twinkled at him. "You see, I'm starting a movement against the anonymosity of the household gods, so I name everything. That"—nodding toward a cabinet of bijoux across the room—"is Little Jack Horner. It always stands in the corner, you know. Then the angel bed granny brought me from Belgium is of course Macduff."

"Ah! 'Lay on, Macduff!'" There was a smiling commerce between them, during which Straun put his æsthetic O. K. upon the corrugated effect that amusement wrinkled across her nose. "Then, I suppose," he contributed, "that the phonograph is John Alden."

"John Alden?" A momentary pucker of perplexity cleared with a gurgle: "Oh, it speaks for itself. That's too slick! Here!" With a caracoling movement she spun to the bell. "Let's christen him now."

And so, after a servant had supplied water, Straun, the dignified analyst of the Elkins Advertising Agency, entered zestfully into the business of flicking a drop of water over a mahogany surface, while a Puckish priestess solemnly chanted: "In the name of His Master's Voice I christen thee John Alden!"

Another session, then, on Madame Récamier, during which she told him a little of her life. She had been under the guardianship of a grandmother since her mother's death some ten years earlier. She had one married brother living in Baltimore, and a pet of a father. She had gone to a traveling school abroad before the darn old war; and then she had meant to be an opera singer or a nun; only she hadn't any voice and belonged to the Presbyterian church. Anyway, you know how one's family is or are, whichever it is!

Then followed an intimate exchange of irrelevancies, and Straun found this average woman, with her endless ingenuities of charm, her quick nerves and imagination so persuasive and provocative that not until he reached his rooms did he realize that it was a wasted evening as far as advertising was concerned.

And yet, was it? Wasn't there a meaty, suggestive psychology in her habit of christening the household gods? Vaguely he recalled feminine applications of human attributes to their belongings—his aunt's faithful umbrella, his secretary's comfortable hand bag, his waitress' temperamental wrist watch. He remembered, too, a friend who, having taken cheap feminine notions and boxed them attractively, with a bit of paint, poetry and a name—Dolly Dumpling, for example—had turned over profits not to be sneezed at, even in golden-rod districts. All of which signified that woman's demand for the personal expressed itself even in her property sense. Possibly it accounted for certain modern advertising tendencies; but in it Straun saw capabilities for even richer expression. Certainly it would prove of value to the unimaginative merchandiser who called a spade a spade.

It was the next Friday afternoon that our analyst met his Miss Whipple on Fifth Avenue, radiant in a new kolinsky coat. She was on a shopping spree, it seemed, and he might tag her into several shops without fear of arrest if he cared to. Did he? A chance to witness at first hand the merchandising mechanics of the average woman?

"Absolutibly!" he smiled, and subsequently attended the exchange of a thousand or so for articles ranging from a hair net to a jade lavallière. It proved most illuminating. In analyzing her preferences, through adroitly casual questions, he garnered enough material to fill eight pages of notebook. Yet something more personal than gratitude dictated his invitation to dinner; and when, later, they sat before her fire and toasted marshmallows his delight in the curve of her cheek seemed different from that tendered to ogive curves on platting paper.

"But see here," you are thinking, "are marshmallows supposed to be moral nourishment for sidewalk weaknesses? And haven't these sessions between an ostensible masher and his probation officer presented rather fantastic aspects?"

"travelo"
KNIT JACKETS
TRADE MARK

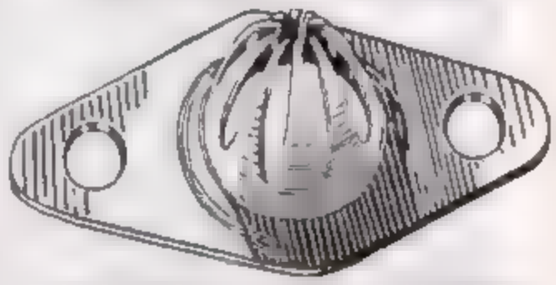
All-around Jackets for Year-round Wear!

Different men find different uses for "travelo" knit jackets. Every man according to his own habit, hobby or habitat. But to each, "travelo" is the favorite knit jacket for his particular activity—business, recreation, or plain knock abouting. That's why this original all-year jacket is handiest garment a man can own. Your dealer has the models pictured; others too; in a variety of beautiful heathers. But, look for the "travelo" label as insurance of finest tailoring, finishing, wear, fit and permanent shape.

Over 5,000 Dealers sell "travelo" knit jackets but please write us if you have any trouble buying one. And mention color preference, style and size

PECKHAM-FOREMAN, Inc.
1909–1915 Park Avenue New York

$1 FORD OWNERS $1
SEND ONE DOLLAR



THE MAXO RE-GASIFIER
MONEY BACK

If the Maxo Re-Gasifier fails to give you four more miles per gallon on your Ford Car.

Makes your Ford start easier. Better pick-up and smoother running motor.

It overcomes unnecessary waste and motor troubles due to low grade gasoline.

No screens, tubes, valves, steam appliances or other parts to shake loose or become clogged. Installed in a few minutes with wrench and pliers, requires no adjustment or attention after it is in place.

The Maxo Re-Gasifier prevents condensation on the walls of the intake manifold, carbon deposits, fouled spark plugs and will give you a maximum saving in gasoline.

Send $1.00 and we will mail you postpaid a Maxo Re-Gasifier. Guaranteed for the life of your car. Accept no substitute for the Maxo. Start saving today by sending **your $1.**

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THE FLORSHEIM SHOE

The Ormond—Style M-92

MONEY'S WORTH—or just a pair of shoes for your money? The difference is in the number of days' wear and the satisfaction you get. Buy Florsheim Shoes and be sure of value for what you pay. No shoe as good can sell for less.

Florsheim Low Shoes are Skeleton Lined and Non-slip—they fit the ankle and hug the heel

The Florsheim Shoe, $10—A few styles, $11 and $12
Booklet "Styles of the Times" on request

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
Manufacturers Chicago

For the man Florsheim SHOE *—who cares—*

Madge Evans
HATS
for Little Ladies

Write for this helpful little book. It will be sent you free

EVERY girl of 6 to 16 who wants to look her loveliest should wear a Madge Evans Hat. If you would like to know how Madge Evans, herself, chooses her hats, just write: *"Dear Madge: Send me your new booklet—'Secrets of a Young Movie Star,' and I promise to look for a Madge Evans Hat before buying my Spring Hat."* Address:
MADGE EVANS HAT CO., *596 Broadway, New York City*

DEALERS: If there is no Madge Evans representative in your locality, write us at once for exclusive agency.

Undoubtedly; and Straun had by this time begun to speculate about the disregard of the involved issue. Yet his modesty and a certain naïveté refused admittance to most theories, and now, his attention given to the consumption of the bloated confections, he was enjoying himself too much to bother; too busy following the deft trickery of her mind, the butterfly restlessness of her hands. And it is surely significant that on the way home, mechanically extracting his notebook, he wrote with a whimsical grin:

She asked me to call her Teddy.

And perhaps more so, next Friday's entry:

She calls me Alum.

The following memo,

Yellow roses are her favorite,

of course accounted for the florist's box delivered to the Whipple home the ensuing week.

Now what Straun was trying to say with flowers was this—that Fridays had become red-letter days in his calendar, ending as they did in sessions with blue eyes that laughed all the seriousness out of life. But since six weary days intervene he soon made other demands upon her engagement book. They began dancing and dining in New York. She made him read her favorite book, Alice in Wonderland; and he, mind you, read Emerson to her. Through him she became acquainted with Beethoven; through her he rediscovered Gilbert and Sullivan. Then as spring approached they ventured into Long Island picnics, usually under the chaperonage of her trim roadster, Paul Revere—who had a record himself, in midnight rides, you know. Now and then, however, they were accompanied by Granny, a tiny gracious lady of the Watteau school of grandmotherhood.

Naturally in this new intimacy he was teased ruthlessly; but now it meant piquancy, not pique. He had, you see, become rather expert in handling the zippy come-back. Certainly under her influence his somnolent play instinct awakened with surprising spontaneities. At the office he quoted Stephen Leacock, and practiced new fox-trot steps on the way to the water cooler.

Yet, however interesting this may be to the student of character, its value is negligible in revolutionizing business. And the sad part is that Straun's attitude now toward the average woman precluded any use of his copy. No, he simply couldn't do it! The advertising business could go to—the jabberwocky, before he'd turn her personality into publicity.

This decision had fully crystallized when he found Teddy one evening seated on the arm of a chair in which sat—the jocular gentleman of the courthouse.

"Oh, Alum!" she fluttered to him. "This is Judge Whipple, my paternal parent. But I forget"—with impish glee—"you two have met before."

Straun managed to absolve the orthodox amenities gracefully, but later, as the other turned to leave, there passed between daughter and father a wicked conspirational wink; and abruptly the analyst stiffened in outraged dignity.

"So"—he confronted his hostess grimly—"that was your father! Why didn't you tell me?" In the light of their intimacy, which had included acquaintance with Granny and the Baltimore brother, this omission was informed with the darkest collusion.

"I thought you knew, old stupid!"—with maddening unconcern.

"Then my supposed probation was just a frame-up; you knew I was no masher."

"Oh, absolutibly!"

"And you were willing to subject me to the humiliation of being dragged through the streets by a policeman just to exercise your peculiar sense of humor!"

Even now the memory of that ignominy stippled his brow with perspiration. The enormity of it! What if Beevee had seen! What if Elkins had heard! What if the newspapers ——

"Oh, not exactly," he heard her gurgled enjoyment of the situation. "But no man plays a follow-up system all afternoon without liking the lady's back hair or something. I just gave you an opportunity you were too spineless to make for yourself. 'Fess up now. You were frenzied to speak to me, weren't you?"

Blithely she tripped to Little Jack Horner, and selecting an antique ivory fan unfurled it across her face. Over its top her arched brows challenged a denial of her charm; her eyes gleamed an invitation to further climactic flirtatiousness. And at this childlike confidence in her attractiveness, a confidence to which every contact had doubtlessly ministered, there came to Straun an unaccountable impulse to wound her. Back of him generations of courtliness made this difficult. Twice he essayed speech, and failed; then a triumphant twinkle ignited him.

"Yes, I was frenzied to speak to you," he quoted in a dry statistical voice; "not because you struck me as an extraordinary girl but because you gave signs of being—the average woman." Then beginning with the clipping he told her everything, ending: "Is this plain to you or shall ——"

"Oh, quite!" She tried to dissemble the hurt in her voice with the flippancy of: "Say no more, my good man. Your explanation is like liniment—penetrates without rubbing it in."

For a moment she wilted; then drawing her five feet to a Brunhild impressiveness her eyes flashed thunder and lightning.

"So" — witheringly — "you thought you'd pick my birdlike brain to help you with your darned advertising, eh? Well, do you know what you are?" Her lips curled in a sardonic twirl. "You're a cold-blooded, hard-boiled trout! Get out of my sight. Get out of my sight!"

There was nothing else to do, so Straun went out into the night, with black-bordered, deckle-edged thoughts about all women in general and the average woman in particular; really awful thoughts, such as you would hesitate to tell your best friend.

Once in his rooms, off came his coat and out came his notebook. By three A.M. it was finished, the paper destined to revolutionize industry, entitled The Average Woman as the Ultimate Consumer. Under his fountain pen the rather inconclusive data of his notebook broadened into a comprehensive cross-section of woman's purchasing psychology. The concrete examples widened into significant general tendencies.

Yet curiously enough, when he read the paper that Tuesday to the advertising club he saw it was the clothespin that pinned them to their seats; and the snap fastener that so fastened their attention upon him.

"By George, Straun," Buell, the head of a competitive agency, told him afterward, "that paper convinces me there's something to this psychology stuff. You've given us concrete facts to get our teeth in."

Later there were many other indications that the article had created a definite stir; yet after the first flush of gratification the author sank into an emotional murk, particularly noticeable on Fridays. The truth was that his conscience began functioning painfully. Teddy was right. He had proved himself a cold-blooded, hard-boiled brute, commercializing friendship, which, according to Mr. Emerson, should be the uncommercialest of human relations. All his indignation toward her became consumed in his own sense of guilt; and as time wore on, his hunger to see her interpreted itself as the natural impulse of a social sinner to exchange a whole-hearted apology for even a half-hearted pardon.

A month dragged by, and he could stand it no longer. A box of yellow roses was dispatched with the plea—could he come? Immediately came the answer: Yes, Wednesday at 8:32.

Yet it was 8:21 when he raced up the steps; and 8:23 when she appeared, vividly lovely in white chiffon.

"Aha!" She struck a dramatic pose. "Don't say a word. It is Mr. Sniffkins, of Seattle! I never forget a name."

Ignoring this flippancy he stalked to her and captured a butterfly hand. "Teddy, I've been a perfect bounder!" and then confessed the foul deed.

"Just a moment, please." She sped to a quarreled secretary, and returned with a paper, which she extended. Perplexedly Straun read in his own handwriting:

THE AVERAGE WOMAN

(a) Adds postscripts to her letters.
(b) Uses hairpin for repair work.
(c) Is afraid of mice.

"That fatal day in the hotel," she bubbled, "after you left to phone, I reached over for some stationery, and this got mixed with it. Without thinking, I read it, and then staged that trick rehearsal. Of course I didn't write any postscript; nothing ailed my music roll; and as for mousie—well, there warn't no sich animal."

Straun grinned through the horn-rimmed goggles. "Well, I'll be darned!"

(Continued on Page 137)

ROCKINCHAIR

Athletic Underwear *for* Men, Boys & Women

Perfect Fit for *All* Figures

The short stout, the regular, the tall slim and the big heavy man can *all* be *perfectly* fitted, with absolute comfort, in Rockinchair Underwear ——

—— *because every CHEST size of Rockinchair is made in these FOUR models—Short Stout, Regular, "Slim Jim" and "Big Bill."*

No matter what your build you can get solid underwear comfort in Rockinchair, because there is a model to fit *you*—not only at the chest, but in the *trunk* and *girth* as well.

And it is easy to be properly fitted. You are one of these four builds. You simply ask for your chest size in that model and you get a trunk and girth as well as chest measure that *fit your particular figure*.

Then there's the blouse in back that allows such unusual bodily freedom, the closed, sanitary seat and crotch and the side-leg opening, adjusted in a jiffy.

You see, Rockinchair is really *tailored* underwear, intelligently designed to fit and please men of all sorts of figures. There is class and character to Rockinchair—in the way it fits, the happy comfort it provides and in its very appearance.

Yet it is reasonably priced.

There is no underwear like Rockinchair. There are imitations but no substitutes—so ask your dealer for it by name.

HENDERSON & ERVIN **331 Fourth Avenue** **New York City**

CHICAGO, 234 S. Wells Street BOSTON: 52 Chauncy Street ATLANTA: 601 Silvey Building

Duofold for Winterwear *Rockinchair for Summerwear*

Comfort with Feminine Daintiness—for Women

Rockinchair for women is a truly feminine union suit that combines splendid comfort features with a dainty elegance so much desired.

Seat and crotch are fully closed—no bunching or binding. Convenient side-leg opening closes with one button, the only button on the garment. Has blouse effect above the waistband that allows bending over without straining the garment.

Made in zephyr mull, silk and cotton, and crepe silk flesh and white. Neat lingerie pins make the shoulder straps adjustable.

Ask your dealer or write us

"Jap-a-lac Certainly Wears on Floors"

DISTRIBUTED BY

The Glidden Company	Cleveland
Heath & Milligan Mfg. Co.	Chicago
Adams and Elting Co.	Chicago
Campbell Paint & Varnish Co.	St. Louis
Campbell Paint & Varnish Co.	Dallas
The A. Wilhelm Co.	Reading, Pa.
T. L. Blood & Co.	St. Paul, Minn.
American Paint Works	New Orleans
Twin City Varnish Co.	St. Paul, Minn.
Forest City Paint & Varn. Co.	Cleveland
Nubian Paint & Varnish Co.	Chicago
The Glidden Company of Mass.	Boston
The Glidden Company of Texas	Dallas
The Glidden Co. of Cal.	San Francisco

For Canada:
The Glidden Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Manufacturers of
Paints · Varnishes · Stains · Enamels

"Yes, it's been several years since we refinished the floors with Jap-a-lac. This coat will be good for several years more. Dad used to Jap-a-lac the floors at home twenty-five years ago, when I was just a youngster."

Why not let Jap-a-lac lower the cost of upkeep in your home? It will save your floors, woodwork and linoleum. It will very materially enhance the value of furniture and countless other objects in and about the home.

With Jap-a-lac clear varnish, or any of the popular genuine Jap-a-lac varnish stains, the natural beauty of the surface finished is brought out splendidly. *And you save money, too.*

Look about you in your home. Decide to try this household necessity. You'll find a Jap-a-lac dealer in your neighborhood —they are everywhere. Be sure to ask for genuine Jap-a-lac.

JAPALAC WITH GENUINE JAP-A-LAC

HOUSEHOLD FINISHES

(Continued from Page 134)

"So, you see, as an a. w. I'm a fake, so your old paper was false testimony. Hence, accordingly and therefore, spare me the apology." She sank into the softnesses of Madame Récamier, and Straun relaxed beside her.

"Alum!" For several moments she stared at him solemnly. "You came into my life at a psycho-illogical moment." Another long pause. "When I cut school three years ago I got in with some speed specialists, here and in Manhattan. Our ways were beset with olive pits and gin, mostly gin. The girls were all sweet young things, 'standing with jazzy feet, where the Sunny Brook and the Green River meet.' And the men"—with a reminiscent frown—"were anticurfew cuties with nothing much above the collar except a snappy conviction that we're a long time dead. Well, after a while I fell in love with one of these organisms, and life seemed just one rosy blur, until—until—he turned yellow on me. I found his ethics was or were—whichever it is—so broad that the only thing a perfect gent wouldn't do was spit on the sidewalk or throttle his grandmother."

The smile with which she halted was the old mocking one, but Straun sensed it was a mask for a smarting scar.

"You poor child," he murmured, and patted a hand which snuggled into his own.

"Then I saw he measured up to the rest of 'em. I saw, if I may be perfectly Frank-Crane, that you can't get loose on one of your soul-sides without rattling all over. So I sickened of the whole gang, and was penning my farewell that day in the hotel. Then suddenly," she sighed, "I glanced over at you; and you looked so darn dependable and sensible in those horn-rimmed windshields that my faith in men revived."

Here Straun permitted himself a pressure of the snuggling hand, which was lightly returned, as she pursued: "Course it's a mean thing to say about anybody, but you seemed so wholesome, so different from or than—whichever it is—that other bunch that, well—I wanted you in my life, as an antidote maybe. And when I found that clipping I saw a chance to start something, and I finished it, too, by gosh!"

"Do—do—you—mean"—with a goggled stare of incredulity—"that—you—er—you liked me?"

"Absolutibly. I felt somehow, Alum"—a tender note seeped into the soft soprano—"you were the sort who could save me from myself ——"

"Oh, my dear," was the inadequate expression of the analyst's tattooing pulses; but he made a move toward her and before he knew it she was in his arms.

"Kiss me, angel man," she requested, and, after he had filled the order satisfactorily, drew away to ask: "And now, where are we going to get married?"

"Get married?"—a little weakly.

"Certainly. You love me, don't you?"

"Oh, my sweet, I do!" And in it was the ringing conviction of a man who has long cared and meant to propose just as soon as —— "And you?"

"I'll adore you forever and ever," she assured him gravely; then, addressing a French print above them, whispered smilingly, "Reno papers please copy." Straun was grinning idiotically as she ended, "As for orange blossoms—'eventually, why not now?'"

A worried frown sprang between the reddish-brown eyes then as they inventoried the luxuries about them. "Dearest, I make a fair salary, but not nearly enough to warrant the life you've been used to," he tritely parried. "We must wait, I'm afraid, until I get an increase."

"No"—with the serenity of one whose initiatives have ever been ultimatums—"we'll do it now. I like the present style in wedding rings, and they may change any day. Besides, we don't need much to start with, just a teeny little apartment the size of a pie board. Then Granny will give me her mahogany and we can fill in with as-isers."

"As-isers?" he queried.

"The kind of furniture that's tagged: Formerly $200; as is, $4.98."

This the young man receipted with a hug and a tender "You little mental gymnast," before she resumed: "Then, I'll do the cooking. I told you I'd taken a course in domestic science, and if I do say so as oughtn't, I can shake a pretty mean skillet. Give me some milk from contented cows, eggs from happy hens and honey from blissful bees, and I can compose French pastry what am."

Rational thinking, of course, became more and more difficult in close proximity to such persuasiveness, so at last Straun rose and, pacing in front of John Alden, hands in pockets, tried to reëstablish his old acquaintance with the fourness of two and two. French pastry! Ah, that symbolized the whole situation! Her life had been all French pastry, and though the froth of her personality was largely temperamental its preservation was due to freedom from responsibilities and the restrictions attendant upon the daily-bread realities of existence. Moreover, he loved the meringue of her too much to see it crusted over with sodden economies.

Now to you who married on fifteen per and achieved the French-pastry touches by saving soap wrappers, this will sound like foolishness. But Straun, it seemed, had carried over into this age of marital copartnerships archaic ideals of the good provider—a sentimental hang-over from the days when feminine shoulders were so sloping that the lightest burdens slipped off.

And yet when he dropped into a near-by chair Teddy was instantly on its arm, and with the first playful tweak of the rebellious forelock reason was ruinously uprooted. He forgot the French-pastry prohibitions of his pay envelope; he forgot everything in the bliss of being engaged to not an average woman, please understand, but the most wonderful little girl in the world. It was not until after the good-night irrelevancies were over that he connected up with reality sufficiently to promise: "I'll see Elkins about an increase to-morrow."

But that gentleman, a vegetarian whose conservatism extended far beyond dietetics, blasted this hope over his nut loaf the next day at lunch. Good Lord! Didn't Straun know what present conditions were? A raise was simply out of the question? When things opened up—well, he'd see.

Of course the lover's spirits dropped with a thud, and as he sought his rooms that night his heart was as heavy as—inferentially—Teddy's first pastry. Fiercely he applied himself to sordid problems of addition and subtraction, but juggle the figures as he might, the total eternally insisted that his salary could not insure a happy future for a young woman with kolinsky coats, liveried servants and trim roadsters in her past. And oh, how he hated to tell her!

Yet the next evening she met the sad news gayly.

"It's all right anyway, Alum," soothingly. "I told the family weeks ago I meant to propose, and after they'd fumed awhile they sleuthed out your history; finding, of course, that you're the salt of the earth as well as the apple of my eye." She tiptoed up to kiss the forelock into adherence. "So when I told dad you'd accepted me the old lovie said he'd buy us a bungalow on Long Island, so the children would have a yard to play in, and give us an allowance until you got to be president of the chamber of commerce or something."

"No, Teddy, I couldn't accept it." His gentleness was steeled with an inflexible obduracy. "I've seen too many marriages fail that way. They both get a set of false values. The man loses the incentive to get the best out of himself; the girl loses identification with the man's problems and interests. Instead of growing together they grow apart."

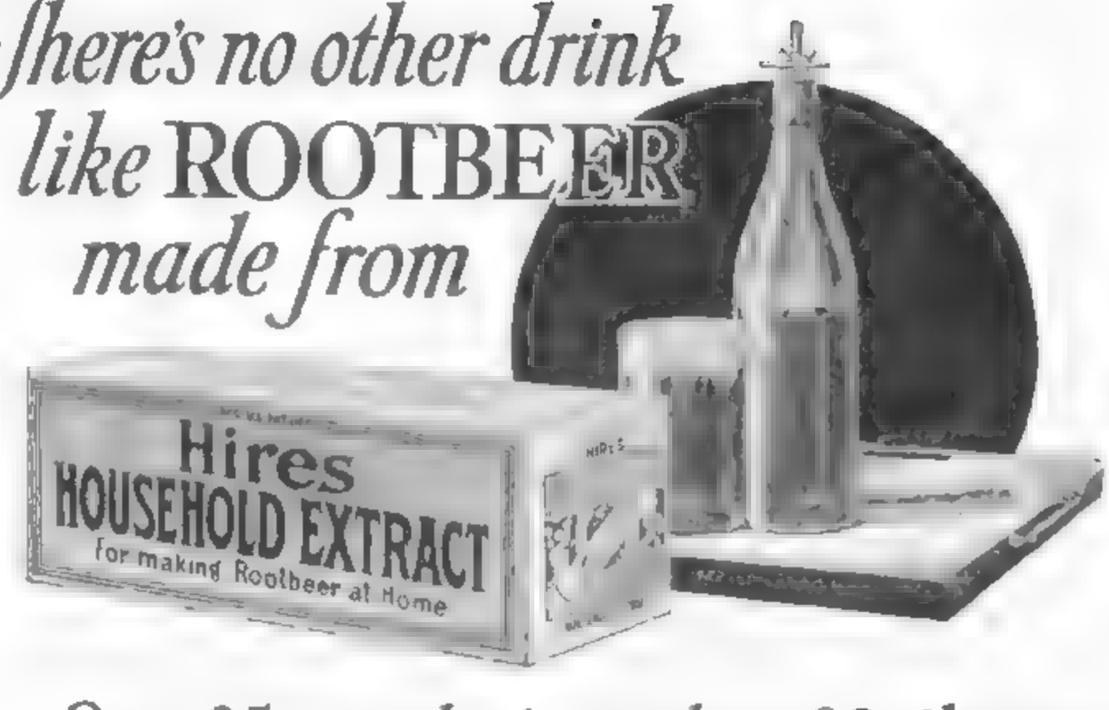
Somehow he anticipated a stormy protest or tinkling disdain, but instead, the long blue eyes clouded with the fear of a child who's seen a ghost.

"Grow apart! Oh, Alum, we can't let that happen." Fiercely she clung to him, then after a breathy pause: "Probably you're right. You know so much more than I or me—whichever it is—but, oh"—with sudden vehemence—"I've got to have you! You're the only person that can make anything out of a flighty filbert like myself."

"You dear, divine thing." Straun bent to kiss her reverently. "It's mighty hard, but we'll have to be patient. Business is bound to pick up soon; then Elkins, I know, will come across. So"—he sighed dolorously—"we must wait."

Thus began weeks of waiting, during which Straun was taken to the bosom of the small family whose collective hearts beat in unified adoration of the tiny Teddy. Straun saw that had she elected to marry a Chinese laundryman their acceptance would have been inevitable; and his modesty interpreted their increasing amiabilities as gratitude for escape from this hypothetical *mésalliance*. Yet this friendliness flavored

There's no other drink like ROOTBEER *made from*



One 25c package makes 80 glasses

ROOTBEER from Hires Household Extract is easy to make. It is pure and delicious—fragrant with the blend of sixteen roots, herbs, barks and berries. Bottle according to the simple directions printed on the package. Use good corks or ask your grocer for Hires Patent Bottle Stoppers.

Ask for HIRES HOUSEHOLD EXTRACT

If your dealer cannot supply you send 25 cents and we will send, postpaid, package direct. Or send $2.80 for carton of one dozen.

Ask for Hires at the fountain, or carbonated in bottles, ready to drink, from your dealer.

THE CHARLES E. HIRES COMPANY
207 South 24th Street Philadelphia, Pa.

Trade Compo-Board Mark

The Wood Core Wall Board

The Proper Foundation for Beautiful Interiors

Gives you permanent walls that will not crack, chip, warp, shrink or buckle. It keeps out dampness, cold and heat.

Does not require panel strips. Makes a smooth wall. The best decorations for Compo-Board are wall paper, canvas, burlap, etc. Can also be painted or kalsomined. *Compo-Board Filler* is especially prepared to fill joints and nail heads.

Be sure you get the *genuine*—look for the Wood Core. Booklet and sample sent on request.

The Compo-Board Company
4303 Lyndale Ave. No. Minneapolis, Minn.

"The Happy Daisy Boy"

You Can Trust Your Boy With a Gun!

Every boy who loves outdoors and clean, manly sport wants a gun. Most parents—mothers as well as fathers—recognize that the boy's first gun, while harmless, must be more than a plaything; it can be a means of education and training in itself.

Many parents are solving this problem with the Daisy Air Rifle. Harmless because it uses compressed air instead of powder, and so well finished and "business like" in appearance that it satisfies the rightful pride of every boy who owns one. Millions of American men first learned to shoot with a Daisy.

Different Daisy models range in price from $1.00 to $5.00. Ask any hardware or sporting goods dealer.

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Plymouth, Michigan, U. S. A.

DAISY
AIR RIFLES

CHARACTER EVIDENT : QUALITY INSURED

ÆTNA The Insured Hat

If you don't know how the Aetna insurance policy guarantees complete hat satisfaction, ask your dealer or write us.

Established 1832

COTRELL & LEONARD, DANBURY, CONN.

life so pleasantly that not until June did Teddy's growing restlessness reflect itself in his own dissatisfaction with the *status quo*. And then one day the gods grinned.

He was lunching at the Advertising Club, when Buell entered and joined him. The first half hour was wholly absorbed in the latter's homage to the Average Woman paper. Then as the author rose to go he was halted with "See here, old man, I know you're in strong with the Elkins people, but if you ever think of changing, remember, there's a ten-thousand job waiting at our shop."

The analyst gasped. Ten thousand! That meant orange blossoms and little Teddy. It meant enough of the French pastry of life to nourish a love as robust as theirs.

Not that his stammered "Thanks awfully; I'll think it over" meant identification with a competitive concern, but surely this indorsement of value, since business was looking up, would induce Elkins to meet the offer. Yet that vegetarian gave the proposition merely a fishy eye and a grunt. Not until closing time did he grow articulate. Of course, Buell was in a position to make a fool offer like that; but after all, he hinted in veiled circumlocution, wasn't it to his beneficence at a time of physical collapse and financial helplessness that Straun owed his life? To be sure, there was little sentiment in business nowadays, but he still kidded himself that there was such a thing as loyalty still left in the world.

Now Straun knew it was taking advantage of a situation. From his earnings he had repaid every cent entailed in that Colorado sojourn; yet this fact lost all its weight under the pressure of Elkins' assumption that he had saved his life. The vigor of his short-lived expectations showed him now how much the girl meant to him; and his anguish in their collapse became so acute that the next day when he met her for lunch the need for solace dictated a confession. Naturally enough, his ethical delicacies infuriated her.

"Do you mean to say you're going to turn down this offer just because this here Elkins let you graze on his ranch for a year?"

Straun's answer was checked by the entrance of this here Elkins. Seeing his analyst he came to their table and was presented to Miss Whipple; then, meaningly, "My fiancée." After a casual glance at her and some generalities he passed on; but his appearance seemed to madden the young woman. She flashed from scorn to bitterness and a final accusation that Straun's objections had all been alibis anyway. He had never really cared, and so forth, and so forth.

Naturally this evoked a passionate disclaimer, built around the I-could-not-love-thee-dear-so-much-loved-I-not-honor-more theme. Of course he adored her more than all the world, and so forth, and so forth.

"Well, then"—grimly, as she drew on a number-five glove—"you're too darn noble for me. I couldn't live up to these Alpine ideals of yours, Mister Galahad. So it's up to Teddy to store the old hope chest and flutter out of your life."

"You mean"—he caught her wrist tensely—"you want to break our engagement?"

"Absolutibly! Granny leaves Sunday for our New Hampshire place, and I'll go with her."

She paused to lower her veil over eyes that prophesied an imminent wet spell. "Of course if you come to your senses and accept this offer, all right. Otherwise I don't want to see you again."

It goes without saying that he tried every argument known to Romeo and Sir Francis Galton; but nothing melted her.

Then followed weeks in which fifty-seven varieties of pangs competed for ascendancy in his crushed heart. Life degenerated into a product of ashes and Dead Sea fruit, of which he became the ultimate consumer. It seemed purposeless, meaningless, as ironic as an anthracite advertisement in the nether regions. And all this time warfare between instinct and conscience raged; so that even prewar pleasures became marked-down values. Emerson, chess, Beethoven no longer pleased; two and two no more made four, but a five-foot figure of unforgetable dearness.

Then a psychological change developed in his relations with his employer. The constraint between them, one which Straun tried to ignore out of existence, in Elkins began finding expression in active antagonism and faultfinding. The ratio between the manufacturing and selling costs of the Camille Cough Drop was simply absurd; as for the last chart, it looked as if it had been traced by ouija under the control of Omar Khayyam.

Self-consciousness and even self-distrust showed in the analyst's work; yet his deprecation of Elkins' antagonism was what most disturbed him.

After all, he had sacrificed the claims of love to the obligations of friendship, and to find this souring on him was really too much. Human endurance had almost reached the saturation point. He grew irritable and embittered; so much so that even Beevee noted it.

"What ails you, old hoss?" he rallied the malcontent. "You've been going around looking like a cross between the dying gladiator and a bird who's just paid his income tax."

So Straun confided Elkins' reaction to the Buell offer, and his subsequent hostility.

"Sure!" Beevee snorted. "That's the old man's game—to squeeze every drop out of us at the lowest price per quart possible. You were a chump not to quit."

And later corroborations of this touching tribute did make the temptation to resign almost overpowering. But at the thought of a violent disruption of an inherited friendship, through his initiative, an overdeveloped conscience always rebelled. No; it was better to suffer in silence until Elkins' accumulative antagonism culminated in a more or less honorable discharge. So he continued to suffer.

Then one day while in the filing room adjoining his employer's office he overheard a conversation about himself, ending with a casual characterization of the most wonderful girl in the world. It was this last which evoked the clenched fist, the pounding pulses and other physiological acknowledgments of the superinsult. Blindly he stumbled to his desk. Two minutes later a resignation was handed to the office boy for immediate delivery. Then to the phone, where, incredible enough, he instantly got his party.

"Mr. Buell? . . . Allan Straun speaking. . . . Is the position still open? . . . Good! . . . Sign a contract on the first? . . . Fine!"

Yet as a slow train carried him to New Hampshire that afternoon he was far from happy. A thousand doubts assailed him. Would she see him? Could she see him? Perhaps she was dead! Maybe she was married! What if that anticurfew bounder had —— O Lord!

But at five o'clock, in the prim little station, the voice over the phone assured him that she and Paul Revere would pick him up in five minutes. And when, later, he saw down the road the meteorlike flash of Paul his misgivings merged in a grinning thankfulness that there were no traffic cops in that part of New Hampshire. On the ride back he incoherently reported his acceptance of the Buell offer, which, after they were settled in the viny arbor in the rear of the Whipple garage, resulted in activities which the advertising fraternity would recognize as a class of transaction made without conscious decision.

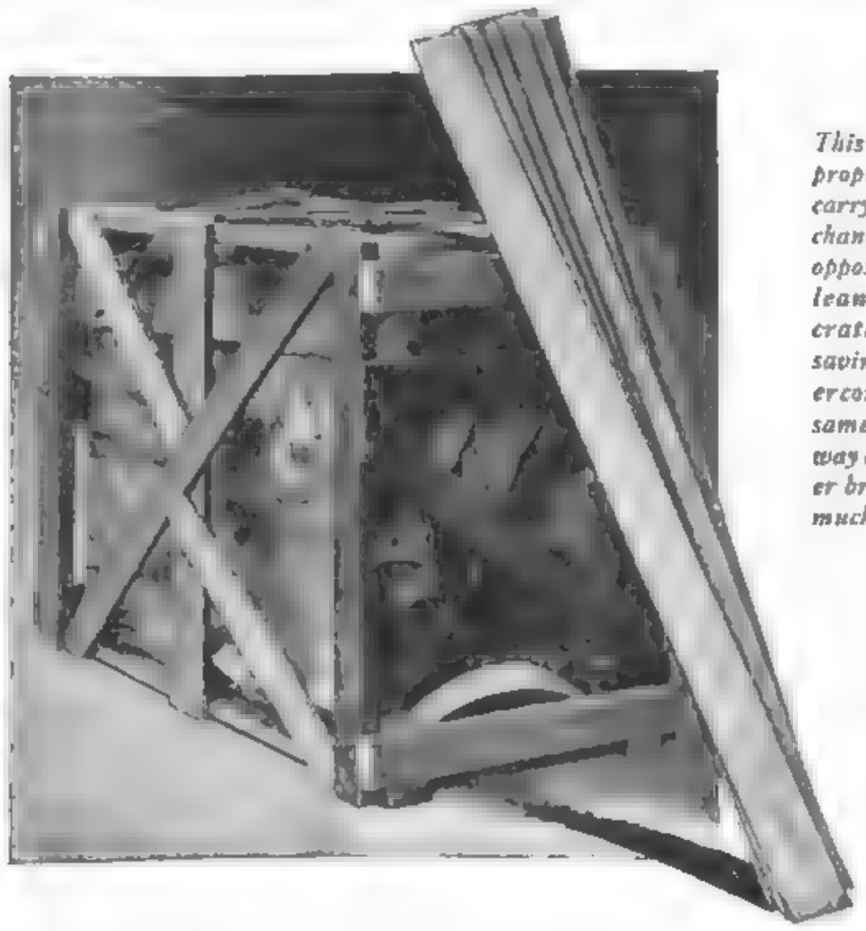
Yet after a while Teddy disengaged herself to say: "But, Alum, to what do you owe your decision to? You haven't yet told me what made you resign."

"Oh—er—something I overheard." It took a long moment to cancel his reluctance. "Elkins was speaking of my engagement, and someone I couldn't identify asked what sort of a girl you were. And then—and then"—the eyes behind the horn-rimmed goggles burned with reminiscent resentment—"he said something so—so belittling I could stand it no longer. I quit."

"What did he say?" Now the butterfly hands were clenched.

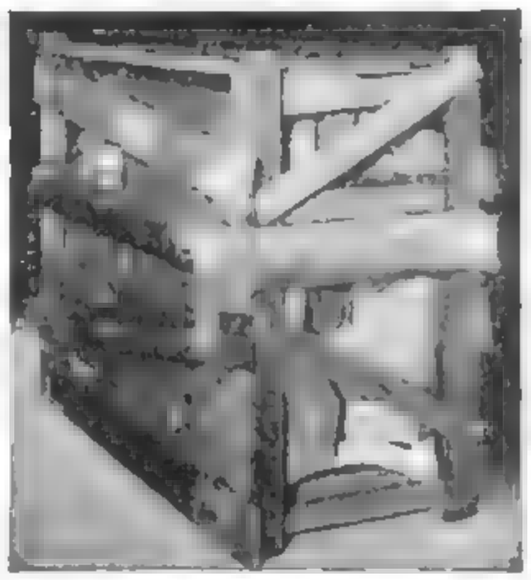
"He said, 'Oh, nothing out of the ordinary that I could see. Just the average woman, I suppose.'"

"Oh, angel man!" Teddy gurgled and held out her arms, and then was formed what might be termed an interlocking directorate.



This cut shows a crate properly designed to carry the same merchandise as the crate opposite. The boards leaning against the crate represent the saving made by proper construction. At the same time the three-way corner, and proper bracing, make it a much stronger crate.

A typical crate. More lumber than necessary used, as shown by the crate opposite; weak corner construction; ineffective bracing. The kind of crate that makes for delayed shipments, damage claims, poor collections, dissatisfied customers.



A $100,000,000 Annual Packing Loss—Most of It Saveable

HERE are two facts of significance to every shipper in the country.

That in twelve cities in a single month a freight inspection bureau was obliged to refuse or repair 43,738 packages received by carriers unfit for shipment.

And that, in spite of such rigid inspection, the railroads of the country in 1919 paid out $103,000,000 in claims on lost and damaged freight.

What is responsible for this condition?

THE PACKING of goods looks like a simple matter.
Just two problems to meet:

1. *To build an economical crate of the right size.*
2. *To make it strong enough to stand the jolts and bumps of shipping and to protect the contents.*

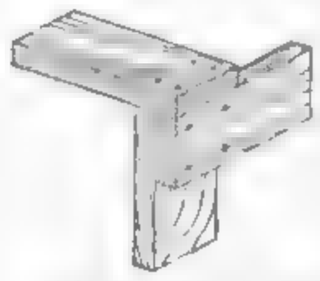
Such an obvious thing that few shippers have questioned whether it was being done right—perhaps not knowing that proper crate construction is no longer a matter of guesswork but is based on definite engineering principles. The U. S. Forest Products Laboratory and other agencies have contributed much in this development.

The Weyerhaeuser organization has for years been at work on this problem—collecting and analyzing the facts, so that every foot of lumber it sells for crating purposes will deliver 100% service and at the same time effect the greatest saving for the shipper.

AS A RESULT, this organization now offers to industrial executives a service that not only tells how to cut shipping costs and losses, but also includes the designing of crates to fit, in each case, the product to be packed.

Here is a service that has, in one instance, *saved a manufacturer* 10% *in his crating lumber costs,* 5% *in labor costs,* and 3% in freight costs; and through his ability to deliver his goods in uniformly better condition, speeded up his collections and increased his sales.

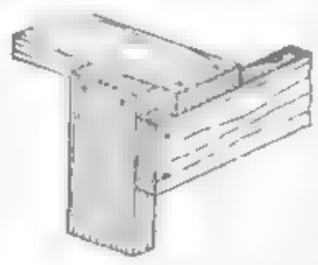
Weak Crate Corner Construction



The corner is the weakest part of the ordinary crate. This illustration shows a common method of crate corner construction in which the lumber is not used to maximum advantage. Nails driven into end grain have comparatively low holding power. This type of crate corner also lacks the bracing effect obtainable, with the same amount of lumber, nails and labor, in the approved "Three-way" corner illustrated below.

The racking and pulling apart of the ordinary crate corner is responsible for much of the damage to goods in shipment.

Strong Crate Corner Construction



This simple method of fastening together the corners of a crate requires no more lumber, is no more expensive to put together, yet is many times stronger than the method shown above.

In the better "Three-way" corner, each member is nailed to another member and has the third member nailed to it, making it very difficult to destroy the crate with ordinary handling. Note that all nails are driven into side grain. The distinguishing feature of this "Three-way" corner is that each member is held by nails or bolts in two directions. There are 16 ways to build this "Three-way" corner.

Make Every Month Perfect Package Month

LUMBER is the standard material for shipping containers. For this purpose this organization offers to factory and industrial buyers, from its fifteen distributing points, ten different kinds of lumber, of uniform quality and in quantities adequate to any shipper's needs.

A booklet outlining the principles of crate construction and explaining the personal service of Weyerhaeuser engineers will be sent on request to manufacturers who use crating lumber.

Weyerhaeuser Forest Products are distributed through the established trade channels by the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company, Spokane, Washington, with branch offices at 208 S. La Salle St., Chicago; 1015 Lexington Bldg., Baltimore; and 4th and Roberts Sts., St. Paul; and with representatives throughout the country.

WEYERHAEUSER FOREST PRODUCTS
SAINT PAUL · MINNESOTA

Producers of Douglas Fir, Pacific Coast Hemlock, Washington Red Cedar and Cedar Shingles on the Pacific Coast; Idaho White Pine, Western Soft Pine, Red Fir and Larch in the Inland Empire; Northern White Pine and Norway Pine in the Lake States

WILSON'S

WILSON'S *Certified* BACON on Easter Morning —the Best Breakfast of the year

This money-saving book free

Over a quarter of a million homes in America own a copy of "Wilson's Meat Cookery." If you have none, we will mail you one free. It tells you how to buy and cook meats most economically and most satisfactorily. Write today for a copy to Wilson & Co., Dept. 438, Chicago.

Users of Wilson's *Certified* Bacon know its goodness—know the appetizing appeal of the crisp, golden-brown, tempting slices on Easter morning. Those who have not eaten it have a real treat in store for them.

Not ordinary bacon this—though it is just as economical to buy as something which would please you a great deal less. Especially selected, it is cured slowly and patiently, and smoked just as carefully, so that it may have the fullest degree of delicious flavor—so that it tastes as good as it looks.

Here are some suggestions for cooking Wilson's *Certified* Bacon. You will find them most satisfactory. They are taken from "Wilson's Meat Cookery."

Broiling is the ideal method of cooking bacon. A fine wire rack should be used to hold the slices in place. Place the rack over a pan to catch the drippings, have a hot fire and turn the bacon as soon as one side is lightly cooked, and finish the browning quickly.

Some cooks prefer the following way of frying bacon: Put boiling water in the pan to cover the bottom and boil the bacon quickly until the water has cooked away; finish the browning with dry heat.

Bacon is an economical meat, as every bit of both fat and lean is utilized. Left-over bacon may be used in sandwiches, or cut up in scrambled eggs, omelets, cereals or stuffed eggs.

Your dealer will supply you with Wilson's *Certified* Bacon, Ham, Lard, Shortening, and other Wilson's *Certified* products.

This mark WILSON & CO. your guarantee

The Wilson label protects your table

WINTER LIFE IN THE CZAR'S CAPITAL

(Continued from Page 17)

in more or less mixed masses, till the tree was laden down and toys and other gifts surrounded it. Then the artists would come down from their stepladders or scramble up from their knees, tired and dilapidated, but supremely satisfied after a long evening of hard, dirty work.

This faculty of Russians to do a small job with such delight, simplicity and serious attention always seemed to me one of their greatest charms. That and their love of children. I never could have brought up my three rollicking offspring had it not been for the good advice and aid of all the adopted aunts and uncles, who knew these little people well and were adored by the latter. Somehow in our Russian life friendship had a more intimate and greater significance than it has usually elsewhere in the world, and there seemed more time for companionship as well. Long hours of talk were always possible as one sat in the late afternoon or through the evening, with the inevitable tea and cigarettes being passed about.

Gay, intelligent conversation there was, where every sort of subject came up and was handled with unconscious brilliancy. Mentally in the society of old Russia one had the same sensation as one has physically when one's body has been thoroughly exercised and is exactly fit. The whole atmosphere of a Russian party, whether large or an intimate circle, seemed full of confidence and affectionate understanding, of rare culture, free from all pedantry and pose; and there was invariably good breeding, with no pretensions or mannerisms to mar it in the least. This, with sparkling wit, good spirits, charity and kindliness, made up a society difficult to reproduce elsewhere, and of the most compelling attraction to all foreigners who had the good luck to be included in our circle.

The Sovereigns Receive

With the first of the year and the levee held at court the season began in dead earnest and society became the serious business of our young women's lives. When the Sovereigns were in town, before the Russo-Japanese War occurred, the Empress held court on New Year's morning and received in person the good wishes of her subjects. These, like herself, were dressed in typical national costumes. Alexandra-Féodorovna's perfect features, the beautiful oval of her face, her classic head and shoulders and her regal carriage were well adapted to the gorgeousness and weight of all she had to wear and the Czarina's costumes were of legendary splendor. Little as she cared for extravagance in modern gowns or hats from Paris, her nature responded to the possibilities of ancient Muscovy. Her love for beautiful brocades, for ancient laces, for rich embroideries of pearls and other precious stones, for furs and rare jewels, led her to create for herself clothes magnificent almost beyond belief. She liked, I think, occasions when she wore court dress. It suited the Empress' rather heavy figure and she was supremely well built to carry off the massive stiffness of it all. High Kakoshnik headdress and long lace veil, slashed sleeves that fell to the floor, an underdress of metal and stones embroidered, with overdress and train that taxed even her strength, became her well. Sometimes it was all cloth of gold, or velvet, or brocade, with always wide borderings of priceless dark sables. Over all this—jewels, row upon row. Her Majesty wore about her neck pearls and diamonds of most startling size, and they spread down on her dress, covering her as with a sparkling buckler.

The grand duchesses and the rich ladies of the court did their best to follow this example, but though they represented the best of taste, with often real creative talent, they had no such supplies to draw on for their costumes, and were forced therefore to modify ambitions which might otherwise have been allowed to soar. Here and there about the palace halls, some original note in color or design among the gowns attracted the eye. Such was a train of turquoise velvet with great sheaves of Easter lilies worked in metal and soft silks upon it; and farther on there was a train where the embroidery reproduced the tail of a proud peacock in its natural coloring. There were very varied patterns and many lovely old brocades. In the immense halls of the Winter Palace enough floor space existed to spread out all the trains, and the ladies of our court could preen themselves and show off their fine feathers beautifully on New Year's morning.

The men meantime were being received in other halls by the Emperor, who in the midst of his courtiers and officials of his army and navy always apparently felt an agony of shyness. Yet he made his round of the diplomatic circle gathered in one hall, and found some short phrase or question to address to each head of mission in that line. He did the same among the Russians.

During the days that followed, the talk of the town bore much on the great function of the New Year's reception, and always it showed the reactions of those who took part toward the central figures in these picturesque scenes. Toward the Empress there was unreserved admiration for her great beauty, no mention of Her Majesty otherwise at all. About the Emperor there was much talk as to what he did and said and how he did and said it, of how he looked, the charm of his expression, of how hard it was for him to do his share in any society program. A mixture of awe for the head of the church and state, of sympathy and a desire to aid the shy man, and a real regret that by his official rôle His Majesty was always forced to do these things which were so against his simple bourgeois tastes. I am sure when New Year's Day was quite over the Sovereigns drew a deep breath in sheer relief, but their guests of the morning kept a warm feeling in their hearts for those who ruled them, and who were to many of their guests really their Little White Father and the father's fairylike consort.

As soon as people left the Winter Palace they were seen rushing about all over town in tiny sleighs or broughams, which stopped and emptied their occupants at the grand-ducal palaces. We all were obliged to inscribe our names upon the books left in their anterooms by the members of the imperial family. This was the equivalent of a call on royalty and the scribbling of one's name was an excellent excuse for a few moments of pleasant conversation and the exchange of a compliment or two with other visitors.

About six weeks of quite mad gayety followed this opening of the season. It was only in old days, before the war with Japan, that the Sovereigns played any part in all this and gave their share of entertainments. Then the Winter Palace was often open. Their Majesties arranged to have at least one great party each week.

Court Entertainments

A large court ball—for three thousand people, who didn't overcrowd—began the series. Four smaller balls followed, where about four hundred was the limit of the guests. Then came the dinner dance which wound up carnival week and was still smaller and very informal. To the first ball every bureaucrat and army and navy officer of colonel's rank or over had the right and duty to go and take his wife. The category of guests for the second variety of party was made up of the court functionaries, the imperial guards, society and diplomats; and these were very attractive balls, where half those who were present looked on, while the younger element danced. Finally the last party of our season occurred in the Hermitage, and only young dancers were commanded to the feast.

At none of these were the guests in court costume, but merely in full ball dress. Yet jewels and uniforms, decorations and gold lace made a fair show to gaze upon. The men were well set up and generally both tall and handsome. The women possessed intelligent faces, with distinction and elegance, even when they had no special claim to beauty. Many were very handsome, too, and they wore their family jewels and their fine clothes without any trace of self-consciousness.

All strangers were struck by the simplicity and charm of these aristocratic people, who bore such ancient names famous in Russia's history, and who had such

REZNOR

GAS BATHROOM HEATER

Bathroom Comfort at the touch of a match

In building or remodeling, be sure you provide a permanent method of heating your bathroom on chilly days when the furnace is inadequate or not operating.

The Reznor Bathroom Heater meets this need completely. Occupies no floor space, is always in place, and gushes heat the instant it is lighted.

Easily installed in any type of wall construction, is a complete unit in itself, and the only appliance of this kind on the accepted list of the underwriters' laboratory, established and maintained by the National Board of Fire Underwriters.

The Reznor Bathroom Heater is the finishing touch to the modern bathroom.

Write for our free booklet of complete information. Then consult your architect, building or plumbing contractor, and be sure "Reznor" is on the heater you install.

REZNOR MANUFACTURING CO., 10 Main St., Mercer, Pa.

Doubles Business In Four Months

Anderson Brothers, retailers, of Joliet, Illinois, have *doubled* their business in four months through the use of a Rotospeed Stencil Duplicator.

George K. Birely and Sons of Frederick, Maryland, secured $25,000 worth of *new business* by using it. It *saved* a manufacturer more than $1,000, and it earned, for another user, a net profit of *six times* its cost from *one day's work*.

ROTOSPEED STENCIL DUPLICATOR

Here is a machine that prints form letters for 20c a thousand, good, clean-cut letters with all the power of typewritten originals. Any operator can turn them out at the rate of 75 a minute—enough for a large mailing list in an hour.

Simply write or draw the form on a sheet—attach to machine and turn the handle—that's all.

You can save half your printing bills, for this same machine, without additional equipment, prints bulletins, price lists, ruled forms and announcements—anything that can be handwritten, typewritten, drawn or ruled even illustrated letters with fac-simile signature—*in one operation*. The price, complete with full equipment, is only $43.50.

Try It Free

You can put Rotospeed in your own office for ten days absolutely free. You can prove for yourself that Rotospeed will increase your business and decrease your expense. At the end of ten days decide whether you want to keep it or not.

Ideas You Can Use

Do you want copies of sales letters that sell goods—bulletins that bring in new business—collection letters that bring home the cash? We will gladly furnish you copies of letters printed on Rotospeed and used by firms in *your* line of business. These letters will cost you nothing. Check the coupon below and we will send you at once either the machine, fully equipped and ready for work, or booklet, samples of work and details of our free trial offer.

THE ROTOSPEED COMPANY

776 East Third St., Dayton, Ohio

Mail This NOW

FREE TRIAL

THE ROTOSPEED CO., 776 E. Third St., Dayton, O.

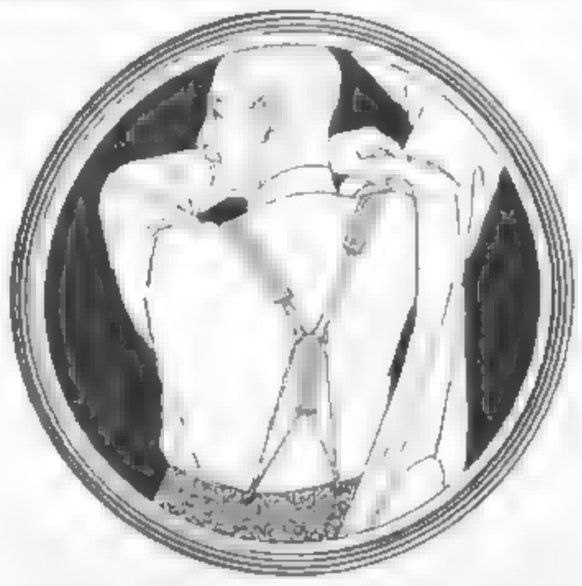
☐ Please send me complete Rotospeed Machine and Free Trial Equipment. After 10 days' trial I will send $43.50 or return the machine.

☐ Please send me booklet and details of your Free Trial offer. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name

Address

For Your Health's Sake



Ask Your Physician

President Suspenders

The Original and Only Genuine

PHYSICIANS say tight clothing, giving a false support at the waist, makes muscles flabby and fat, through lack of use.

Support your trousers correctly, from your shoulders, with scientifically made *President Suspenders*, and reduce this fat to firm tissue.

Every pair guaranteed

Be sure the name President is on the buckle

NOW 50¢ a pair

MADE AT SHIRLEY, MASSACHUSETTS

MACGREGOR

Bristol STEEL SHAFTED WOOD AND IRON CLUBS

In certain parts and with certain players there has existed a desire for steel shafted golf clubs. For several years we have experimented with steel construction and have this season perfected for the market a wide range of both Wood and Iron models fitted with a tubular steel shaft. Our assortment of these clubs is illustrated below.

In actual practice MACGREGOR Steel Shafted Clubs have been meeting every test. They may not give *you* greater distance or please *you* so well, but there are many who assert that they get greater distance and accuracy with all their shots. They certainly do give excellent control, splendid timing, remarkable direction and unquestioned durability.

We urge you to try at least one steel shafted club—and others if the first appeals to you. Ask your Pro or Dealer about them. Also get our complete free catalog. MACGREGOR Steel Shafted Wood Clubs in all standard models, $8.00 each—Iron Clubs, $7.00 each.

The Crawford, McGregor and Canby Co. Dayton, Ohio.

Established 1829

Make Records With MACGREGORS

splendor of estates, palaces and jewels for their background. It is true I never heard a Russian say, nor saw him do, anything inspired by snobbishness. All were judged by their personal merits and not by any glittering thing which belonged to their frames. Nothing could change the verdict nor society's point of view, once taken. Some of those best liked and most invited in society lived in small, cheap homes and had but shabby clothes, yet everyone went to their apartments with as much enthusiasm as to the largest palace's fine fêtes.

It was the same with the diplomats who came to Russia. They were asked to a few official parties, and were examined at these calmly enough. If their personalities attracted, they found themselves quickly taken into society's intimate circle. If they didn't make good when they were thus inspected, these foreigners might stay for years accredited to our court, yet never advance farther toward success. No matter how much they happened to offer in the way of entertainment, they could not overcome the prejudice against them. Puzzled and defeated in their efforts they would call our society cold and indifferent, never dreaming they had merely been looked over and found wanting, and that no one was taking the trouble to be rude. Simply that particular outsider didn't exist, no one even thought of him again, and he would never realize he had had the same opportunity others had had who made a real success.

Late hours were the rule in Russia. Men and women liked sitting up, and we were asked to supper at midnight more frequently than to dine at eight o'clock. The Russians could sit indefinitely over their wineglass or cup of black coffee, listening to gypsy music or merely talking. It was pleasant never to be restless nor to see others so. Time was without value, and so long as the company was congenial, as some foreigner said, a matter of spending one's night in sleep became purely a conventional idea, easy to discard. Political work was done at night, cabinet meetings were held and even business was transacted across a table in some restaurant.

Spoofing the Professor

Another curious and agreeable trait of Russian society life was the democratic way people mixed. Some simple self-made man, were he sympathetic, was included at once, and might become the center of all gatherings in which he took a part. This was so of a number of our cabinet ministers. Springing from the peasantry or the small bourgeois class, they gained interest or approval always were they genuine and interesting personally. The most notable example of this was Krivachène, the Minister of Agriculture for years. Of humble origin, born with great brains, with charm and of dignified manner, he was a favored guest always everywhere; and there were many others who were of his fine type in our capital.

There was no drunkenness in society; never once in the nearly twenty years I lived in Russia did I meet a man at dinner or at a ball who had had too much to drink. It was not spoken of or discussed, but simply did not exist. Wine was served everywhere plentifully; in all houses old port or sherry with biscuits stood on a smaller table near our tea tables of an afternoon; and those who did not like tea sipped their wine in comfort. Red wine and white were served at all meals, champagne at every dinner or supper, and as much as anyone cared for. It was a matter of proper training, how much one drank. Good taste left each individual to decide when to stop, but all the hospitable wealth of alcohol made no apparent trouble. No man aimed at drinking too much any more than at overeating, and no watching of the youngsters by anxious hosts or hostesses was ever necessary in St. Petersburg.

Among the peasants and the working people vodka was considered a necessity because of the cold, and was used constantly. There was much hard drinking of a Saturday night or on a holiday; and in the streets then one saw those who had had too much, sitting about, talking, embracing, singing or wandering home in zigzags; but hardly ever were they fighting or scolding one another.

At the regiments, when the officers congregated at their mess for lunches, dinners or suppers on the feast day of their patron saint, or met to celebrate some victory over their rival comrades in the field of sport, or when they invited the officers of some friendly regiment, the wine flowed freely through long hours and toast after toast was drunk. It was well known that these regimental parties were of fixed habits and traditions, and they were put in a category by themselves. Occasionally some gossipy story leaked out in spite of discretion, but not often; and though various elderly ladies then shook their heads in discussing this or that youngster's prank, the boys' fathers understood and condoned, and wives smiled amiably and found congenial occupations for themselves on the evenings of such entertainments.

One delightful anecdote was related to me of some youngsters who, before my time in Russia, between high spirits and champagne had gotten beyond themselves in the wee small hours of morning. From their barracks they had rung up by telephone the imperial observatory near the capital. A weary man on duty who answered their call was told to awaken Professor —— by orders from the highest quarters, and to request the professor to report at the instrument at once. Shortly the sleepy voice of the scientist floated over the wire asking for orders, and a brisk rejoinder was carried back: "We wished to ask a serious question of you, sir. It is: With what do you habitually feed the Great Bear?" Professor ——'s reply is unrecorded, but within a few days he made a report to the Emperor, who in turn had the young chaps severely reprimanded. The incident made those who originated it famous, and people long after would allude to it in connection with any gay supper party, asking if curiosity hadn't run to scientific matters? But one never had occasion to wonder if the man sitting by one at dinner or dancing with one at a ball was in condition; for in society one was sure of safety, and no man drank with women present, save in the privacy of a *cabinet particulier*, where the women were consenting parties to the bout.

Dinners at court, at the embassies, at the great houses, were pleasant ways of bringing together old and young in smaller groups than at the entertainments which were set for later in the night, and for our carnival season there was never an evening free and hardly ever one without several parties to follow one another. None conflicted, however; and one of the most attractive traits in the Russian court circle was the declared intention of each hostess to go to others' entertainments, and never to draw guests away from a rival's ball. Each in turn did her best to amuse and attract, and the general amiability made for an enjoyable atmosphere. There were really wonderfully perfect suppers, with music, flowers and food all admirable, as were the magnificent homes, which were the proper frames for such gay gatherings.

Indescribable Magnificence

One would like to describe in detail the people and their jewels, the splendor of their dresses, the brilliant conversation, and the greatness of many names in the traditions and the history of their land. One would like to tell of the art treasures collected about these men and women, of the marbles, paintings, carvings, bronzes, porcelains, and the many precious objects worked by old masters' hands, the wide staircases and the sumptuous halls, the retainers devoted to each house, grown old in service there and jealous of another house's reputation. The fact of the matter is, one must have seen it to quite realize all this. Russia's magnificence and hospitality beggared description and were above comparison.

Legendary in size and quality, built up through centuries, this bloom of intense civilization was swept away before the winds of war and revolution. An agony of suffering occurred which drew no moan, and these people showed heroism such as few in the world's history have ever shown, and prove to-day a faith which will carry into the far future. To rebuild with liberal, forgiving spirit a new Russia on the ruins of the old feudal one, which had outlived its time, and to refuse to cry for mercy is the fine Russian's ambition wherever he survives. Sometimes it is difficult to believe that the old life is a closed chapter and that so many millions of our people have died off or been killed in the past seven years, while their land has been blighted and all constructive effort or the results of it have been destroyed.

(Continued on Page 144)

A bath a day—
the Mueller way

(Patented)

The New Mueller Tub-Shower Faucet

WITH this new invention you can take a tub-bath or a shower-bath. You can enjoy a hot tub, followed by a warm or a cold shower. You get the combined advantages of both tub and shower. Cold, warm or hot water can be drawn from either spout or spray.

The hose is permanently attached and independent of spout.

Dad and the boys can have their cold showers—mother and the girls can have warm showers or tepid tubs and luxurious shampoos—all with the Mueller Tub-Shower Faucet.

Any good plumber can install this device on short notice. It fits any regulation bath-tub. It requires no attention—is always ready to add to the comfort and convenience of all the family. It lasts a lifetime.

Write for the free book on "Dependable Plumbing" describing the many useful Mueller Plumbing Faucets, made to meet every known need. Where building or remodeling is contemplated, file this advertisement for future reference.

H. Mueller Manufacturing Company

Decatur, Illinois, U. S. A.

New York City, 145 W. 30th St. Sarnia, Ont., Canada San Francisco, 635 Mission St.

Mueller Metals Co., Port Huron, Mich., Manufacture the famous "Mueller Brass Forgings".

Mueller Tub-Shower Faucet No. E-3175—makes the tub you now have into a shower—encourages the bathing habit with the children—saves time and adds to comfort. Also recommended for use in hotels and apartment buildings. Order today through your local plumber. Price **$12.50 in United States; $15.25 in Canada.**

THERE is no sympathy so helpful to a family that is bereaved as that of true friends and no help so reassuring as that of the good funeral director.

Acting in your stead, he understands that he must act in your spirit, performing each task with the reverence and tenderness with which your own hands would perform it if they could.

Sympathy which cannot be gracefully conveyed by words is revealed through his acts of service which bring the comforting assurance that every attention has been given with thoughtfulness and skill.

THE CINCINNATI COFFIN COMPANY

Italian Renaissance Border. Symbol the Sickle, Sign of the Harvest of Life Message number eight. Copyrighted 1922 C. C. C.

Do You Sometimes Tire of the Same Four Walls?

Home, office, factory, store, —all seem unattractive if seen too long without a change.

It is not hard to get the change your heart desires; to enjoy delightful entertainment, wholesome relaxation.

There is a good motion picture theatre near you, furnishing clean amusement at a modest price.

Visit it tonight!

PATHÉ Exchange, Inc.

(Continued from Page 142)

Even so, though, Russia is the richest country in the world in natural resources, and in its people, too, for it has in spite of famine, war and pestilence, the largest population of all white nations, and the nation's birth rate remains high. Its spirit, too, is fine, for faith and hope and charity toward all mankind are shown. Such traits as the above make for survival and for constructive force whatever comes.

Between balls and dinners at court there was another form of entertainment, which was one Her Majesty the Empress Alexandra particularly liked. It was the theater; and about once a week a performance of opera, play or ballet was commanded in the tiny jewel of a playhouse which the Winter Palace held. The stage with its settings was perfection, as were the decorations in the pretty auditorium, and it held only a small portion of the members of the court, since nothing was ever allowed to be crowded or uncomfortable. "Commands" to one of these performances were greatly sought and hoped for.

A thing which struck foreigners very much in our society of St. Petersburg was that the Russian never talked of money. If he had it he spent lavishly on others and on himself; did his charity and entertaining in quite regardless style, sent to the Crimea for fruits and to the Volga for caviar, to the Riviera for his flowers, elsewhere still further to gratify a whim, but with unfailing tact the price of all this luxury was never mentioned, not even thought of. The gold was there to be used where needed; and that was all. If one was quite poor it didn't matter, one had just as good a time and no responsibility, no sordid or snobbish thought or word disturbed the elegance of lives full of refined comfort, without thought of ostentation. I delighted in this trait, for it was so very unusual in our day in other lands. Open-handed charity was theirs in word and deed, a warm and cordial welcome to those who came among them was offered whether it was to the self-made man who had worked his way from peasant bed rock, or whether it was to a foreigner married into the charmed circle. Provided their personality pleased, they were asked for nothing more. Among the many American girls married to Russians not one that I can recall had any money, and all were very happy, I think, in their adopted homes.

Carnival Week

The season drew on to its carnival week, and the parties grew later and later, gayer and gayer, as they followed one another. A British diplomat once said to me, "During the season I never feel I've had a successful evening until in closing the door of my car about five in the morning, and after the third party, our footman says to me, 'Where next, sir?'"

There were costume balls, *bals à têtes*, and plain balls or those with some feature such as a gay quadrille in fancy dress to open with. For Christians of the Russian Orthodox Church, Lent begins always on a Monday, therefore our carnival lasts for a complete week, and in old days it piled up pleasure upon pleasure for the gay young set of the imperial court. The special carnival dish, *blini*, was eaten twice a day. A *blini* is a rather thick batter cake, heavier than our pancake and fried in butter, in heavy small round metal pans. Served sizzling in the pans, these cakes were delicious, especially when covered with drawn butter, fresh caviar, smoked salmon or sour cream. Such combination of excellent things would have been a real problem to any digestion but that of a Slav, but with him it seemed nothing worth mentioning to put away five or six of the heavy cakes and their attendant mixtures as a mere beginning of a meal. To do it through seven days was a test, yet a number of people I knew had much better records than five or six! I was told stories of carnival celebrations in Moscow, in earlier days, when men raced with one another, and considered it proper to swallow as many *blinii* as it took to build up from one's plate upon the table, a leaning tower the top of which should reach to and support one's chin! I have never had opportunity to verify this interesting statement, however, and it may well be a little exaggerated.

On the last day of the carnival a dinner, followed by a cotillon, was given at court. It lasted only till midnight and it ended the season. In many ways it was much the most wonderful fête of the whole year. None who did not dance were bidden, save certain members of the imperial family. It was a party of but two hundred and fifty or three hundred guests all told; and comparatively young people, handsome and smartly dressed. They were decorated with their best jewels and the men's uniforms aided the picture, while the wonderful background was more than worthy of such a gathering.

Electric light was put all over the Hermitage for that one night, and as we sat at the great tables, eating the best food the palace chefs could produce, we were feasting mentally on our surroundings. So beautiful were the things that one was distracted from one's ordinary pleasures, and gazed in wonder. Old men and women from Rembrandt's brush watched us from some walls, and there just beyond were beauties from France, always young in their powder and paint. There were also beauties contributed by Reynolds, Gainsborough and a number of other English masters, not to mention our own Russians' work, most of which was in the Alexander III Museum. Emperors, Empresses, favorites and great men of centuries long past presided over our gayety, and a grand array of treasures, such as no other dining halls in all the world possess, stood about. It had taken many millions wisely spent to collect all the beautiful things. Jeweled ornaments from the sovereigns of Asia given to the great Catharine, others offered Elizabeth or Peter crowded those belonging to others of their line. There were things made by patient, clever fingers in all parts of the world—porcelains, enamels, the finest of embroideries, weavings and arms, cabinetwork and ancient furniture, all rare pieces, which meant years of effort in old days and which in their way seemed as perfect as the paintings.

The Unassuming Czar

Rich magnificence of background we certainly had for our feasting, though it was with some difficulty one singled out the main objects meriting admiration. Everything was so perfect, and the owner of it all was so unconscious, so little aware of his great power or his great treasures as he moved about or sat shyly down among his guests. Never, even among all the sightseers who by day passed through the museum, had a simpler or more modest man walked in those halls than the Czar of all the Russias, Nicholas II. I often looked at him and wondered how he could be as he was. Completely unassuming, never did he say anything that would have led those who talked with His Majesty to infer that any of this grandeur belonged to him, or even that he was connected distantly with all the state about him. Sometimes one felt tempted to speculate as to whether anyone else in all the world could be so detached from the attributes of the position he occupied as was our sovereign. He had been kept exceptionally young both in his education and in his family life by the dominating old autocrat and giant Alexander III, who had made all Europe tremble through the years he reigned. Then the son, left with a great load upon his shoulders, found it impossible to follow in his father's footsteps. He didn't need or want much for himself. A modest bourgeois in his habits, seriously he was interested in what his ministers reported to him, intelligently he questioned them, and honestly he tried to make decisions on the information given. He hated the pomp and ceremony, yet went through it without complaint, suppressing what he could, escaping when there was a chance left open. For the rest, if escape was not to be, he accepted his destiny and had an expression of bored patience or resignation, almost sadness, which came over his quiet face. Sometimes one saw real longing spring into his eyes, as some young officer passed by, a laughing woman with her hand upon his arm.

Everyone felt sorry for His Majesty at his own parties. The Empress was generally absolutely silent and her beautiful mask wore a cold, tense look, the hard lips had a bitter curl as she watched the dancing or heard the laughing of her guests. It was left constantly for the Empress Mother to strike a note of cheerful hospitality and welcome. She was always beautifully dressed whenever she appeared, and her musical laugh and graceful manner put everyone at ease. The balls and dinners to which she went were the brighter for her

presence. Imagine some young officer finding that Her Majesty knew all about his new decoration and thought he deserved it; or a young woman, who had made her own gown at home, being told across a supper table and before a number of notables: "What a pretty gown! I love that white tulle and the roses with the black velvet. An artist's work, not a dressmaker's!" Of course both the captain and the young matron were forever after Her Majesty's adoring subjects.

It was so also with the older men and women, some trinket or jewel, an absence or an illness served as an excuse for a few gracious words and a sweet smile. These won allegiance and held it permanently, and among the poor and humble it was the same. The sufferer in some charity hospital drew her attention and he told his woes to one who was not only sympathetic in words but when things were in her power to improve, this was always done in a gentle, maternal way. A most human lady and an example to all, both in her happy hours and when trial came. Even to the end, through exile, bad health, poverty and with old age coming on, Her Majesty's spirit never fails to attract to her such as need strengthening, and her whole thought is for those about her and for Russia. Her faith in Russia's rebirth and the country's future glory remains steadfast. All who gather around her love her if possible more in her dark days than they did in her youth and triumphs. But in the happy times before the war she was in her element at parties like the Hermitage dinner and the ball that followed. She would sit in the dancing hall with no thought of fatigue and watch us dancers or, gathering an intimate group, she would talk and laugh in some distant corner of the reception suites.

One place in the palace which I thought most lovely was a winter garden built just off the ballroom, and the Empress Mother used it often as her retreat to sit in with her group. Really one had the impression of being transported to the tropics. There were great palms and ferns with splendid blooming flowers to add their fragrance, birds in great numbers were singing happily, and it seemed a bit of fairyland where any pair weary of dancing might wander. There were few who left the ballroom, however, for if one moved about one missed not only the dancing but the beautiful flowers given out to every guest. It was with a floral figure this ball ended. There were delicious bouquets from the imperial greenhouses—violets, mimosa, jonquils, narcissi and lilies-of-the-valley in large, generous bunches. They seemed miracles of fragrant beauty, especially if one thought of the climate outside, with snow and ice and blizzards enveloping the capital.

A Serious Undertaking

So the season was concluded, and then with their usual intensity the gayest of the Russians turned toward higher things, and set about the saving of their souls with real enthusiasm. "We are doing our devotions and will see no one for a time," was the explanation given for many an attractive couple's disappearance from their usual haunts. And "doing devotions" was a serious undertaking. It meant a week of constant fasting—that is, of limited food, and most of that fish cooked with oil and vegetables. It meant two or three hours of church services daily, and these were the most dry and dull of all the services on the church calendar. Finally Friday, the fifth day, brought the devotions to the point where confession relieved a penitent's soul. This once over, spirits rallied and the solemnity of patriarchal worship left that particular household, not to return again for a whole year.

During Lent some of the embassies gave great official dinners, and there was music at the opera and at concerts as well as in many homes. It seems to me all Russians I have ever known were musical, to some extent at least, and that they could contribute always, when called on for it, to the pleasure of a quiet evening gathering. We had many such evenings in our own home, where amiable amateurs were able to sing or play for us, and if their program contained well-known songs every member of their audience joined in. At the opera and playhouses it was wonderful to see the enthusiasm. It might be either for a man or for a woman, but when their favorite appeared the people's applause was deafening, and after each act the whole audience would rise and make a terrible racket, calling madly the artist's name and renewing their handclapping. And the singers responded cordially. Many a time I've looked about me with surprise as some one of the capital's best artists asked what was wanted, and then sang some simple old folk song or a gay modern air to please an audience so excited by its hero worship that it could hardly stand quietly to listen. I don't believe I ever saw Russians excited by anything but music—and I liked them the better for their single exception to an unpublished law.

Easter ended our winter festivities with a last splendid celebration, the most typical in all the Orthodox church year.

Generally at Easter St. Petersburg still wears its soft white garments of snow, and the beautiful architecture takes on an added mystery, to which the deep night sky above gives only further attraction. It was far from dark along the thoroughfares of our old capital on Easter night, however. Wide as the streets were, the crowds which moved along them filled them completely, but one could in spite of this see that everyone wore his best clothes and felt pleased and kindly, for there was no jostling. On the houses there were everywhere electric decorations. Great stars or brilliant crowns or the imperial arms and monogram, made in small bulbs, shone out like diamonds, and lanterns and red bunting aided in the effect of general festivity. The lamps together with the arc lights of the street showed long processions of carriages, sleighs and pedestrians to advantage. The people were all well worth examination. Never shall I forget our throngs, the neat, prosperous aspect of which was immensely striking.

Easter Customs

Contentment and shining cleanliness reigned, for in no phase is the gentle Russian so typical as in his religion or his hospitality. Easter is the time above all when these two elements combine to put our nation at its best. Seven weeks of fasting, of penance and of prayer, when followed sincerely, prepared him to appreciate the deep joy which Easter means to a primitive and faithful Christian. At the end of Holy Week, having confessed, he was absolved, of course, and took communion; then on the Saturday, late, the Russian baths all over town had done their work, and best clothes—civilian or uniform—had been withdrawn from their wrappings and donned to celebrate.

With everything at home burnished and decorated, the whole family was finally ready to wander out, laden with the dishes which must be sanctified at church. Such quaint bundles these made. Held in white or in embroidered cloths which were a riot of gay color, there were round platters piled high with brilliant red, green, purple, blue and yellow eggs, hard-boiled. These were held by the father of a family, and the mother was carrying the *Paskha*, or creamy cheese with raisins in it. Children trotted along and brought the family *Koulitch*, a round cake appropriate to the Easter festival. On each dish must always be a great flower of brilliant pink or red tissue paper. Sometimes one small platter held all the modest repast of an individual or of a poor family, but some extra food was always obtainable, and it was always as gay and cheerful looking as the face above the platter was serene.

Threading their way along the great Nevskii Prospekt the vast crowds parted here and there to let sleighs, court equipages and motors pass, and the latter moved slower than usual, for it would have been a crime to upset one of the precious bundles in the concourse. Smiling eyes turned to look at one. It was impossible not to smile back and exchange a word of greeting, and truly that night, at least, all men were brothers in their happiness. Out at one end of the Nevskii Prospekt was the monastery of St. Alexander Nevskii, patron saint of the great city, and there in the ancient church the service would include the singing of a choir called the most wonderful in Russia—not a mean reputation in a land where all the inhabitants have a genius for song. At the opposite end of the street the magnificent mass of buildings visible included the Winter Palace, the Admiralty and the Cathedral of Saint Isaac. The latter's gold dome glistened in reflections against the dark sapphire sky, for on the four corners of the edifice flamed up great torches held by bronze groups of

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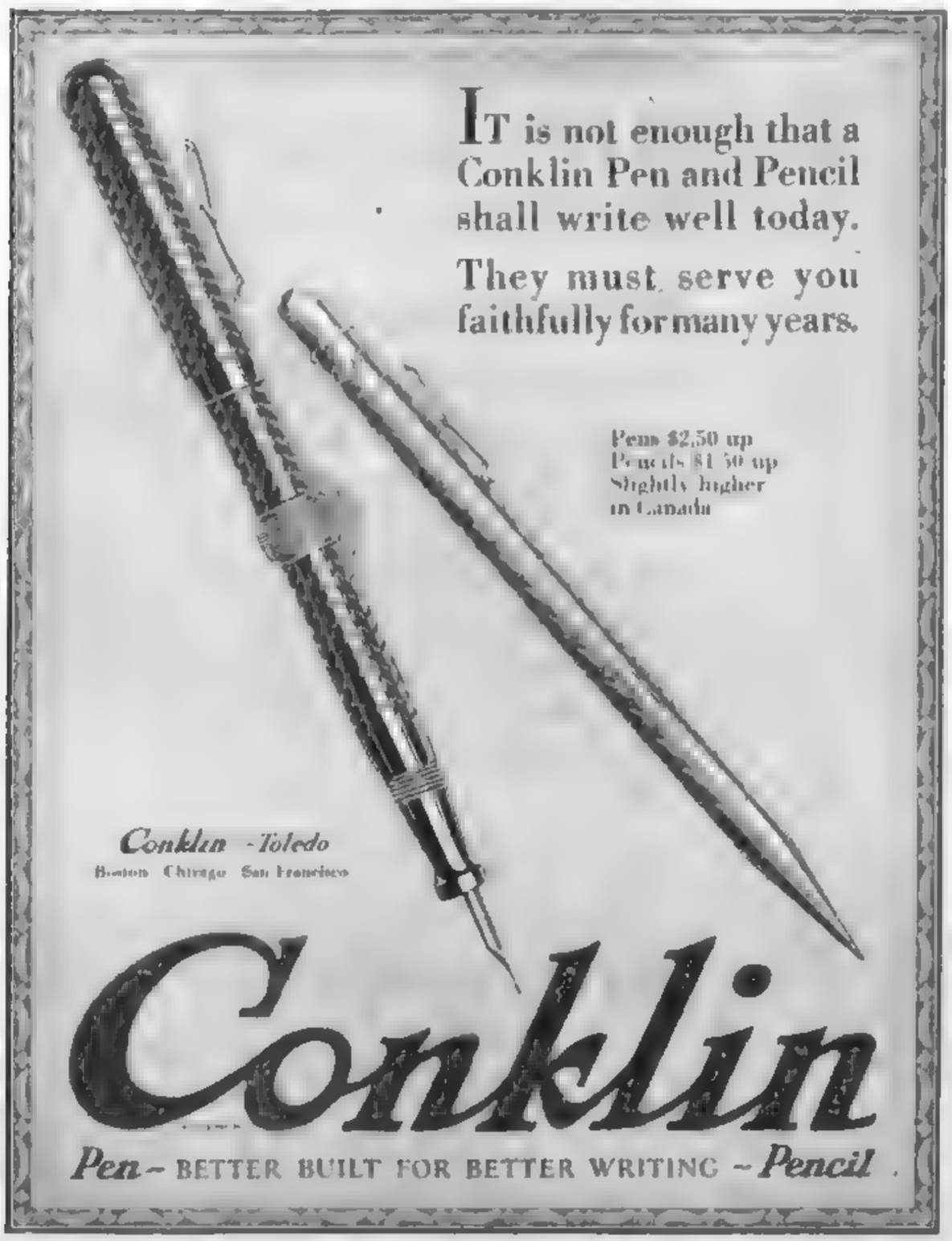

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angels of colossal size. Outside, it was a marvelous sight, while a fairyland of color and sound existed inside the mysterious and magnificent cathedral. Lined with rare marbles and semiprecious stones, their splendid colors gleamed, reflecting back thousands of tiny tapers held by humble worshipers.

It was to Saint Isaac's that the diplomats went for their midnight mass at Easter. The women in light gowns and the men in gold-laced uniforms looked very fine indeed in such a rich frame. Halfway up the Nevskii the Cathedral of Our Lady of Kazan was also packed with people, and their clothes and platters divided one's attention with the gold decorations of the church itself. This Madonna with the Christchild in her arms was an icon much revered and cared for. Had she not escaped the hands of the Tartar enemy and floated on the Volga's waters? Had she not granted many miracles to such as sought them of her in true faith? On Easter night the tapers twinkled by the hundred in the candleholders all about her, and gave full value to this icon's strange beauty. One gasped with wonder at the masses of jewels piled up as thank offerings by the devoted at this shrine.

The mass of humanity extended forth from the altar screen out into the church, and it overflowed into the colonnades, even to the little park outside. This was so of all the churches and chapels in the capital, however. Around Saint Isaac's the great square was filled to capacity, and in the smaller churches and the private chapels of various ministries or palaces the rooms beyond the actual church space were filled also with well-dressed crowds, who came to join in celebrating the Resurrection with the inhabitants of each house.

At a few minutes to midnight long processions formed: Bishops and priests, deacons and choir boys, with all the others who composed the Russian church officialdom. They moved out among the people, carrying banners and crosses, incense and tapers, and as the clock struck midnight a chant of triumph rose announcing that the Christ was risen to save all men from sin and punishment. Louder and louder in its full glory spread the news, and new tapers blinked and burned, adding more light and color to the lovely scenes and glorious sounds. One of the hours well worth living was this midnight time of a Russian Easter, one of the hours whose fine memories linger when the splendor of a whole nation bends in adoration of the best the world has known. High and humble over the whole land then gravely embraced and kissed three times, announcing to one another in brotherly affection, "Christ is risen," and answering, "Verily he is risen!"

Following the church ceremony came the happy feasting, full of touching incident. Every commander of a regiment or of a squadron kissed three times each soldier under his command. Every owner of a palace kissed each mujik in his employ, and so it was through all society in every class or caste.

My women friends and I, like my maids and I, followed the quaint old custom and exchanged pretty jeweled or enameled eggs or other little gifts appropriate to the season. In our home kitchen stood a large table with the traditional dishes laid out, and to every servant in the house were allotted a dozen eggs and part of a suckling pig or mutton and ham, together with *Paskha* and *Koulitch* in due proportion. A share of beer or wine, of which our chef had generous supplies prepared, was always added. Then a sum of money was given to the household servitors by us for their own party; and this was so in every home with any patriarchal self-respect in old Russia.

Great pride was taken both by the hosts and by our simple servitor guests in making their table heavily laden and beautiful to look upon. When an Easter feast was too plentiful to transport to church it was the nearest priest who came to us to bless the food and scatter holy water on it, and this ceremony in itself was charmingly quaint and touching in its symbolism. At some of the Grand Ducal palaces the retainers, in holiday clothes, stood about the ballroom, where long tables were laid out with care for them, and the priest walked up and down blessing their provisions, while the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess stood with all their suites and friends looking on.

My husband and I went first to our old regimental church always, and it was among the soldiers and our comrade officers with their families that the earliest congratulations and embraces were exchanged. Then from the paschal feast at the commander's quarters we sallied forth into the illuminated night to visit other homes, those of the friends we knew and loved the best. In all these palaces both servants and owners received us with open arms and the classic salutations. It always impressed me immensely to think that in the Czar's capital the night was spent this way by some two million citizens, while out farther in the land one hundred and eighty million Russians did the same things, believing with a deep faith that Christ had given his life to save them, and that he was risen again and all was well with this great world of ours. Russia at prayer and Russia feasting and believing was a wonderful sight.

Those who know the Russians best often think of them thus. They feel that when the criminals who have seized the land and so cruelly bled the people fall at last by their own weight of rottenness, the real Russians' spirit will again rise high above the destruction and death of this ghastly period. The nation will live again, and again will pray and feast in somewhat the old way and will say to other nations in brotherly faith and love, "Christ is risen for all of us once more." And as one looks about at civilization one wonders what will those others reply to them. How will they explain some of their words and actions during Russia's time of agony?

INSIDE

(Continued from Page 35)

can do this job better, whyn't you talk up and tell folks so? Kind of used to voting for me; you want to beat me you better campaign some."

He could see the pucker at the edge of Cole's eye. He nodded gently and patted the wet cloth of the bundle on his knees.

"Sim, I ain't going up in the hills after those boys. It don't look like good sense to me to kill a lot of decent folks on the chance of hanging a few bad ones. We ain't going to bring Joe Macrimmon back alive no matter how many we hang anyways."

Cole risked a quick side glance at him.

"You mean you aim to leave 'em alone—not do a thing?"

"Comes to something like that, maybe."

"Guess it's time somebody run against you then."

Mackenzie nodded.

"That's what I'm saying, ain't it? You go ahead, Sim. Talk to folks. Kind of got in the habit of voting for me, like I said. But you got plenty to tell 'em now."

"Aim to," said Cole.

III

DAN MACKENZIE could feel the thing in the air as he gingerly brought the panting car to a stand in the blot of shadow beside the warehouse. It reminded him of the queer way he could feel the coolness on his cheeks when he dipped into one of the deep hollows where the cold air settled and hung like water in a pool. Sim Cole had been talking, he knew. But it was strange to meet so many eyes without friendliness in them. He answered nods and words in kind, a faint taste as of bitterness on his lips. They'd known him all their lives, these men, and they judged him now as they might have judged a stranger.

He turned in at the driveway where the carts entered to unload. It was still early, and the narrow lane was full of wagons from which men were lifting sticks on which the hands of tobacco were spitted like mutton on a ramrod. The warehouse negroes slipped the leaf deftly off, piled it in neat circular heaps on the flat wicker trays, wheeled these to the big scales, where the weigher marked each with the grower's name and the number of pounds. Arranged in long rows on the cement floor, the full trays left narrow aisles, through which men strolled or loitered here and there to inspect a particular lot.

Mackenzie imitated their procedure, conscious of covert, curious stares behind him. He came face to face with the proprietor, Len Ganton, a plump, smooth-shaven veteran, whose thick hair seemed strangely

Continued on Page 148

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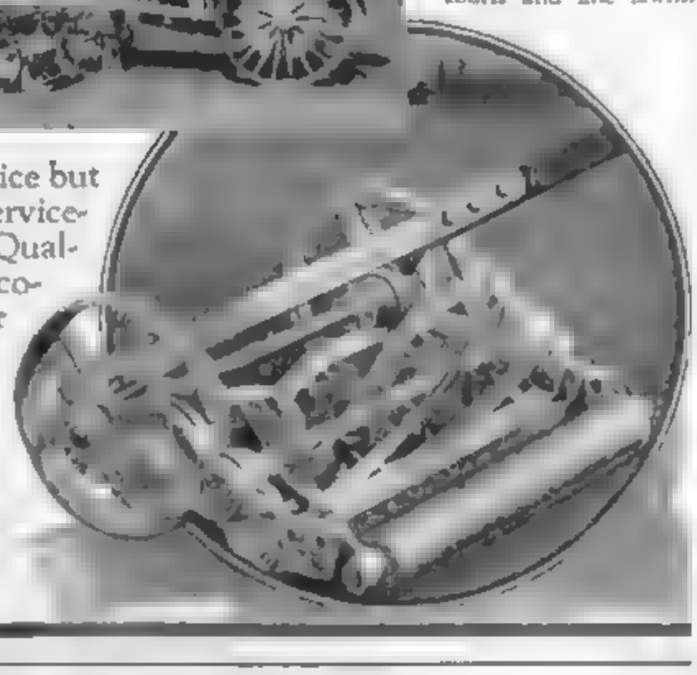

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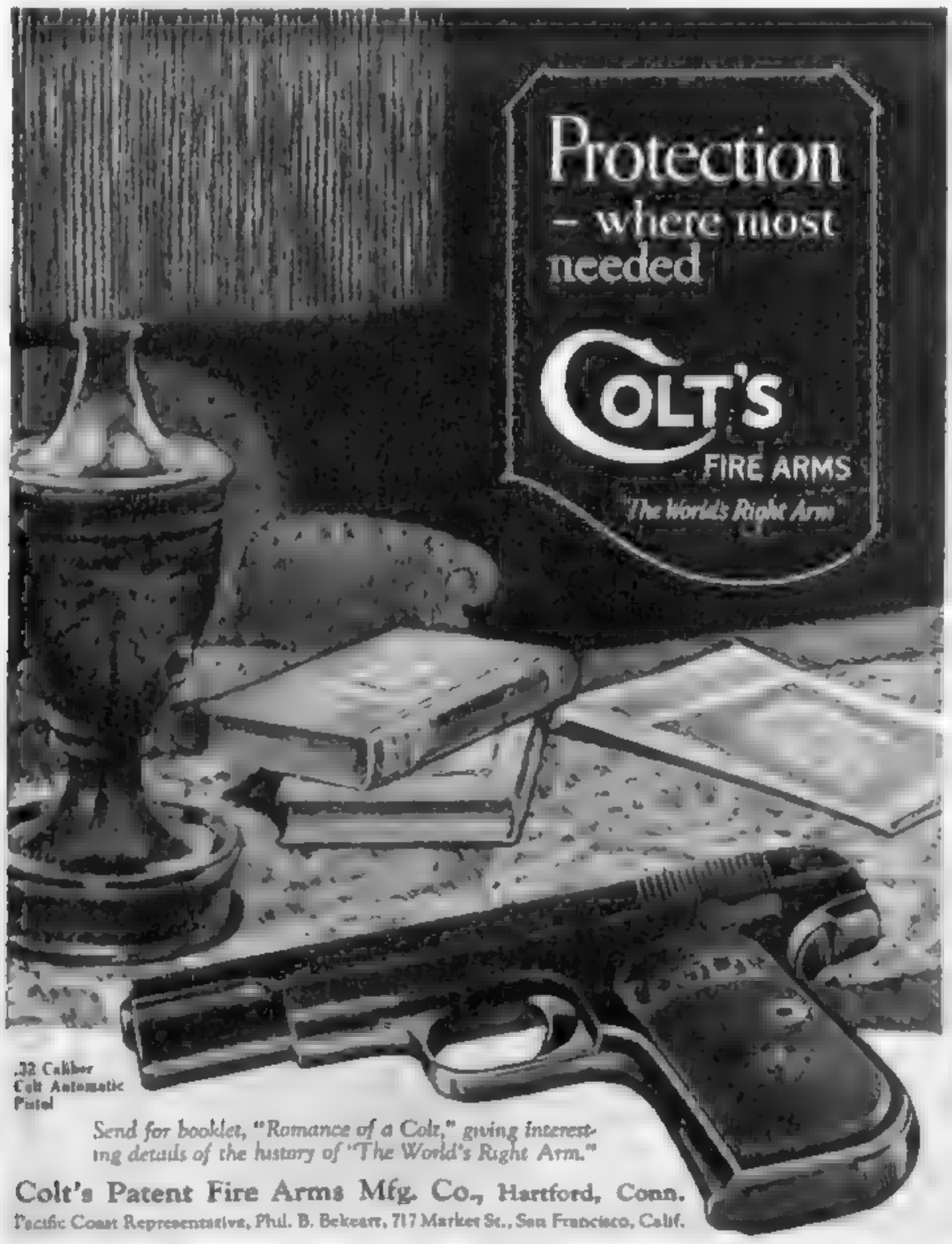

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(Continued from Page 146)

white against the clear color of his skin. Ganton's eyes dwelt on Mackenzie's frankly as they shook hands.

"Dan, what's this they're saying? Sim Cole was down last week ——"

"Sim he ain't right pleased with how I'm handling this Macrimmon case. He figures I'd ought to take a posse up in those hills and shoot it out with the Rayfield boys."

Ganton's eyes half shut.

"Whyn't you leave Sim do it, Dan? He can have my share without fighting for it."

"Seems like a pity to waste the next sheriff, don't it?" Mackenzie spoke gravely. "Whoever goes up there's apt to bring back lead in him. And I reckon the Rayfields ain't hankering to come down our side again."

Ganton looked sober.

"That's all't frets me, Dan. I figure they will come back if this talk gets up to 'em. The way tobacco's selling this year it's good stuff to steal, and they's aplenty of it where a man can get it. I ain't easy nights when I figure how much money lays on the floor right here."

Mackenzie shook his head.

"Reckon they ain't apt to bother you, Len. Where'd they carry the leaf to sell it if they did? Can't freight it over them hill roads to Kentucky, can they? And it's a burley market over there anyways."

Ganton was silent a moment; his eyes narrowed. Mackenzie faced him. He had known Len Ganton for fifty years.

"I come right near taking a stub and wearing Sim down for his chat, Dan. Reckon, maybe, you'd just as soon I didn't."

"Hate to have him spoiled, Len. He's right handy, Sim is."

"One thing—primary's getting close, Dan. You ain't aiming to get beat?"

"Kind of used to being sheriff; for a fact. Always figured it was a good business for an old man, Len. Maybe it ain't. Sim'd make a mighty busy sheriff."

He straightened and glanced around.

"I got a parcel out in the car, Len. You mind if I set it in the office? Hate to lose it."

"Fetch it in, Dan." Ganton studied him keenly. "Shake your sleeve. You know I ain't talking."

"Nothing in it but an arm, Len."

Mackenzie walked away. His shoulders felt straighter and lighter, and the level, doubting glances between narrowed lids didn't trouble him now. He might have counted on Len Ganton all along. He lifted a package from the floor of the car and carried it inside. Kit Harney obligingly stowed it in the big safe. When Mackenzie emerged to the main floor the day's selling had begun. Ganton's voice echoed a sing-song of figures from the far end, where a queue of buyers stood between the rows of trays. Mackenzie could tell that the bidding was brisk. He felt a sort of savage pleasure in this. A kind of hatred seized him against these aliens and the more alien companies they represented; even local men, acting as buyers, seemed outlanders now. Let 'em claw each other till they bled! It meant money for the lean, stooped, silent men who looked on and listened - money that would bring a bit of comfort into the scattered houses in the hollows, send children to school in shoes this winter, set driven farmers free of their debt slavery for a season. It drew him. He moved toward the group, listened to the bidding. Somehow a bit of money above their bare needs had already changed these men. They stood straighter; there was less of the submissive, puzzled look in their eyes. Some of them even dared to reject the bids made for their offerings, high as they were in comparison to the prices of other years.

Ganton lifted a hand from a high-piled tray, began a brisk patter of praise, started the bidding with his own offer of a dollar a pound. Mackenzie saw a man lean forward, a man who stood well apart from the group at the tray. His glance rested on the face below the faded, limp-rimmed felt hat, a face masked by a shadow across the thin, broken nose. The sheriff turned away abruptly. In the office, where Kit Harney was feverishly making out checks against the sales reports brought to him, he apologized for interrupting, took his parcel from the safe and fumbled with the string. He carried it outside without opening it.

The single-file procession had moved on to another lot. Mackenzie sauntered past it to the trays which had just been knocked down. The broken-nosed man had come up now to paw the sales tickets. Mackenzie joined him, lifted a hand from the heap, noted the figure the leaf had fetched.

"Right pretty tobacco, sir," he said. "You make it?"

The man nodded without turning. Mackenzie lifted another hand.

"Nice tying too. You grade it yourself?"

Again a nod answered him. The sheriff imitated the gesture. His voice was very gentle.

"Reckon you got good soil, sir. Where at's your place?"

The man jerked an arm vaguely. Mackenzie stepped close with a surprising quickness. His free hand came from his sagging pocket and a revolver barrel pressed against the flannel shirt.

"Stand right still," he said. His voice lifted sharply. "Oh, Len, step over this-away! Like a little expert advice from all you gentlemen."

The man in front of him stiffened so that Mackenzie could see lean, long muscles go taut under the shirt. He pressed the gun muzzle tighter against the ribs.

"Stand right still."

Without moving his eyes from the back of the man's head he could see the others gathering about him in the narrow aisle. Len Ganton stood beside him.

"What's wrong, Dan?"

"You take and open this parcel, Len. I got a notion they's some of this same tobacco inside it."

He had no share in the absorbed comparison which followed. He kept his attention singly on the motionless man at his gun's mouth, while Ganton and the buyers deliberated. They took it soberly, comparing the marked samples with the tobacco in the trays for color and weight and feel They were at one about it.

"I'd almost swear to it," said Ganton slowly.

Mackenzie nodded.

"Maybe you all can't swear to the leaf, but how about the tying? This man says he graded and tied this lot himself. Fetch some loose leaf and leave him show us how he done it. It looks to me like these here hands was tied by the same man't tied what's in my parcel."

A volunteer fetched a handful of loose leaves and thrust them at the prisoner. He fumbled with them clumsily, dropped them on the tray.

"I never said I tied this lot myself. I hired nigras to do that."

Mackenzie nodded.

"You didn't say where your place was at when I asked you. Maybe you'd tell us now."

"Over in Bethune Township," the man said glibly. "Along the Big Branch."

"Who owns next to you?"

There was an instant of hesitation and then names. A man on the fringe of the group broke in harshly.

"I live over on the Big Branch. They ain't no folks named Hunter in the township, nor McNab, neither. He's lyin', sheriff."

"Maybe they moved in right lately," said Mackenzie mildly. "We ain't in no hurry, gentlemen. We got time to find out."

Somebody laughed.

"Better hang him while we got him. He never made no tobacco—that's Joe Macrimmon's leaf, sure enough. I got a rope out to the wagon."

Mackenzie dropped his free hand on his prisoner's shoulder.

"Reckon we'll go now, you and me. They's too much mean chat here. State's able to do its own hanging mostly."

He thrust the man through between the trays and followed him. For a moment he felt the indecision of the crowd. He knew how little they needed to become a mob. Ganton's voice lifted behind him.

"No hanging, gentlemen. We ain't no ways sure yet."

Mackenzie beckoned to him with a sidewise motion of his head, and the warehouseman stepped over the trays to his side

"I want you should save them marked samples I fetched over, Len. And pick out a few hands off the tray he was selling and mark them so's some of the buyers can swear to them. And they's a piece of old blanket I had wrapped around them hands, Len—save that too. I got it up to Joe's the day he was shot." He addressed the prisoner: "Where's your team?"

The man cursed him in a whisper. He nodded.

"Len, you can easy find which one's his. Maybe he figured it was safe to come down here with the rest of Joe's blanket to wrap his tobacco. If he did you see't they's witnesses can swear to that. I better not

wait, the way things stand. They'll hang him on me yet if the blanket's there. And, Len, make out his check to Letty, and mail it up to her, will you?"

"Better take two-three with you, Dan. It's a good ways back to Tyre."

"I can make out to carry him there." Mackenzie jerked his heavy old handcuffs from his pocket and snapped them on the lean wrists. "He ain't offering no trouble."

The crowd followed them to the car, still a potential menace. Mackenzie seated his captive and scrambled past him to the wheel. He paused to lash the handcuff fast to the top support. Somebody tugged obligingly at the crank and the engine barked spitefully through the broken muffler. He drove away with a sudden jerk, followed by a straggling cheer. It was late in the afternoon when he turned the key of the cell door on his man, but no word had passed between them.

"Make you comfortable's we can," he said cheerfully. "It's a right pretty jail, inside."

IV

MACKENZIE nodded approvingly over his plate. Sim had his wits about him anyway. It must have been an ugly jolt to come back to town after a day of still hunting along the branches and hear that one of the Rayfield gang was in the jail, but you'd never guess it to look at Sim or hear him talk. He acted as if the news tickled him. He made a ceremony of his handshake. There was even in his tone the note of benevolent condescension with which a man might praise a smart boy for a clever deed.

"Wish I'd gone along with you myself instead of chasing stills all day," he was saying. "Like to've been there with you. Wanted a hand in this job."

Mackenzie broke a fresh slab of corn bread. He met Cole's glance and held it a moment before he answered.

"You done your share, Sim. Reckon I got to thank you for my luck. Folks tell me you spread that chat about me just like you meant it. Whole county's been saying't maybe I'm getting too old for my job, losing my nerve. Reckon them Rayfields heard it clear up in the hills, just like we figured."

He saw Cole's jaw sag and shut again, saw the eyes turn blank and narrow with understanding. Sim was right quick-witted. He could follow a lead like this.

"Hated to do it, sheriff, but it looks like it worked. The Rayfields wouldn't never've had the nerve to carry that tobacco down to Randall warehouse without they figured it was plumb safe."

He sent a swift glance about the table. Mackenzie followed it. Sim wanted to make sure that the others understood. He saw his way out, thanks to Mackenzie's assumption that he had only spread his slanders as a trick. The sheriff watched him recover his normal aspect. His questions about the arrest found an edged tone, the brisk, crisp manner of authority.

"Was the feller alone?"

Mackenzie raised his brows.

"Guess so, Sim. Didn't see nobody with him anyways."

There was a pause.

"You mean to say you ain't sure?"

Mackenzie shook his head.

"I was right busy, Sim. You see, they was some talk about a rope, and I judged I better get him safe in jail quick's I could. Might've been somebody with him. I ain't sure."

Cole drew a deep breath. Again his glance sped around the circle of faces.

"Well, I am, mighty near. They must've been two anyways. The gang wouldn't leave one man come down to get that money." He beat his fist on the cloth. "Sheriff, you left one of 'em get away, sure's you're born! I wish I'd gone along! We'd got both of 'em!"

Mackenzie pushed back his chair.

"Reckon I better get back to the jail, Sim. Only Clay Duggin on guard now. You come over when you get through supper."

Cole straightened.

"Sheriff, we got to get ready for trouble. Whoever was with that feller must be back home by now, and they're bound to come down here to bust him out'n that crazy jail! Might try it to-night; they could get here easy enough. We got to get help right quick, or else"—he got to his feet excitedly—"I'll tell you, you and me can run this feller over to Cray to-night! They won't bust nobody out'n that jail!"

Mackenzie shook his head.

"Guess it ain't as bad as that, Sim. You and me can stand 'em off if they come, and it don't look right sensible to take him out on the road to-night. Reckon we won't bother 'em over in Cray yet a while."

He did not wait for the answer, but as he passed the dining-room windows he could hear Cole's voice inside, high and excited and angry. He nodded as if what he heard pleased him and went on out of earshot.

At the jail he dismissed the day guard and went in to make sure of his prisoners. The formidable presence of the white man in the next cell had reduced Dill Coomber to an uneasy silence. Mackenzie stood before the door a moment, and then unlocked it, beckoning. Dill shuffled out, his eyes showing white. Mackenzie led him close to the open door of the cell room before he spoke.

"Dill, how far do you reckon you could travel before daylight?"

Dill shifted uneasily on his wide, flat feet.

"As far as they is, she'iff, suh! All I needs is room!"

Mackenzie jerked his hand toward the door and Dill seemed to melt into the dusk of the corridor beyond it. The sheriff followed him slowly, giving the big door a twitch as he passed it. It swung home with a solid jar behind him. He could hear the double click of the spring bolts in the frame. He turned and studied it, pleased by the solid-steel security it offered. He lighted the lamp in the hall and came back to the door, testing it by trying to shake the heavy bars. Sim Cole found him thus engaged.

"Sheriff, we got to do something. They're bound to come after him, and they'll come quick. They ain't going to wait till we can carry him over to a real jail like Cray County's got. They'll get him out'n this one without we get help to stand 'em off."

Mackenzie surveyed him gravely.

"Think you said enough to give 'em the notion I wouldn't fight, Sim?"

The deputy's mouth opened and shut.

"I—it don't matter what I said. They'd come anyways, and they'll come shooting. We could get help—they's six-eight good men right around here ——"

"Paying taxes to hire you and me to do their fighting for 'em," said Mackenzie slowly. "Sim, maybe you're right about me getting old. It don't look right sensible to me to take and kill two-three good men over one ornery feller. You and me draw pay for resking it. That's different. But they ain't no call for Bill Fraser to do it, or Bruce McDow or Neil Barton ——"

Cole made a gesture of impatience.

"What could the two of us do against that gang? They'd settle us quick!"

"Maybe. But that wouldn't get 'em inside, would it?" Mackenzie patted the heavy door. "How they going to bust through that?"

Cole laughed.

"Think it would stop 'em? Why, it opens inwards! All they'd need would be a good-sized log. Four-five of 'em could bust that door down with one slam!" His voice dropped. "Le's get the car and take him over to Cray to-night—that's the best way, sheriff. They'd never get him over there."

Mackenzie shook his head.

"Reckon we'll keep him here, Sim. Maybe they won't come for him; maybe you and me can stand 'em off if they do."

"It's plumb crazy!" Cole's voice lifted angrily. "You might's well take and shoot me yourself! They'll get us both!"

"Maybe not, Sim. You figure it ain't right for me to make you stay?"

"They's no sense to it! I ain't scared to fight—guess you know that—but this, why, they just ain't no sense to it!"

"You don't have to stay, Sim, if that's how you feel."

Cole drew in his breath noisily.

"Don't have to stay! What'd folks say if I lit out, the way things stands? How'd it look?"

"I got another job for you, Sim. Nobody won't talk if you carry out orders. That Dill Coomber nigra he took and sneaked past me when the door was open and got clean away." Cole looked startled. "You take the car and see if you don't ketch him on the railroad bridge. Without he finds a skiff he can steal he'll likely go to cross on the trestle. You can get there long afore he does."

He could see relief in Cole's eyes. "I—I got to do it if you say so, sheriff."

"That's right! Better start! Dill he's a-traveling every minute you and me's talking."

Cole hesitated.

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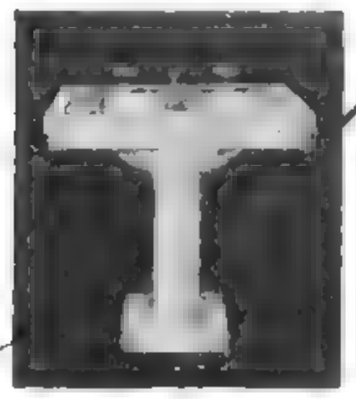

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"How you going to handle 'em if they come? You can't fight that crowd single-handed."

"Maybe they won't come, Sim. Anyways you're out'n it. You got orders to go ketch Dill Coomber. Might stop down at the store and say so. Don't want it to look like you was running off."

Cole shrugged and obeyed. Mackenzie watched him crank the car and turn it into the road. He filled his pipe and sat on the steps. It was very still; there wasn't even a wind to stir the dead leaves which clung to the oaks. He could hear the putter of Cole's car for a long time, till it dulled to a remote, drowsy thrumming like the sound of a big bee. After a weary wait he saw the lights go out in the windows of hotel and store, and presently caught a glint of the lamp in Bruce McDow's house farther down the road. He nodded approvingly at this. Bruce was going to bed. There wouldn't be any promiscuous fighting in front of the jail to-night. Mackenzie guessed that Sim Cole must have made them believe down at the store that there wasn't any danger of an attack. He'd have to make it look decent for him to go off after a negligible bootlegger, leaving the jail guarded by one old man. He must have done it or Bruce would have fetched his rifle and come to help. He was the only one who liked a row for its own sake. The other men would have answered a summons willingly enough, but they wouldn't look for trouble unasked. Mackenzie stretched his thin arms and stood up. He was going to be allowed to deal with the situation alone. Nobody else would get hurt if he bungled it.

He went inside and studied the heavy door of the cell room. Cole was right. Opening inward, it wouldn't resist a battering-ram very long. And there was a pile of six-by-six pine timbers just across the road.

He rubbed his chin doubtfully. He had a sort of affection for that big door; it always seemed to redeem the shabbiness of the building's outward aspect. It would be a pity if it should be battered out of shape. He shook his head and fumbled for his key ring. If he unlocked it now and left it ajar they wouldn't harm it. He swung it open carefully. No use in damaging the county's property without purpose or need.

Again he lighted his pipe and sat on the steps, waiting. The time dragged. He was glad when a hound lifted a mournful chant far out in the scrub woods. There was a sort of companionship in the sound. It must be one of McCallum's, he guessed, locating the noise. Silence again, and long minutes. Perhaps they weren't coming after all. It must be well past midnight. He started up at a faint rumble. Hoofs on the plank bridge over the branch—any minute now. His hand went to his pocket and came away empty. He'd left the gun inside. He sat down again, his elbows on his knees. He did not change this posture when a rush of hoofbeats sounded in the road and a thin, hard voice hailed him:

"Stick 'em up and keep 'em up!"

"Evening, gentlemen. Reckon you got me in a jam. My gun's inside."

He spoke levelly. A man slid to the ground before him and a revolver covered him. He could see them clearly now—count them—six men and seven horses. He could even recognize the nearest, from description, as Sid McKane.

"Gimme the keys."

"Right in my pocket, Sid. Guess you better help yourself so you won't think I'm going after a gun."

He rose and turned deliberately so that his pocket was in easy reach. The others crowded up as McKane seized the clumsy ring.

"Go in and get him, Hub. I'll stay here. It looks funny—even by what they say." He gestured menacingly with his gun. "If they's any monkey business you get it first, Mackenzie."

Mackenzie wagged his head.

"Nobody here only me and the man you come for. Step right in and help yourselves."

The others hurried past him into the building. He could hear the rattle of the keys as they tried them on the cell lock, the low-pitched voices which cursed softly and steadily as they worked. Presently Hub Rayfield emerged.

"Which key opens that there cell, Mackenzie?"

The sheriff fumbled with the ring.

"This here's the one, but it's a mean lock. You got to tease it a mile."

"Fetch him in and make him open it, Sid. I plumb wore out my fingers on the fool thing."

"Now that ain't using me right, boys." Mackenzie spoke quickly. "You-all hadn't ought to make me do that. It's bad enough the way folks'll talk anyways. You can easy open that door without me."

The refusal seemed to determine McKane.

"Go on in," he ordered. "Nev' you mind about folks talkin', Mackenzie. This here gun'll hurt a heap worse."

The sheriff lifted his shoulders.

"Reckon I ain't got much choice, Sid."

He followed Rayfield into the corridor, feeling the ungentle pressure of McKane's gun against his spine. Inside the cell room he seemed to stumble, and fell sprawling at McKane's feet. He reached out helplessly and his fingers caught the grating of the main door, by which he pulled himself painfully erect, admonished by harsh warnings from McKane.

"Kind of jarred me, Sid," he said, hanging to the door. "Ain't so spry's I used to be." He turned toward the group at the far end of the room, his hand still on the grating. As he let go he straightened his arm sharply. There was a thud and a double click as the door shut. McKane whirled.

"You done that a-purpose, Mackenzie!"

The sheriff straightened slowly.

"Sid, maybe Letty Macrimmon ain't going to swear to all of you, but I reckon that wouldn't matter a heap if you was to shoot me. I left the key to this here door hanging on a nail by my bed, out front. Reckon we'll all be right here when Sim Cole gets back."

There was a tight silence. The barrel of the gun leveled, wavered, dropped. Mackenzie wagged his head approvingly.

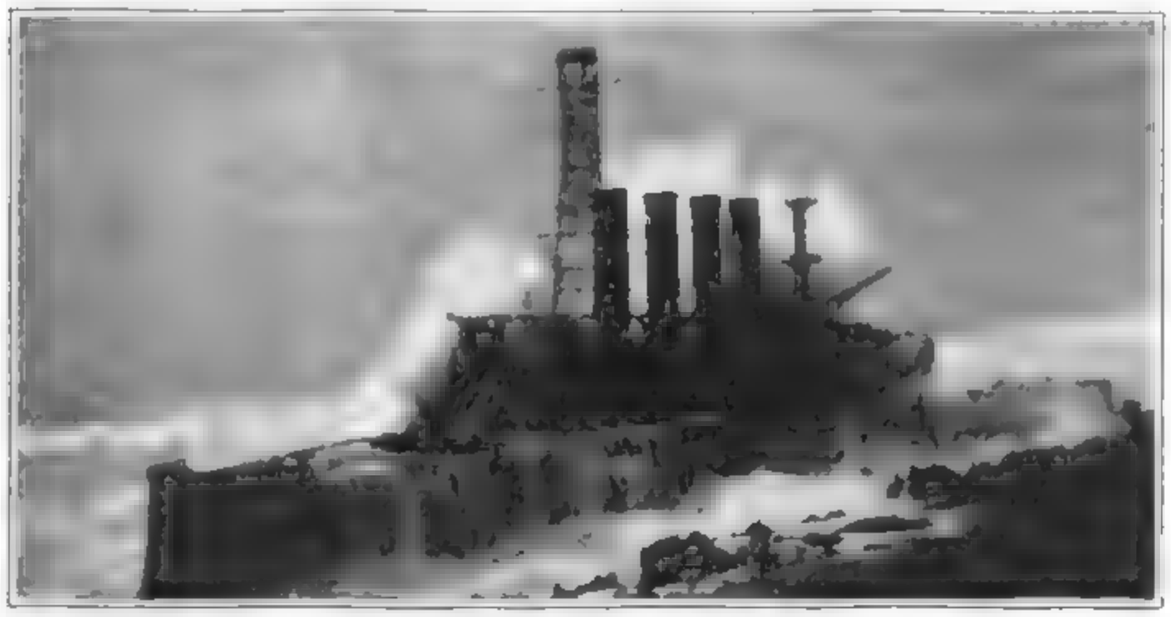
"That's good sense, Sid. Reckon you must be getting old same as me. Done heard I was played out, didn't you? Sim Cole he claims I'm too old to fight. Maybe you all heard it up there. Sim's right, Sid. I got so old I got to figure how to miss trouble 'stead of hunting for it."

He surveyed the slack-jawed group benevolently.

"Saved me a heap of work by coming down like this. Maybe you-all heard what Sim Cole says about this here jail too—figured you could take and bust her wide open like he claims."

He paused to send an affectionate eye around the cage-lined walls.

"Sort of sorry-looking outside f'r a fact, but it's right pretty, ain't it—inside?"



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3rd "	200.00	" "	third "	" "
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20 " "	15.00	" "	next twenty "	" "
50 " "	5.00	" "	next fifty "	" "
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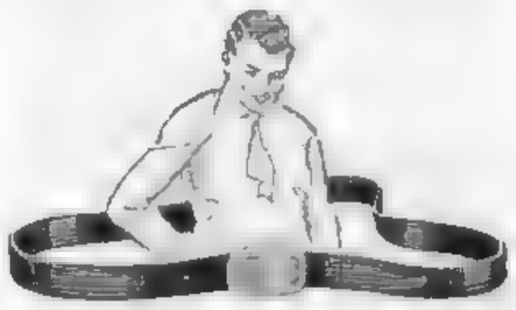

ALL winter long many a man's vest has been charitably hiding a scandal—charitably concealing an ancient and tired-out or faded and frazzled belt. Or maybe one that's joltingly discordant in color—that doesn't harmonize with the suit.

Time for shucking the shielding vest is about here. All such disreputable or erring belts will soon be bared to public view—unless their owners take thought. And take time to buy a new one.

Pays to pick a Marathon—the big step ahead in belts.

Strap made of *Flexyde*. Outlooks and outlasts calfhide or cowhide or any other hide that ever came from any animal.

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AT most good stores that sell men's and boys' things. Choice of widths, choice of finishes, choice of four correct colors—*Black* for a *Dark* suit; *Cordovan* for a *Brown* suit; *Grey* for a *Light* suit; and *White* for a *White* suit or White Trousers.

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THE COVERED WAGON

(Continued from Page 23)

more scows built and the seams calked in the wagon boxes."

Surely enough, the Banion plan of crossing, after all, was carried out, and although the river dropped a foot meantime, the attempt to ford en masse was abandoned. Little by little the wagon parks gathered on the north bank, each family assorting its own goods and joining in the general *sauve qui peut*.

Nothing was seen of the Missouri column, but rumor said they were ferrying slowly, with one boat and their doubled wagon boxes, over which they had nailed hides. Woodhull was keen to get on north ahead of this body. He had personal reasons for that. None too well pleased at the smiles with which his explanations of his bruised face were received, he made a sudden resolution to take a band of his own immediate neighbors and adherents and get on ahead of the Missourians. He based his decision, as he announced it, on the necessity of a scouting party to locate grass and water.

Captain Woodhull

Most of the men who joined him were single men, of the more restless sort. There were no family wagons with them. They declared their intention of traveling fast and light until they got among the buffalo. This party left in advance of the main caravan, which had not yet completed the crossing of the Kaw.

"Roll out! Ro-o-o-ll out!" came the mournful command at last, once more down the line.

It fell on the ears of some who were unwilling to obey. The caravan was disintegrating at the start. The gloom cast by the long delay at the ford had now resolved itself in certain instances into fear amounting half to panic. Some companies of neighbors said the entire train should wait for the military escort; others declared they would not go farther west, but would turn back and settle here, where the soil was so good. Still others said they all should lie here, with good grass and water, until further word came from the Platte Valley train and until they had more fully decided what to do. In spite of all the officers could do, the general advance was strung out over two or three miles. The rapid loss in order, these premature divisions of the train, augured ill enough.

The natural discomforts of the trail now also began to have their effect. A plague of green-headed flies and flying ants assailed them by day, and at night the mosquitoes made an affliction well-nigh insufferable. The women and children could not sleep, the horses groaned all night under the clouds of tormentors which gathered on them. Early as it was, the sun at times blazed with intolerable fervor, or again the heat broke in savage storms of thunder, hail and rain. All the elements, all the circumstances seemed in league to warn them back before it was too late, for indeed they were not yet more than on the threshold of the Plains.

The spring rains left the ground soft in places, so that in creek valleys stretches of corduroy sometimes had to be laid down. The high waters made even the lesser fords difficult and dangerous, and all knew that between them and the Platte ran several strong and capricious rivers, making in general to the southeast and necessarily transected by the great road to Oregon.

They still were in the eastern part of what is now the state of Kansas, one of the most beautiful and exuberantly rich portions of the country, as all early travelers declared. The land lay in a succession of timber-lined valleys and open prairie ridges. Groves of walnut, oak, hickory, elm, ash at first were frequent, slowly changing, farther west, to larger proportions of poplar, willow and cottonwood. The white dogwood passed to make room for scattering thickets of wild plum. Wild tulips, yellow or of broken colors; the campanula, the wild honeysuckle, lupines—not yet quite in bloom—the sweetbrier and increasing quantities of the wild rose gave life to the always changing scene. Wild game of every sort was unspeakably abundant—deer and turkey in every bottom, thousands of grouse on the hills, vast flocks of snipe and plover, even numbers of the green parrakeets then so numerous along that latitude. The streams abounded in game fish. All Nature was easy and generous.

Men and women grumbled at leaving so rich and beautiful a land lying waste. None had seen a country more supremely attractive. Emotions of tenderness, of sadness, also came to many. Nostalgia was not yet shaken off. This strained condition of nerves, combined with the trail hardships, produced the physical irritation which is inevitable in all amateur pioneer work. Confusions, discordances, arising over the most trifling circumstances, grew into petulance, incivility, wrangling and intrigue, as happened in so many other earlier caravans. In the Babel-like excitement of the morning catch-up, amid the bellowing and running of the cattle evading the yoke, more selfishness, less friendly accommodation now appeared, and men met without speaking, even this early on the road.

The idea of four parallel columns had long since been discarded. They broke formation, and at times the long caravan, covering the depressions and eminences of the prairie, wound along in mile-long detachments, each of which hourly grew more surly and more independent. Overdriven oxen now began to drop. By the time the prairies proper were reached more than a score of oxen had died. They were repeating trail history as recorded by the travelers of that day.

Personal and family problems also made divisions more natural. Many suffered from ague; fevers were very common. An old woman past seventy died one night and was buried by the wayside the next day. Ten days after the start twins were born to parents moving out to Oregon. There were numbers of young children, many of them in arms, who became ill. For one or other cause, wagons continually were dropping out. It was difficult for some wagons to keep up, the unseasoned oxen showing distress under loads too heavy for their draft. It was by no means a solid and compact army, after all, this west-bound wave of the first men with plows. All these things sat heavily on the soul of Jesse Wingate, who daily grew more morose and grim.

As the train advanced bands of antelope began to appear. The striped prairie gophers gave place to the villages of countless barking prairie dogs, curious to the eyes of the newcomers. At night the howling and snarling of gray wolves now made regular additions to the coyote chorus and the voices of the owls and whippoorwills. Little by little, day by day, civilization was passing, the need for organization daily became more urgent. Yet the original caravan had split practically into three divisions within a hundred and fifty miles from the jump-off, although the bulk of the train hung to Wingate's company and began to shake down, at least into a sort of tolerance.

Granted good weather, as other travelers had written, it was indeed impossible to evade the sense of exhilaration in the bold, free life. At evening encampment the scene was one worthy of any artist of all the world. The oblong of the wagon park, the white tents, the many fires, made a spectacle of marvelous charm and power. Perhaps within sight, at one time, under guard for the evening feed on the fresh young grass, there would be two thousand head of cattle. In the wagon village men, women and children would be engaged as though at home. There was little idleness in the train, and indeed there was much gravity and devoutness in the personnel. At one fireside the young men might be roaring "Old Grimes is dead, that good old man," or "Oh, then, Susannah"; but quite as likely close at hand some family group would be heard in sacred hymns. A strange

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envisagement it all made, in a strange environment, a new atmosphere, here on the threshold of the wilderness.*

XII

THE wilderness, close at hand, soon was to make itself felt. Wingate's outriders moved out before noon of one day, intending to locate camp at the ford of the Big Vermilion. Four miles in advance they unexpectedly met the scout of the Missouri column, Bill Jackson, who had passed the Wingate train by a cut-off of his own on a solitary ride ahead for sake of information. He was at a gallop now, and what he said sent them all back at full speed to the head of the Wingate column.

Jackson, riding ahead, came up with his hand raised for a halt.

"My God, cap'n, stop the train!" he called. "Hit won't do for the women and children to see what's on ahead yan!"

"What's up—where?" demanded Wingate.

"On three mile, on the water where they camped night afore last. There they are—ten men, and the rest's gone. Woodhull's wagons, but he ain't there. Wagons burned, mules standin' with arrers in them, rest all dead but a few. Hit's the Pawnees!"

The column leaders all galloped forward, seeing first what later most of the entire train saw—the abominable phenomena of Indian warfare on the Plains.

Scattered over a quarter of a mile, where the wagons had stood not grouped and perhaps not guarded, lay heaps of wreckage beside heaps of ashes. One by one the corpses were picked out, here, there, over more than a mile of ground. They had fought, yes, but fought each his own losing individual battle after what had been a night surprise.

The swollen and blackened features of the dead men stared up, mutilated as savages alone mark the fallen. Two were staked out, hand and foot, and ashes lay near them, upon them. Arrows stood up between the ribs of the dead men, driven through and down into the ground. A dozen mules, as Jackson had said, drooped with low heads and hanging ears, arrow shafts standing out of their paunches, waiting for death to end their agony.

"Finish them, Jackson."

Wingate handed the hunter his own revolver, signaling for Kelsey and Hall to do the same. The methodical cracking of the hand arms began to end the suffering of the animals.

They searched for scraps of clothing to cover the faces of the dead, the bodies of some dead. They motioned the women and children back when the head of the train came up. Jackson beckoned the leaders to the side of one wagon, partly burned.

"Look," said he, pointing.

A long stick, once a whipstock, rose from the front of the wagon bed. It had been sharpened and thrust under the wrist skin of a human hand—a dried hand, not of a white man but of a red. A half-corroded bracelet of copper still clung to the wrist.

"If I read signs right, that's why!" commented Bill Jackson.

"But how do you explain it?" queried Hall. "Why should they do that? And how could they in so close a fight?"

"They couldn't," said Jackson. "That hand's a day and a half older than these killings. It's Sam Woodhull's wagon. Well, the Pawnees like enough counted coup on the man that swung that hand up for a sign, even if hit wasn't one o' their own people.

"Listen, men," he concluded, "hit was Woodhull's fault. We met some friendlies—Kaws—from the mission, and they was mournin'. A half dozen o' them follered Woodhull out above the ferry when he pulled out. They told him he hadn't paid them for their boat, asked him for more presents. He got mad, so they say, and shot down one o' them and stuck up his hand—fer a warnin', so he said.

"The Kaws didn't do this killin'. This band of Pawnees was away down below their range. The Kaws said they was comin' fer a peace council, to git the Kaws an' Otos to raise against us whites, comin' out so many, with plows and womenfolks—they savvy. Well, the Kaws has showed the Pawnees. The Pawnees has showed us."

"Yes," said the deep voice of Caleb Price, property owner and head of a family; "they've showed us that Sam Woodhull was not fit to trust. There's one man that is."

"Do you want him along with your wagons?" demanded Jackson. He turned to Wingate.

"Well," said the train captain after a time, "we are striking the Indian country now."

"Shall I bring up our wagons an' jine ye all here at the ford this evenin'?"

"I can't keep you from coming on up the road if you want to. I'll not ask you."

"All right! We'll not park with ye then. But we'll be on the same water. Hit's my own fault we split. We wouldn't take orders from Sam Woodhull, an' we never will."

He nodded to the blackened ruins, to the grim dead hand pointing to the sky, left where it was by the superstitious blood avengers.

Wingate turned away and led the wagon train a half mile up the stream, pitching camp above the ford where the massacre had occurred. The duties of the clergy and the appointed sextons were completed. Silence and sadness fell on the encampment.

Jackson, the scout of the Missouri column, still lingered for some sort of word with Molly Wingate. Some odds and ends of brush lay about. Of the latter Molly began casting a handful on the fire and covering it against the wind with her shawl, which at times she quickly removed. As a result the confined smoke arose at more or less well-defined intervals, in separate puffs or clouds.

"If ye want to know how to give the smoke signal right and proper, Miss Molly," said he at length, quietly, "I'll learn ye how."

The girl looked up at him.

"Well, I don't know much about it."

"This way: Hit takes two to do hit best. You catch holt two corners o' the shawl now. Hist it on a stick in the middle. Draw it down all over the fire. Let her simmer under some green stuff. Now! Lift her clean off sideways, so's not ter break the smoke ball. See 'em go up? That's how."

He looked at the girl keenly under his bushy gray brows.

"That's the Injun signal fer 'Enemy in the country.' S'pose you ever wanted to signal, say to white folks, 'Friend in the country,' you might remember—three short puffs an' one long one. That might bring up a friend. Sech a signal can be seed a long ways."

Molly flushed to the eyes.

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing at all, any more'n you do."

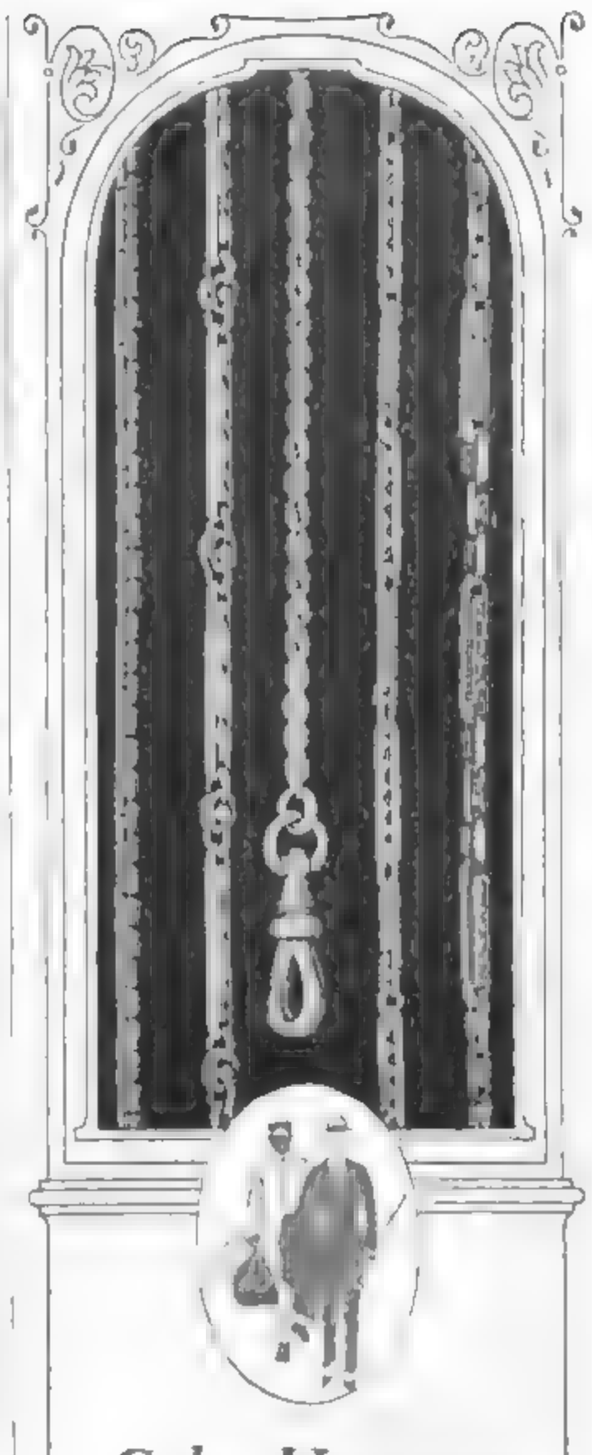
Jackson rose and left her.

XIII

THE afternoon wore on, much occupied with duties connected with the sad scenes of the tragedy. No word came of Woodhull or of two others who could not be identified as among the victims at the death camp. No word, either, came from the Missourians, and so cowed or dulled were most of the men of the caravan that they did not venture far, even to undertake trailing out after the survivors of the massacre. In sheer indecision the great aggregation of wagons, piled up along the stream, lay apathetic, and no order came for the advance.

Jed and his cow guards were obliged to drive the cattle back into the ridges for better grazing, for the valley and adjacent country, which had not been burned over by the Indians the preceding fall, held a lower matting of heavy dry grass through which the green grass of springtime appeared only in sparser and more smothered growth. As many of the cattle and horses even now showed evil results from injudicious driving on the trail, it was at length decided to make a full day's stop so that they might feed up.

*AUTHOR'S NOTE. In dealing with times three-quarters of a century ago, a writer must rely in part on tradition, but much more on the contemporary written word. The author asks leniency for lack of specific credit to scores of earlier writers. All the first explorers—Pike, Long, Lewis and Clark, etc.; all the standard historians—Parkman, Irving, etc.;—all the chronicles of the early fur trade; all the pioneer records of early Oregon—these come as matter of course in any readings on our great Western treks. In addition are the still more useful personal journals of actual Western travelers of that day, such men as Jesse Applegate, Joel Palmer, Edwin Bryant, William Kelly, many others who set down chapter and verse as they went across the continent. From such as these, for sake of verity, free and often almost literal quotations are made, so that as far as possible we may get the atmosphere of a day now gone and see the Western country as it really was at that time.



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Molly Wingate, now assured that the Pawnees no longer were in the vicinity, ventured out for pasturage with her team of mules, which she had kept tethered close to her own wagon. She now rapidly was becoming a good frontierswoman and thoughtful of her locomotive power. Taking the direction of the cattle herd, she drove from camp a mile or two, resolving to hobble and watch her mules while they grazed close to the cattle guards.

She was alone. Around her, untouched by any civilization, lay a wild, free world. The ceaseless wind of the prairie swept the grass down into a continuous undulating surface, silver crested, a wave always passing, never past. The sky was unspeakably fresh and blue, with its light clouds, darker edged toward the far horizon of the unbounded, unbroken expanse of alternating levels and low hills. Across the grass lands passed the teeming bird life of the land. The Eskimo plover in vast bands circled and sought their nesting places. Came also the sweep of cinnamon wings as the giant sickle-billed curlews wheeled in vast aërial phalanx, with their eager cries, "Curlee! Curlee! Curlee!"—the wildest cry of the old prairies. Again, from some unknown, undiscoverable place, came the liquid, baffling, mysterious note of the nesting upland plover, sweet and clean as pure white honey.

Now and again a band of antelope swept ghostlike across a ridge. A great gray wolf stood contemptuously near on a hillock, gazing speculatively at the strange new creature, the white woman, new come in his lands. It was the wilderness, rude, bold, yet sweet.

Who shall say what thoughts the flowered wilderness of spring carried to the soul of a young woman beautiful and ripe for love, her heart as sweet and melting as that of the hidden plover telling her mate of happiness? Surely a strange spell, born of youth and all this free world of things beginning, fell on the soul of Molly Wingate. She sat and dreamed, her hands idle, her arms empty, her beating pulses full, her heart full of a maid's imaginings.

How long she sat alone, miles apart, an unnoticed figure, she herself could not have said—surely the sun was past zenith—when, moved by some vague feeling of her own, she noticed the uneasiness of her feeding charges.

The mules, hobbled and side-lined as Jed had shown her, turned face to the wind, down the valley, standing for a time studious and uncertain rather than alarmed. Then, their great ears pointed, they became uneasy; stirred, stamped, came back again to their position, gazing steadily in the one direction.

The ancient desert instinct of the wild ass, brought down through thwarted generations, never had been lost to them. They had foreknowledge of danger long before horses or human beings could suspect it.

Danger? What was it? Something, surely. Molly sprang to her feet. A band of antelope, running, had paused a hundred yards away, gazing back. Danger—yes; but what?

The girl ran to the crest of the nearest hillock and looked back. Even as she did so, it seemed that she caught touch of the great wave of apprehension spreading swiftly over the land.

Far off, low lying like a pale blue cloud, was a faint line of something that seemed to alter in look, to move, to rise and fall, to advance—down the wind. She never had seen it, but knew what it must be—the prairie fire!

Vast numbers of prairie grouse came by, hurtling through the silence, alighting, strutting with high heads, fearlessly close. Gray creatures came hopping, halting or running fully extended—the prairie hares, fleeing far ahead. Band after band of antelope came on, running easily, but looking back. A heavy line of large birds, black to the eye, beat on laboriously, alighted, and ran onward with incredible speed—the wild turkeys, fleeing the terror. Came also broken bands of white-tailed deer, easy, elastic, bounding irregularly, looking back at the miles-wide cloud, which now and then spun up, black as ink toward the sky, but always flattened and came onward with the wind.

Danger? Yes! Worse than Indians, for yonder were the cattle; there lay the parked train, two hundred wagons, with the household goods that meant their life savings and their future hope in far-off Oregon. Women were there, and children—women with babes that could not walk. True, the water lay close, but it was narrow and deep and offered no salvation against the terror now coming on the wings of the wind.

That the prairie fire would find in this strip fuel to carry it even at this green season of the grass the wily Pawnees had known. This was cheaper than assault by arms. They would wither and scatter the white nation here! Worse than plumed warriors was yonder broken undulating line of the prairie fire.

Instinct told the white girl, gave her the same terror as that which inspired all these fleeing creatures. But what could she do? This was an elemental, gigantic wrath, and she but a frightened girl. She guessed rather than reasoned what it would mean when yonder line came closer, when it would sweep down, roaring, over the wagon train.

The mules began to bray, to plunge, too wise to undertake flight. She would at least save them. She would mount one and ride with the alarm for the camp.

The wise animals let her come close, did not plunge, knew that she meant help, allowed her trembling hands to loose one end of the hobble straps, but no more. As soon as each mule got its feet it whirled and was away. No chance to hold one of them now, and if she had mounted a hobbled animal it had meant nothing. But she saw them go toward the stream, toward the camp. She must run that way herself.

It was so far! There was a faint smell of smoke and a mysterious low humming in the air. Was it too late?

A swift, absurd, wholly useless memory came to her from the preceding day. Yes, it would be no more than a prayer, but she would send it out blindly into the air. . . . Some instinct—yes, quite likely.

Molly ran to her abandoned wagonette, pushed in under the white tilt where her pallet bed lay rolled, her little personal plunder stored about. Fumbling, she found her sulphur matches. She would build her signal fire.

It was, at least, all that she could do. It might at least alarm the camp.

Trembling, she looked about her, tore her hands breaking off little fagots of tall dry weed stems, a very few bits of wild thorn and fragments of a plum thicket in the nearest shallow coulee. She ran to her hillock, stooped and broke a dozen matches, knowing too little of fire-making in the wind. But at last she caught a wisp of dry grass, a few dry stems—others, the bits of wild plum branches. She shielded her tiny blaze with her frock, looking back over her shoulder, where the black curtain was rising taller. Now and then, even in the blaze of full day, a red, dull gleam rose and passed swiftly. The entire country was afire. Fuel? Yes; and a wind.

The humming in the air grew, the scent of fire came plainly. The plover rose around their nests and circled, crying piteously. The scattered hares became a great body of moving gray, like camouflage blots on the still undulating waves of green and silver, passing but not yet past—soon now to pass.

The girl, her hands arrested, her arms out in her terror, stood trying to remember. Yes, it was three short puffs and a long pillar. She caught her shawl from her shoulder, stooped, spread it with both hands, drove in her stiffest bough for a partial support, cast in under the edge, timidly, green grass enough to make smoke, she hoped.

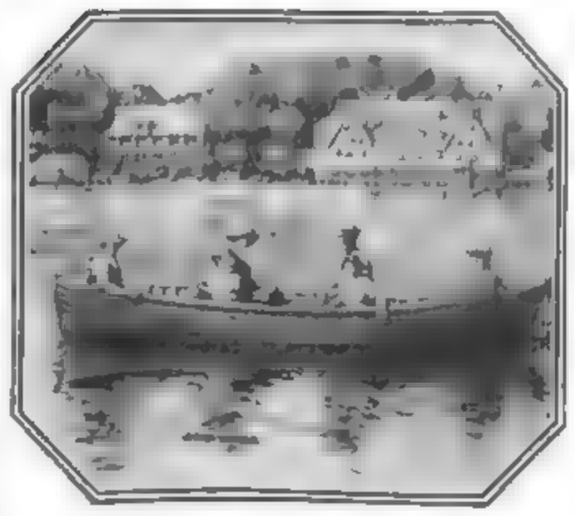
An instant and she sprang up, drawing the shawl swiftly aside, the next moment jealously cutting through the smoke with a side sweep of the covering.

It worked! The cut-off column rose, bent over in a little detached cloud. Again, with a quick flirt, eager eyed, and again the detached irregular ball! A third time—Molly rose, and now cast on dry grass and green grass till a tall and moving pillar of cloud by day arose.

At least she had made her prayer. She could do no more. With vague craving for any manner of refuge, she crawled to her wagon seat and covered her eyes. She knew that the wagon train was warned—they now would need but little warning, for the menace was written all across the world.

She sat she knew not how long, but until she became conscious of a roaring in the air. The line of fire had come astonishingly soon, she reasoned. But she forgot that. All the vanguard and the full army of wild creatures had passed by now. She alone,

(Continued on Page 156)



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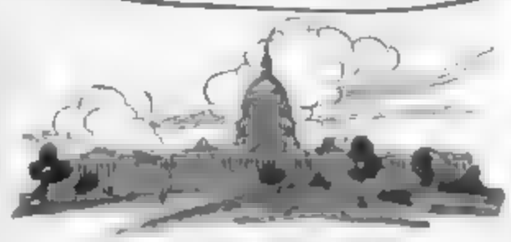

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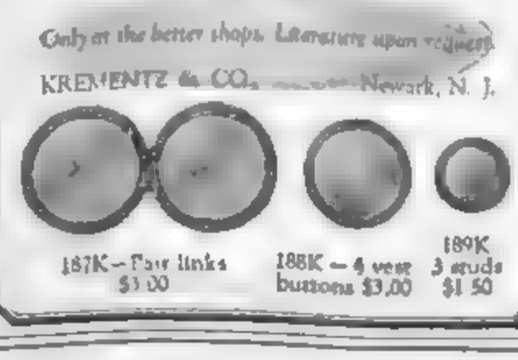

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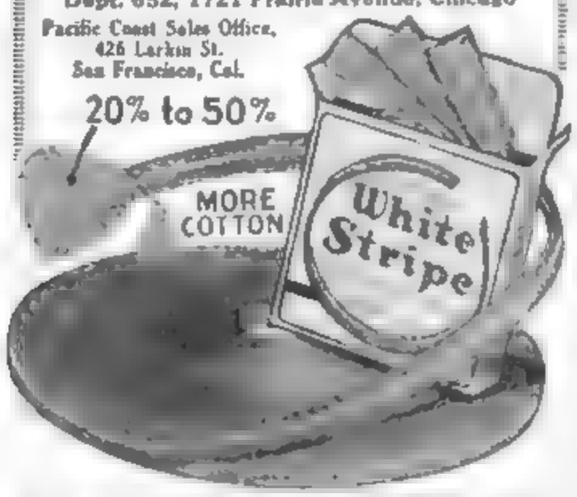

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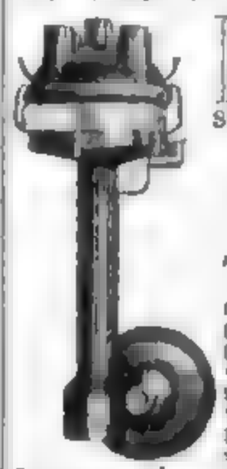

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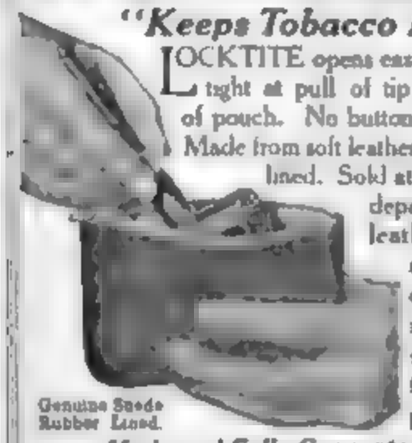

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(Continued from Page 154)

the white woman, most helpless of the great creatures, stood before the terror.

She sprang out of the wagon and looked about her. The smoke crest, black, red-shot, was coming close. The grass here would carry it. Perhaps yonder on the flint ridge where the cover was short—why had she not thought of that long ago? It was half a mile, and no sure haven then.

She ran, her shawl drawn about her head—ran with long, free stride, her limbs invigored by fear, her full-bosomed body heaving chokingly. The smoke was now in the air, and up the unshorn valley came the fire remorselessly licking up the underlying layer of sun-cured grass which a winter's snow had matted down.

She could never reach the ridge now. Her overburdened lungs functioned but little. The world went black, with many points of red. Everywhere was the odor and feel of smoke. She fell and gasped, and knew little, cared little what might come. The elemental terror at last had caught its prey—soft, young, beautiful prey, this huddled form, a bit of brown and gray, edged with white of wind-blown skirt. It would be a sweet morsel for the flames.

Along the knife-edged flint ridge which Molly had tried to reach there came the pounding of hoofs, heavier than any of these that had passed. The cattle were stampeding directly down wind and before the fire. Dully, Molly heard the lowing, heard the far shouts of human voices. Then, it seemed to her, she heard a rush of other hoofs coming toward her. Yes, something was pounding down the slope toward her wagon, toward her. Buffalo, she thought, not knowing the buffalo were gone from that region.

But it was not the buffalo, nor yet the frightened herd, nor yet her mules. Out of the smoke curtain broke a rider, his horse flat; a black horse with flying frontlet. She knew that horse. She knew what man rode him, too, black with smoke as he was now. He swept close to the wagon and was off. Something flickered there, with smoke above it, beyond the wagon by some yards. Then he was in saddle and racing again, his eyes and teeth white in the black mask of his face.

She heard no call and no command. But an arm reached down to hers, swept up—and she was going onward, the horn of a saddle under her, her body held to that of the rider, swung sidewise. The horse was guided not down but across the wind.

Twice and three times, silent, he flung her off and was down, kindling his little back fires—the only defense against a wildfire. He breathed thickly, making sounds of rage.

"Will they never start?" he broke out at last. "The fools—the fools!"

But by now it was too late. A sudden accession in the force of the wind increased the speed of the fire. The little line near Molly's wagon spared it, but caught strength. Could she have seen through the veils of smoke she would have seen a half dozen fires this side the line of the great fire. But fire is fire.

Again he was in saddle and had her against his thigh, his body, flung any way so she came with the horse. And now the horse swerved, till he drove in the steel again and again, heading him not away from the fire but straight into it!

Molly felt a rush of hot air; surging, actual flame singed the ends of her hair. She felt his hand again and again sweep over her skirts, wiping out the fire as it caught. It was blackly hot, stifling—and then it was past!

Before her lay a wide black world. Her wagon stood, even its white top spared by miracle of the back fire. But beyond came one more line of smoke and flame. The black horse neighed now in the agony of his hot hoofs. His rider swung him to a lower level, where under the tough cover had lain moist ground, on which uncovered water now glistened. He flung her into the mire of it, pulled up his horse there and himself lay down, full length, his blackened face in the moist mud above which still smoked stubbles of the flame-shorn grass. He had not spoken to her, nor she to him. His eyes rested on the singed ends of her blown hair, her charred garments, in a frowning sympathy which found no speech. At length he brought the reins of his horse to her, flirting up the singed ends of the long mane, further proof of their narrow escape.

"I must try once more," he said. "The main fire might catch the wagon."

He made off afoot. She saw him start a dozen nucleuses of fires; saw them advance till they halted at the edge of the burned ground, beyond the wagon, so that it stood safe in a vast black island. He came to her, drove his scorched boots deep as he could into the mud and sat looking up the valley toward the emigrant train. An additional curtain of smoke showed that the men there now were setting out back fires of their own. He heard her voice at last:

"It is the second time you have saved me—saved my life, I think. Why did you come?"

He turned to her as she sat in the edge of the wallow, her face streaked with smoke, her garments half burned off her limbs. She now saw his hands, which he was thrusting out on the mud to cool them, and sympathy was in her gaze also.

"I don't know why I came," said he. "Didn't you signal for me? Jackson told me you could."

"No, I had no hope. I meant no one. It was only a prayer."

"It carried ten miles. We were all back-firing. I thought of your camp, of you. At least your signal told me where to ride."

At length he waved his hand.

"They're safe over there," said he. "Think of the children!"

"Yes, and you gave me my one chance. Why?"

"I don't know. I suppose it was because I am a brute!" The bitterness of his voice was plain.

"Come, we must go to the wagons," said Molly at length, and would have risen.

"No, not yet. The burned ground must cool before we can walk on it. I would not even take my horse out on it again." He lifted a foot of the black Spaniard, whose muzzle quivered whimperingly. "All right, old boy!" he said, and stroked the head thrust down to him. "It might have been worse."

His voice was so gentle that Molly Wingate felt a vague sort of jealousy. He might have taken her scorched hand in his, might at least have had some thought for her welfare. He did speak at last as to that.

"What's in your wagon?" he asked. "We had better go there to wait. Have you anything along—oil, flour, anything to use on burns? You're burned. It hurts me to see a woman suffer."

"Are not you burned too?"

"Yes."

"It pains you?"

"Oh, yes, of course."

He rose and led the way over the damper ground to the wagon, which stood smoke-stained but not charred, thanks to his own resourcefulness.

Molly climbed up to the seat, and rummaging about found a jar of butter, a handful of flour.

"Come up on the seat," said she. "This is better medicine than nothing."

He climbed up and sat beside her. She frowned again as she now saw how badly scorched his hands were, his neck, his face. His eyebrows, caught by one wisp of flame, were rolled up at the ends, whitened. One cheek was a dull red.

Gently, without asking his consent, she began to coat his burned skin as best she might with her makeshift of alleviation. His hand trembled under hers.

"Now," she said, "hold still. I must fix your hand some more."

She still bent over, gently touching his flesh with hers. And then all in one mad, unpremeditated instant it was done.

His hand caught hers, regardless of the pain to either. His arm went about her, his lips would have sought hers.

It was done! Now he might repent.

A mad way of wooing, inopportune, fatal as any method he possibly could have found, moreover a cruel, unseemly thing to do, here and with her situated thus. But it was done.

Till now he had never given her grounds for more than guessing. Yet now here was this!

He came to his senses as she thrust him away, saw her cheeks whiten, her eyes grow wide.

"Oh!" she said. "Oh! Oh! Oh!"

"Oh, my God!" whispered Will Banion to himself, hoarsely. "Oh, my God!"

He held his two scorched hands each side her face as she drew back, sought to look into her eyes, so that she might believe either his hope, his despair or his contrition.

But she turned her eyes away. Only he could hear her outraged protest—"Oh! Oh! Oh!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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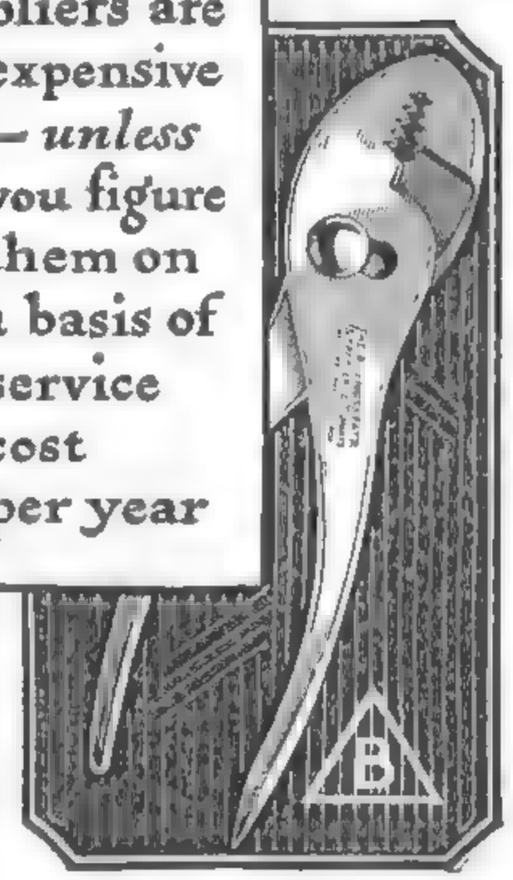

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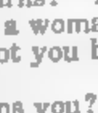

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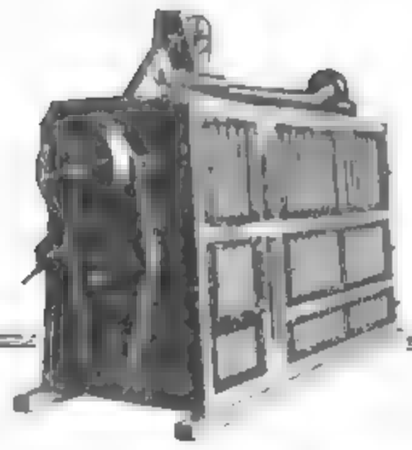

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THE NEMESIS OF THE SCREEN

(Continued from Page 12)

got very far with the legitimate drama in America, that is because the legitimate drama catered to a much smaller group. It was not everybody's business; as a problem it did not exist in Crippsville. You must make no mistake, you captains of the motion-picture industry: What you are up against is the state of mind that never worried half so much about the cocktail in the club as about the workingman's glass of beer—simply because there were fewer cocktails and more glasses of beer. The clubmen could perhaps have been left to the judgment of God; but the corner saloon must go. The reformer yearns, by definition, you might say, for the vast arena and the large effects. Like some of you, he prefers to stage a superproduction. You invited all this when you invaded all the Crippsvilles of the land. It is only with immoderate good fortune that Nemesis concerns herself.

Nor is the censorship of films the only thing success has let the producers in for. Mr. David W. Griffith a few days ago made a pathetic appeal at a public luncheon for tolerance toward men and women engaged in picture making. "The power of the sincere, fanatical minority is tremendous," said Mr. Griffith; and he cited witch hunting as a parallel to the present persecution. Mr. Griffith is doubtless quite right; yet how can one keep from smiling? *"Vous l'avez voulu, George Dandin."* In other words, Mr. Griffith, it is your own fault. You and your kind have created not only a popularity for your product but a publicity for your personnel that are almost incredible. And this is the price you pay.

What official ever barred a play because an actor or actress was vaguely suspected of being, in private life, immoral? Yet America at large may fairly be said to be moral, if not strait-laced; and it has never had any too good an opinion of the profession. We will not name names; or, rather, we will name only one. That supreme actress, Sarah Bernhardt, has never made a secret, I believe, of her theories concerning the relations between men and women, or of her fidelity to her theories. Did America ever turn Sarah Bernhardt down? On the contrary, when she acted in places that did not boast huge auditoriums she acted in a circus tent—to accommodate the crowds. Yet within a fortnight, on the basis of suspicion only, certain towns—I refer you to the daily papers—have banned films showing any actress who is known ever to have written a letter to the late Mr. Taylor.

Passionate Personal Interest

I have seen it stated somewhere that good behavior is often, nowadays, put into a motion-picture actor's contract. Funny? It is to scream. Unfair? Certainly, but logical all the same. First, they achieved popularity for the film; then they created publicity for the star. You cannot make it your boast that you cater to the whole family, that you bring joy to every home, without letting yourself in for the corollaries of your success. When a motion-picture star does anything sensationally wrong the act reverberates to a million firesides. If it were suddenly proved overnight, and headlined in the morning papers, that Ivory Soap was 99 44/100 per cent impure, the shock would not be more widely felt than when a film favorite goes astray.

Those of us to whom the movies are a phenomenon rather than a habit do not easily realize with what passionate personal interest the public takes the screen star. It seems odd, at first, that anyone whom you have never seen in the flesh, and probably never will see, can be so humanly real to you as all that. Such, however, I am constrained to believe is the case. These shadows are not shadows to the men and women who go three times a week to the movies. No actor or actress of the legitimate stage is half so intimately known, as a human being, to his or her public, as the favorites of the screen to theirs. Whether it be the producers themselves or their allies, someone has seen to it that every sort of intimate gossip concerning these heroes and heroines shall be furnished to Crippsville. The little girl who has a crush on an actor of the legitimate stage may wait for years before she reads an interview with him, a description of his home, an account of his personal tastes. But she can find out anything she wants to know about a movie actor in a very short space of time. By means of the publicity created for him he becomes more real to her even than the actor she has seen with her own eyes, in three dimensions, treading the stage.

The Price of Popularity

If you doubt me, take a little excursion among the various magazines that are devoted to motion pictures and motion-picture folk. They will dispose of any notion you may have had that the movie-going public considers its heroes and heroines as mere creatures of photography. Most illuminating of all features is, perhaps, the department of answers to questions, which most of these magazines maintain. One sympathizes with the oracular editor who cried out to a correspondent: "What kind of talcum powder does Rudolph Valentino use? Have a heart!" They evidently want—these people who beset the editors—every conceivable kind of information. They want not only the life history of the star in every detail; they want to know his or her height, weight and complexion; they want a list of all the pictures he or she has appeared in; they want—always—the star's address; and sometimes they want advice as to whether or not they had better write him or her a letter. They want also to give their opinions; to say that A would have made love better than B, or that C falls off a cliff more gracefully than D. They are insatiably interested in these people whom they see upon the screen. The rest of the magazine ministers to the same intense personal interest; article upon article, profusely illustrated, not only implies but takes for granted the exceeding importance to the public of these personalities. One gathers that a popular screen star receives daily at least a hundred fan letters, and weekly a hundred requests for his or her photograph.

No one whom you write letters to, even though the letters are destined to be unanswered, is unreal to you; and writing an address on an envelope creates a human relation of sorts.

So it is that when C, who falls off cliffs with peculiar grace, shoots up an obscure enemy, or E, who weeps more beautifully than anyone else, is dragged into some other woman's divorce suit, Crippsville feels a personal shock or expresses a personal loyalty. Unless it had happened in Crippsville itself it could not have come nearer home. Hollywood, you see, is not simply a suburb of Los Angeles; it is a suburb of every town in the country. These gentlemen have not faced all the facts when they say that motion-picture folk are no better and no worse than other people, and should be judged only as other people are judged. That is doubtless true; but the point is that a scandal in Hollywood is a local scandal everywhere, and that when a motion-picture star kicks over the traces it is, to millions, as if a personal acquaintance had done it. Any breach of law committed in the motion-picture world is committed on Main Street. The lords of the industry would, you see, bring joy to every home. They cannot have popularity to that extent, or publicity in that degree, without paying for it. The familiar agent of your pleasure becomes your personal affair—especially when you have his or her photograph on your wall, and indulge in the one-sided joy of writing letters to the adored.

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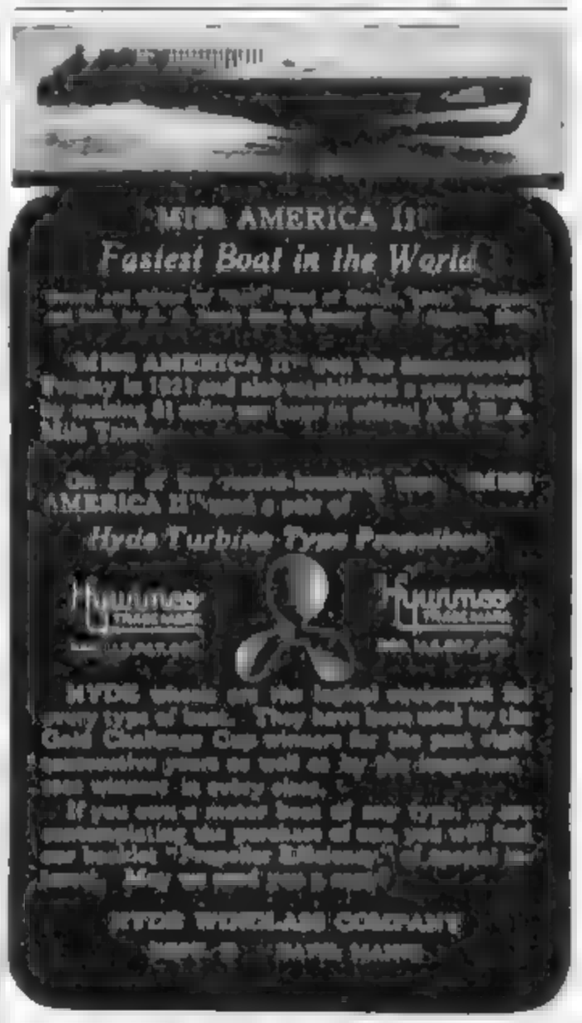

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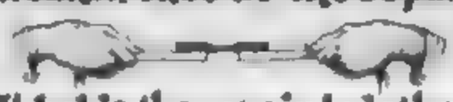

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But this is only—someone may say—what all men and women in the public eye are subjected to—the politician, the general, the society leader. Of course it is the price of all publicity. But these other people enjoy, by comparison, an ephemeral prominence. The politician is released after the campaign is over; the general slides into obscurity in peacetimes; the society leader intrigues the public only on stated occasions. Whereas this other publicity never stops. There is not a day in the year when a given movie star is not being beheld of thousands. The real actor has periods of retirement and rest, when people forget about him. He can go to Europe or betake himself to rural solitude. So can the movie star, in the flesh; but his *alter ego*, the self that the public knows, never withdraws from the public gaze, never rests, never, as long as he is professionally successful, has a holiday of oblivion. Modern inventions are uncanny, indeed. No opera singer can refuse to sing so long as there is one phonograph record of his voice existent in the land. No moving-picture actor can refuse a public appearance so long as there is a demand for a film in which he has acted. Whether he is asleep or awake, has married a wife or gone on a journey, he is there, being seen and considered of thousands, the hours of his greatest activity perpetually relived and reproduced. From eleven A.M. to eleven P.M. three hundred and sixty-five days in the year his *alter ego* is on the job somewhere; he is never out of sight, and therefore never out of mind. By George Eliot's definition he would seem already to have achieved immortality. There is no other publicity like this in our modern times. Presumably the stars desire precisely this success; certainly their managers want it for them.

But how they could have expected, under these conditions, to be let alone, one does not see. Nor should they have forgotten that the more you are admired by the public the more resolutely the public invades your privacy. If it has paid money to see you it feels that you have mystically become, to the extent of that admission ticket, its property. No "joy in widest commonalty spread" is going to escape the reforming appetite for long. Reformers, as we have hinted, never go after small game. They wait until their stroke can be spectacular, and can affect vast numbers of people.

The tiny or obscure minority, no matter how vicious, is practically always safe from them. They haul with nets, they do not fish with rods. When you made every Crippsville yours, gentlemen of the screen, you were simply asking for this that has come upon you.

It is, I hope, needless to say that this article is in no sense a defense of laxity. It is not even an expression of personal opinion, except as one is always willing to put oneself on record as being against a stupid and self-defeating censorship in any field. That, I take it, is a duty of every intelligent person. Both you and I, of course, would like, on general principles, to feel assured that only decent films would be shown, and that Hollywood conducted itself better than Spoon River. But that is not the point. I have simply invited you to consider with me an ancient law. The sponsors of the motion picture have managed to make movies everybody's business. Even now some of us do not take in the magnitude of that triumph. But when you have once taken it in you are bound to look for Nemesis round the corner. She never fails to keep an appointment, and for this one she was positively a little overdue. It would seem that men who make it their business to appeal to millions of human hearts might have investigated the human heart a little more exhaustively. Or they might have paid themselves the compliment of realizing that they had really pulled it off too wildly well not to attract the attention of that power which, since Greek times, has never stood for an unbroken run of luck.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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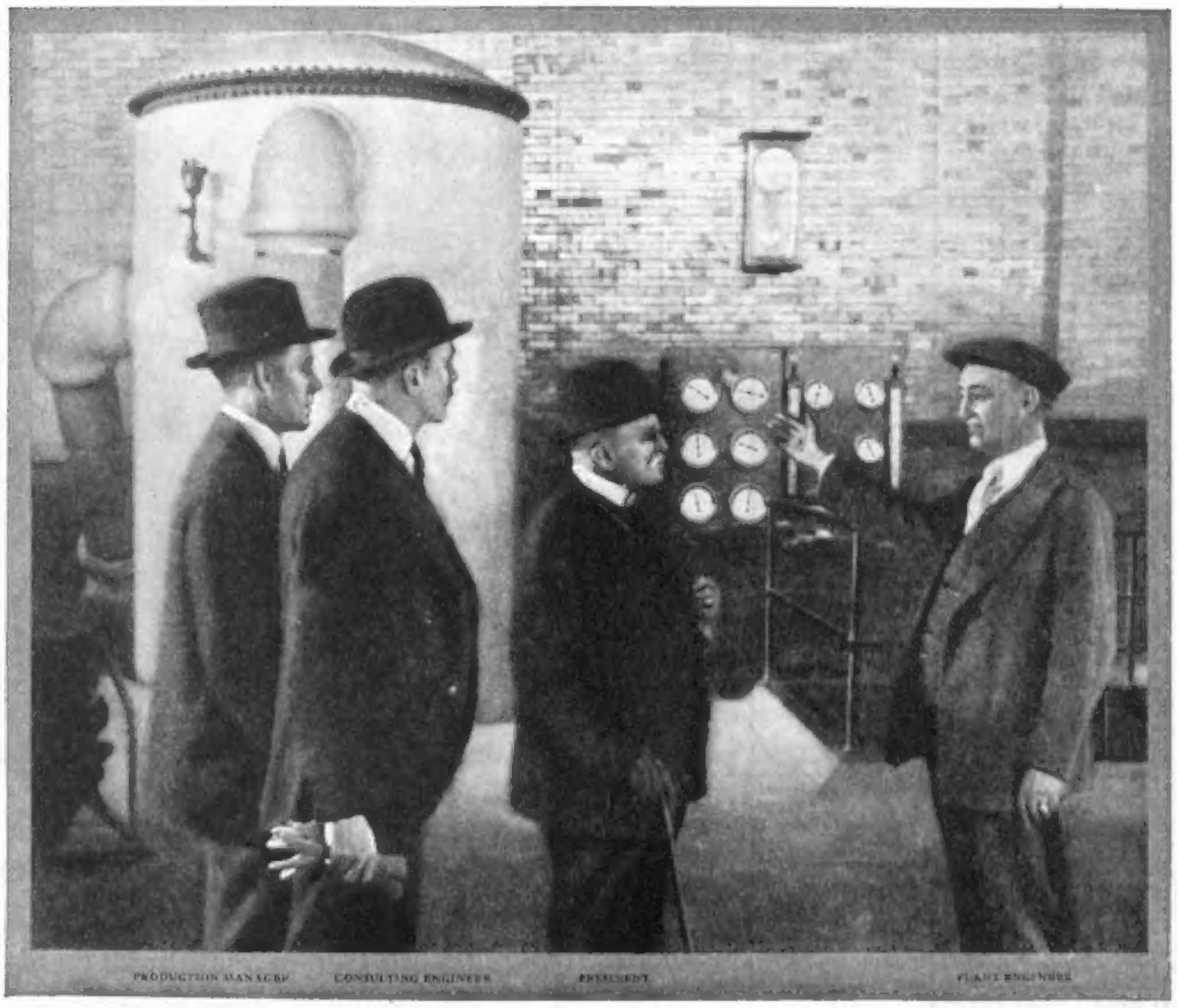
A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. Be sure to give your old address as well as the new one.

Dramatized Facts out of The Day's Work

No. 13

The next day they stood in the engine room of the great South Works of the J. I. Case Company.

"The temperature outside is 29 degrees," said the Plant Engineer, "and you see," pointing to the control board, "my outgoing hot water is 140 degrees. After traveling through over a mile of welded mains, through thirty miles of heating coils, and through 75,000 square feet of cast-iron radiation, the water comes back to me at 123 degrees."



And competitors thought they were losing money

"Nine hundred automobile dealers are expecting a night letter from me saying the price of our car has been cut 10%," said the President, fixing the Consulting Engineer with his steel-gray eyes.

"We've shown you a 7% saving without counting increased labor efficiency," came back the Production Manager.

"So far, so good; the only other idea you propose is to remodel the old heating system," snapped the President. "I'll grant you half the coal saving you claim, but what does it amount to per car?"

"I'm talking increased labor output, not coal savings ——"

"Output, fiddlesticks; it's only on a few zero days that the plant is really uncomfortable."

"That's where so many manufacturers miss a bet," replied the Consulting Engineer. "They think workmen are only affected when their fingers are numb with cold."

Like a flash the Production Manager cut in with: "There's just one right temperature at which labor unconsciously and without effort works at top speed."

"Oh, I know all that," said the President, testily, "but an automobile plant isn't a hospital. Keeping acres of plant space always at the right temperature is a pipe dream!"

Consulting Engineer: "Come up to Racine with me tonight and I'll show you a heating system that's a *dream* of piping."

* * * *

The next day they stood in the engine room of the great South Works of the J. I. Case Company, illustrated above.

"The temperature outside is 29 degrees," said the Plant Engineer, "and you see," pointing to the control board, "my outgoing hot water is 140 degrees. After traveling through over a mile of welded mains, through thirty miles of heating coils, and through 75,000 square feet of cast-iron radiation, the water comes back to me at 123 degrees."

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz! An impolite telephone interrupted him. He answered, then paused to turn a valve slightly.

"Somebody kicking for more heat, eh?" quizzed the visiting President, with a sly wink at the others.

"Oh, no," was the quiet reply. "That was just our regular half-hour report from the Weather Bureau. It's three degrees colder outside than it was at ten o'clock. I just turned in enough exhaust steam to meet that drop ——"

"Exhaust steam!" exclaimed the President. "That means heat for nothing. Had I known our proposed system would utilize exhaust steam, I would have granted the enormous coal saving claimed.

"One question more, about the control and the workman's efficiency: Isn't there something peculiar to this plant that makes so remarkable a showing?"

"No," replied the Consulting Engineer. "The working of the system is due to the exactness of the engineering; the excellence of the construction work; and the intelligence of the operating engineer. Take *my* word on the calculations and the Grinnell Company's guarantee of performance."

* * * *

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INDUSTRIAL PIPING
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CAR	YEAR	Oversize "Fabric Tire" Batteries — 18 mos. guarantee: PRICE	Maximum cost per mo. under guarantee	Oversize Philco Retainer "Cord Tire" Batteries — 2 year guarantee: PRICE	Maximum cost per mo. under guarantee
Packard (except Single 6)	1914-21	45.00	2.50	51.25	2.13
Cadillac	1914-19				
Cole	1914-15			51.25	2.13
Stevens-Duryea	1914-15				
Cadillac	1920-21				
Cole	1918-20				
Lafayette	1920-21				
Lincoln	1920-21				
Locomobile	1920-21				
Marmon	1920-21				
Maxwell	1918-20	40.00	2.22	45.00	1.88
Mercer	1918-20				
Pierce-Arrow	1916-21				
Revere	1918-20				
Singer	1920				
Standard	1918-21				
Stevens-Duryea	1920				
Willys-Knight	1920-21				
		40.00	2.22	45.00	1.88
Dodge	1915-21	*Dodge Special at $35.00 Guaranteed One Year fits these cars also.**			
Franklin	1916-21				
Cole	1921				
Cunningham	1917-21				
Daniels	1920-21				
Dorris	1921				
Haynes	1920-21				
Marmon	1917-19	37.50	2.08	42.50	1.77
National	1919-21				
Peerless	1916-21				
Stutz	1918-21				
Wills Ste. Claire	1921				
Willys-Knight	1916-19				
Winton	1919-20				
Buick 6	1919-21				
Case	1918-21				
Chalmers	1919-21				
Chandler	1918-21				
Chevrolet FB	1920-21				
Cole	1915-17				
Dorris	1916-20				
Du Pont	1921				
Durant Six	1921				
Essex	1919-21				
Grant	1920-21				
Haynes	1919				
H. C. S.	1920-21				
Hudson	1916-20				
Jordan	1919-21				
King	1920				
Kissel	1919-21				
Lexington	1919-21				
Maxwell	1920-21				
McLaughlin	1919-20	35.00	1.94	40.00	1.67
Metz	1919-20				
Mitchell	1921				
Moon	1920-21				
Nash	1919-21				
Oakland	1920-21				
Oldsmobile 8	1920-21	*Buick Special at $30.00 Guaranteed One Year fits these cars also.**			
Packard Single 6	1921				
Paige	1917-21				
Pierce-Arrow	1914-16				
Premier	1921				
Reo	1916-21				
R. & V. Knight	1920-21				
Saxon	1921				
Scripps-Booth	1920-21				
Stephens	1920-21				
Studebaker	1914-21				
Templar	1919-21				
Velie	1913-21				
Westcott	1915-21				
Allen	1920-21				
American Six	1920-21				
Anderson	1919-21				
Auburn	1921				
Buick D	1916				
Chevrolet 490	1916-21				
Cleveland	1920-21				
Columbia	1918-21				
Crow-Elkhart	1920				
Davis	1916-21	30.00	1.67	35.00	1.46
Dort	1916-21				
Durant 4	1921				
Elcar	1918-21				
Elgin	1916-21				
Ford	1919-21				
Hupmobile	1918-21				
Liberty	1916-20				
Monroe	1920				
Oldsmobile	1916-20				
Overland	1919-21				
Saxon	1916-20				
Scripps-Booth	1916-19				
Studebaker Light 6	1921	*Ford Special at $25.00 Guaranteed One Year fits these cars also.**			

Excise Tax Paid. Exchange prices east of the Mississippi River. West of the Mississippi, including Pacific Coast, only slightly higher.

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Over a million people in this country depend upon malted milk taken daily as an energy and health builder, restoring nerves, keeping the body young and fit.

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Chocolate Malted Milk is made and guaranteed by the *Borden Company*, whose *Eagle Brand Condensed* Milk, *Evaporated* Milk, and other milk products are familiar in every household.

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